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THE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

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THE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

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PREFACE.

In the present edition of Edmund Spenser's works no attempt has been made either to modernize the Poet's language or to furnish the reader with an eclectic text. I have been simply content to reprint the earliest known editions of Spenser's various poems, correcting here and there some few errors that have crept into them, by a careful collation with subsequent editions, most of which were published in the lifetime of the poet. For an account of these with their dates of publication the reader is referred to the Biographical Memoir. Appendix I., at the end of this volume, contains all the most important variations from the original editions, and will enable the critical reader to judge favourably or otherwise of this part of my work, in which I have received some assistance from the previous labours of Church, Jortin, Warton, and Todd, as well as from the excellent editions of Professor Child and Mr. J. P. Collier. This present edition is the only modern one that contains a faithful reprint of the first edition of the Daphnaïda, by means of which I have been enabled to present a text free at least from one error that appears in every edition after 1591.*

The prose Treatise on Ireland, as printed by Sir James Ware, and followed by all recent editors, was found on examination to be very inaccurate and incomplete.† It seemed scarcely fair to Spenser's memory to let this single piece of prose remain in so unsatisfactory a state. I have therefore re-edited it from three manuscripts belonging to the library of the British Museum.

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* The edition of 1596 and all subsequent ones read—

'I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some *deere* cave.'

Some editors have proposed to read *dreere* for *deere*, but *deepe*, the lection of the first edition, is intelligible enough.

† The *title* itself as given by Ware is incorrectly stated. All the manuscripts, as well as the entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, read 'A View of the PRESENT State of Ireland,' but, curiously enough, the word 'present' is omitted in all editions that I have seen.

The text itself is from the Additional Manuscript, 22022, the oldest of the three manuscripts; and, according to Sir James Ware's account of some of the best manuscripts seen by him, the Ad. MS. is evidently a very good one. Harleian MS., 1932, which very closely resembles, even in its omissions, Ware's text, and Harleian MS. 7388, are very fair manuscripts, and have been collated throughout with the Additional Manuscript and Ware's text.

In compiling the Glossary I have endeavoured to make it as complete as possible; and this, it is hoped, will in some measure compensate for the absence of notes, for which no space could be found in the present volume. I have made free use of the labours of previous editors; Todd's Index, Professor Child's Notes, and the glossaries of Mr. J. P. Collier and Mr. Kitchin, have been consulted, and have facilitated and lightened my glossarial work.

In Appendix II. will be found Spenser's Letters to Gabriel Harvey, reprinted from the edition of 1580. They are also to be found, but in a very inaccurate form, in the Folio Edition, 1679, of Spenser's works.

R. M.

August, 1869

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EDMUND SPENSER.

> Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
> Credebat libris; neque, si male cesserat, unquam
> Decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit ut omnis
> Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
> Vita senis.
>
> Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing in their urns draw golden light.

E LIFE of SPENSER is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his
at predecessor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakspere. As in the
e of Chaucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in certain
cial documents, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year
each poet is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are
natter of controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events
the life of each one is scanty and interrupted. So far as our knowledge goes, it
ows some slight positive resemblance between their lives. They were both connected
th the highest society of their times; both enjoyed court favour, and enjoyed it in
substantial shape of pensions. They were both men of remarkable learning.
ey were both natives of London. They both died in the close vicinity of West-
nster Abbey, and lie buried near each other in that splendid cemetery. Their
niuses were eminently different: that of Chaucer was of the active type, Spenser's
the contemplative; Chaucer was dramatic, Spenser philosophical; Chaucer objec-
e, Spenser subjective; but in the external circumstances, so far as we know them,
idst which these great poets moved, and in the mist which for the most part enfolds
ose circumstances, there is considerable likeness.

Spenser is frequently alluded to by his contemporaries; they most ardently recog-
sed in him, as we shall see, a great poet, and one that might justly be associated
th the one supreme poet whom this country had then produced—with Chaucer, and
ey paid him constant tributes of respect and admiration; but these mentions of
n do not generally supply any biographical details.

The earliest notice of him that may in any sense be termed biographical occurs in
sort of handbook to the monuments of Westminster Abbey, published by Camden
1606. Amongst the 'Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri

Westmonasterii sepulti usque ad annum 1606' is enrolled the name of Spenser, wit the following brief obituary:

‘Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile princeps quod ejus poemata faventibus Musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant. Obij immatura morte anno salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur qu felicissime poësin Anglicis literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sun epitaphia:—

Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
Proximus ingenio proximus ut tumulo.

Hic prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam
Conderis, et versu quam tumulo propior.
Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poësis;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.’

‘Edmund Spencer, of London, far the first of the English Poets of our age, as hi poems prove, written under the smile of the Muses, and with a genius destined to liv He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffrey Chauce who was the first most happily to set forth poetry in English writing: and on hi were written these epitaphs:—

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies; to whom
In genius next he was, as now in tomb.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,*
Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse.
Whilst thou didst live, lived English poetry;
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall die.’

The next notice is found in Drummond's account of Ben Jonson's conversation with him in the year 1618:

‘Spencer's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter. The meaning of the allegory his Fairy Queen he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Rawleigh, which was, “tha by the Bleating Beast he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa the Quee of Scots.” He told, that Spencer's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house an a little child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in Kin Street; he refused 20 pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he ha no time to spend them.’ †

The third record occurs in Camden's *History of Queen Elizabeth* (*Annales reru Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabetha*), first published in a complete for in 1628. There the famous antiquary registering what demises marked the yea 1598 (our March 25, 1598, to March 24, 1599), adds to his list Edmund Spenser, an thus writes of him: ‘Ed. Spenserus, patria Londinensis, Cantabrigienis autem alumnus Musis adeo arridentibus natus ut omnes Anglicos superioris ævi Poetas, ne Chauce quidem concive excepto, superaret. Sed peculiari Poetis fato semper cum paupertat conflictatus, etsi Greio Hiberniæ proregi fuerit ab epistolis. Vix enim ibi secessum scribendi otium nactus, quam a rebellibus è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus, Angliam inops reversus statim exspiravit, Westmonasterii prope Chaucerum impensi

---

* Compare ‘Underneath this sable *hearse*, &c.’

† Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edinburgh, 1711, p. 225.

nitis Essexiæ inhumatus, Poëtis funus ducentibus flebilibusque carminibus et amis in tumulum conjectis.' * This is to say: 'Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by th, and a scholar also of the University of Cambridge, born under so favourable aspect of the Muses that he surpassed all the English Poets of former times, not cepting Chaucer himself, his fellow-citizen. But by a fate which still follows Poets, always wrestled with poverty, though he had been secretary to the Lord Grey, rd Deputy of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled himself into a retired ivacy and got leisure to write, when he was by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, ındered of his goods, and returned into England a poor man, where he shortly after ed and was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of sex, his hearse being attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems with the ns that wrote them thrown into his tomb.' †

In 1633, Sir James Ware prefaced his edition of Spenser's prose work on the State of eland with these remarks :—

'How far these collections may conduce to the knowledge of the antiquities and ite of this land, let the fit reader judge: yet something I may not passe by ıching Mr. Edmund Spenser and the worke it selfe, lest I should seeme to offer ury to his worth, by others so much celebrated. Hee was borne in London of an cient and noble family, and brought up in the Universitie of Cambridge, where s the fruites of his after labours doe manifest) he mispent not his time. After this became secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, a liant and worthy governour, and shortly after, for his services to the Crowne, he d bestowed upon him by Queene Elizabeth, 3,000 acres of land in the countie of rke. There he finished the latter part of that excellent poem of his "Faery Queene," iich was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, ıom he had sent before him into England, being then *a rebellibus* (as Camden's rds are) *è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus.* He deceased at Westminster in the ır 1599 (others have it wrongly 1598), soon after his return into England, and s buried according to his own desire in the collegiat church there, neere unto aucer whom he worthily imitated (at the costes of Robert Earle of Essex), ıereupon this epitaph was framed.' And then are quoted the epigrams already 'en from Camden.

The next passage that can be called an account of Spenser is found in Fuller's *orthies of England*, first published in 1662, and runs as follows :—

'Edmond Spencer, born in this city (London), was brought up in Pembroke-hall in mbridge, where he became an excellent scholar; but especially most happy in glish Poetry; as his works do declare, in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I ll not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by learned to be beauties, to his book; which notwithstanding had been more salele, if more conformed to our modern language.

'There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spencer presenting his ems to queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alledged that sum was too much; "Then give him," quoth the queen, "What is reason;" to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spencer received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress:—

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* *Annales*, ed. *Hearne*, iii. 783.

† *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England.* Ed. 1688, pp. 564, 565.

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.

'Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him.

'He afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the lord Gray, lord deputy thereof; and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no estate but saith my author "peculiari poetis fato semper cum paupertate conflictatus est." So that it fared little better with him than with William Xilander the German (a mos excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher and mathematician), who was so poor, tha (as Thuanus saith), he was thought "fami non famæ scribere."

'Returning into England, he was robb'd by the rebels of that little he had; and dying for grief in great want, anno 1598, was honourably buried nigh Chaucer in Westminster, where this distich concludeth his epitaph on his monument

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poesis;
  Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.

Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry
Which fears now thou art dead, that she shall die.

'Nor must we forget, that the expence of his funeral and monument was defrayed a the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, earl of Essex.'

The next account is given by Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poëtarum Anglicanorum*, first published in 1675. This Phillips was, as is well known, Milton's nephew and according to Warton, in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems, 'there is good reason to suppose that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poëtarum*.' Phillips' words therefore have an additional interest for us. 'Edmund Spenser,' he writes, 'the first of our English poets that brought heroic poesy to any perfection, his "Fairy Queen" being for great invention and poetic heighth, judg'd littl inferior, if not equal to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern Italians but the first poem that brought him into esteem was his "Shepherd's Calendar," which so endeared him to that noble patron of all vertue and learning Sir Philip Sydney that he made him known to Queen Elizabeth, and by that means got him preferred to be secretary to his brother * Sir Henry Sidney, who was sent deputy into Ireland where he is said to have written his "Faerie Queen;" but upon the return of Sir Henry his employment ceasing, he also return'd into England, and having lost his grea friend Sir Philip, fell into poverty, yet made his last refuge to the Queen's bounty and had 500*l*. ordered him for his support, which nevertheless was abridged to 100 by Cecil, who, hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in Mother Hubbard's Tale, cry'd out to the queen, What! all this for a song? This he is said o have taken so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon after brought his life to a period. So apt is an ingenuous spirit to resent a slighting, even from the greatest persons; and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so great a poet from so great a monarch, that as it is incident to the best of poets some-imes to flatter some royal or noble patron, never did any do it more to the height, or with greater art or elegance, if the highest of praises attributed to so heroic a princess can justly be termed flattery.' *

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* Father.

When Spenser's works were reprinted—the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* for the seventh time—in 1679, there was added an account of his life. In 1687, Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, wrote a formal biography.

These are the oldest accounts of Spenser that have been handed down to us. In several of them mythical features and blunders are clearly discernible. Since Winstanley's time, it may be added, Hughes in 1715, Dr. Birch in 1731, Church in 1758, Upton in that same year, Todd in 1805, Aikin in 1806, Robinson in 1825, Mitford in 1839, Prof. Craik in 1845, Prof. Child in 1855, Mr. Collier in 1862, Dr. Grosart in 1884, have re-told what little there is to tell, with various additions and subtractions.

Our external sources of information are, then, extremely scanty. Fortunately our internal sources are somewhat less meagre. No poet ever more emphatically lived in his poetry than did Spenser. The Muses were, so to speak, his own bosom friends, to whom he opened all his heart. With them he conversed perpetually on the various events of his life; into their ears he poured forth constantly the tale of his joys and his sorrows, of his hopes, his fears, his distresses.

He was not one of those poets who can put off themselves in their works, who can forego their own interests and passions, and live for the time an extraneous life. There is an intense personality about all his writings, as in those of Milton and of Wordsworth. In reading them you can never forget the poet in the poem. They directly and fully reflect the poet's own nature and his circumstances. They are, as it were, fine spiritual diaries, refined self-portraitures. Horace's description of his own famous fore-runner, quoted at the head of this memoir, applies excellently to Spenser. On this account the scantiness of our external means of knowing Spenser is perhaps the less to be regretted. Of him it is eminently true that we may know him from his works. His poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority.

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* *Theatrum Poet. Anglic.*, ed. Brydges, 1800, pp. 148, 149.

CHAPTER I.

1552–1579.

FROM SPENSER'S BIRTH TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR.

Edmund Spenser was born in London in the year 1552, or possibly 1551. For both these statements we have directly or indirectly his own authority. In his *Prothalamion* he sings of certain swans whom in a vision he saw floating down the river ‘Themmes, that

> At length they all to mery London came,
> To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
> That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of auncient fame.

A MS. note by Oldys the antiquary in Winstanley's *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, states that the precise locality of his birth was East Smithfield. East Smithfield lies just to the east of the Tower, and in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Tower was still one of the chief centres of London life and importance, was of course a neighbourhood of far different rank and degree from its present social status. The date of his birth is concluded with sufficient certainty from one of his sonnets, viz. sonnet 60; which it is pretty well ascertained was composed in the year 1593. These sonnets are, as we shall see, of the amorous wooing sort; in the one of them just mentioned, the sighing poet declares that it is but a year since he fell in love, but that that year has seemed to him longer

> Then al those fourty which my life out-went.

Hence it is gathered that he was most probably born in 1552. The inscription, then, over his tomb in Westminster Abbey errs in assigning his birth to 1553; though the error is less flagrant than that perpetrated by the inscription that preceded the present one, which set down as his natal year 1510.

Of his parents the only fact secured is that his mother's name was Elizabeth. This appears from sonnet 74, where he apostrophizes those

> Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade
> With which that happy name was first desynd,
> The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
> With guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
> The first my being to me gave by kind
> From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent.

The second is the Queen, the third 'my love, my lives last ornament.' A careful examination by Mr. Collier and others of what parish registers there are extant in such old churches as stand near East Smithfield—the Great Fire, it will be remembered, broke out some distance west of the Tower, and raged mainly westward—has failed to discover any trace of the infant Spenser or his parents. An 'Edmund Spenser' who is mentioned in the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber in 1569, as paid for bearing letters from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, to the Queen,* and who with but slight probability has been surmised to be the poet himself, is scarcely more plausibly conjectured by Mr. Collier to be the poet's father. The utter silence about his parents, with the single exception quoted, in the works of one who, as has been said above, made poetry the confidante of all his joys and sorrows, is remarkable.

Whoever they were, he was well connected on his father's side at least. 'The nobility of the Spensers,' writes Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' Spenser was connected with the then not ennobled, but highly influential family of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northamptonshire. Theirs was the 'house of auncient fame,' or perhaps we should rather say they too belonged to the 'house of auncient fame' alluded to in the quotation made above from the *Prothalamion.* He dedicates various poems to the daughters of Sir John Spencer, who was the head of that family during the poet's youth and earlier manhood down to 1580, and in other places mentions these ladies with many expressions of regard and references to his affinity. 'Most faire and vertuous Ladie,' he writes to the 'Ladie Compton and Mountegle,' the fifth daughter, in his dedication to her of his *Mother Hubberds Tale,* 'having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours, &c.' To another daughter, 'the right worthy and vertuous ladie the Ladie Carey,' he dedicates his *Muiopotmos*; to another, 'the right honorable the Ladie Strange,' his *Teares of the Muses.* In the latter dedication he speaks of 'your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.' It was for this lady Strange, who became subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, that one who came after Spenser—Milton—wrote the *Arcades.* Of these three kinswomen, under the names of Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis, Spenser speaks once more in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*; he speaks of them as

> The honour of the noble familie
> Of which I meanest boast myself to be.

For the particular branch of the Spencer or Spenser family—one branch wrote the name with *s*, another with *c*—to which the poet belonged, it has been well suggested that it was that settled in East Lancashire in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest. It is known on the authority of his friend Kirke, whom we shall mention again presently that Spenser retired to the North after leaving Cambridge; traces of a Northern dialect appear in the *Shepheardes Calendar*; the Christian name Edmund is shown by the parish registers to have been a favourite with one part of the Lancashire branch—with that located near Filley Close, three miles north of Hurstwood, near Burnley.

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* See Peter Cunningham's *Introduction to Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court.* (Shakspeare Society.)

Spenser then was born in London, probably in East Smithfield, about a year before those hideous Marian fires began to blaze in West Smithfield. He had at least one sister, and probably at least one brother. His memory would begin to be retentive about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Of his great contemporaries, with most of whom he was to be brought eventually into contact, Raleigh was born at Hayes in Devonshire in the same year with him, Camden in Old Bailey in 1551 Hooker near Exeter in or about 1553, Sidney at Penshurst in 1554, Bacon at York House in the West Strand, 1561, Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, Robert Devereux, afterwards second Earl of Essex, in 1567.

The next assured fact concerning Spenser is that he was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, then just founded. This we learn from an entry in 'The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell, Esq.,' of Reade Hall, Lancashire, brother of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. In an accompt of sums 'geven to poor schollers of dyvers gramare scholles' we find Xs. given, April 28, 1569, to 'Edmond Spensore Scholler of the Merchante Tayler Scholl;' and the identification is established by the occasion being described as 'his gowinge to Penbrocke Hall in Chambridge,' for we know that the future poet was admitted a Sizar of Pembroke College, then styled Hall, Cambridge, in 1569. Thus we may fairly conclude that Spenser was not only London born but London bred, though he may have from time to time sojourned with relatives and connections in Lancashire * before his undergraduateship, as well as after. Thus a conjecture of Mr. Collier's may confidently be discarded, who in the muster-book of a hundred in Warwickshire has noted the record of one Edmund Spenser as living in 1569 at Kingsbury, and conjectures that this was the poet's father, and that perhaps the poet spent his youth in the same county with Shakspere It may be much doubted whether it is a just assumption that every Edmund Spenser that is in any way or anywhere mentioned in the Elizabethan era was either the poet or his father. Nor, should it be allowed that the Spenser of Kingsbury was indeed the poet's father, could we reasonably indulge in any pretty pictures of a fine friendship between the future authors of *Hamlet* and of the *Faerie Queene*. Shakspere was a mere child, not yet passed into the second of his Seven Ages, when Spenser, being then about seventeen years old, went up to the University. However, this matter need not be further considered, as there is no evidence whatever to connect Spenser with Warwickshire.

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* It may be suggested that what are called the archaisms of Spenser's style may be *in part* due to the author's long residence in the country with one of the older forms of the language spoken all round him and spoken by him, in fact his vernacular. I say *in part*, because of course his much study of Chaucer must be taken into account. But, as Mr. Richard Morris has remarked to me, he could not have drawn from Chaucer those forms and words of a *northern* dialect which appear in the *Calendar*.

But in picturing to ourselves Spenser's youth we must not think of London as it now is, or of East Smithfield as now cut off from the country by innumerable acres of bricks and mortar. The green fields at that time were not far away from Spenser's birthplace. And thus, not without knowledge and sympathy, but with appreciative variations, Spenser could re-echo Marot's 'Eglogue au Roy sous les noms de Pan et Robin,' and its description of a boy's rural wanderings and delights. See his *Shepheardes Calendar*, December :—

Whilome in youth when flowrd my joyfull spring,
  Like swallow swift I wandred here and there ;
For heate of heedlesse lust me did so sting,
  That I oft doubted daunger had no feare :
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide.

I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket
  And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
  Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste ?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scaled the craggie oke
  All to dislodge the raven of her nest ?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
  The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest,
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife ?
For like to me was libertie and life.

To be sure he is here paraphrasing, and also is writing in the language of pastoral poetry, that is, the language of this passage is metaphorical ; but it is equally clear that the writer was intimately and thoroughly acquainted with that life from which the metaphors of his original are drawn. He describes a life he had lived.

It seems probable that he was already an author in some sort when he went up to Cambridge. In the same year in which he became an undergraduate there appeared a work entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings as also the greate Joyes and Plesures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely loue the Word of God. Deuised by S. John Vander Noodt.' Vander Noodt was a native of Brabant who had sought refuge in England, 'as well for that I would not beholde the abominations of the Romyshe Antechrist as to escape the handes of the bloudthirsty.' 'In the meane space,' he continues, 'for the avoyding of idlenesse (the very mother and nourice of all vices) I have among other my travayles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherein is sette forth the vilenesse and basenesse of worldely things whiche commonly withdrawe us from heavenly and spirituall matters.' This work opens with six pieces in the form of sonnets styled epigrams, which are in fact identical with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch* subsequently published amongst Spenser's works, in which publication they are said to have been 'formerly translated.' After these so-called epigrams come fifteen *Sonnets*, eleven of which are easily recognisable amongst the *Visions of Bellay*, published along with the *Visions of Petrarch*. There is indeed as little difference between the two sets of poems as is compatible with the fact that the old series is written in blank verse, the latter in rhyme. The sonnets which appear for the first time in the *Visions* are those describing the Wolf, the River, the Vessel, the City. There are four pieces of the older series which are not reproduced in the later. It would seem probable that they too may have been written by Spenser in the days of his youth, though at a later period of his life he cancelled and superseded them. They are therefore reprinted in this volume. (See pp. 699–701.)

Vander Noodt, it must be said, makes no mention of Spenser in his volume. It would seem that he did not know English, and that he wrote his *Declaration*—a sort of commentary in prose on the *Visions*—in French. At least we are told that this *Declaration* is translated out of French into English by Theodore Roest. All that is stated of the origin of his *Visions* is: 'The learned poete M. Francisco Petrarche, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six firste . . . . which because they serve wel to our purpose, I have out of the Brabants speache turned them into the English tongue;' and 'The other ten visions next ensuing ar described of one Ioachim du Bellay, gentleman of France, the whiche also, because they serve to our purpose I have translated them out of Dutch into English.' The fact of the *Visions* being subsequently ascribed to Spenser would not by itself carry much weight. But, as Prof. Craik pertinently asks, 'if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby [the printer who issued that subsequent publication which has been mentioned] procure the corrections which are not mere typographical errata, and the additions and other variations* that are found in hi edition?'

In a work called *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587, there is a letter in verse, dated 1569, addressed to 'Spencer' by George Turberville, then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph. Anthony à Wood says this Spencer was the poet; but it can scarcely have been so. 'Turberville himself,' remarks Prof. Craik, 'is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also in the person addressed the habits and social position of manhood. . . . It has not been commonly noticed that this epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only poetical address to his friend Spencer. Among his "Epitaphs and Sonnets" are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same person.'

To the year 1569 belongs that mention referred to above of payment made one 'Edmund Spenser' for bearing letters from France. As has been already remarked, it is scarcely probable that this can have been the poet, then a youth of some seventeen years on the verge of his undergraduateship.

The one certain event of Spenser's life in the year 1569 is that he was then entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He 'proceeded B.A.' in 1573, and 'commenced M.A.' in 1576. There is some reason for believing that his college life was troubled in much the same way as was that of Milton some sixty years later—that there prevailed some misunderstanding between him and the scholastic authorities

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* These are given in the Appendix to the present work.

He mentions his university with respect in the *Faerie Queene*, in book iv. canto xi. where, setting forth what various rivers gathered happily together to celebrate the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, he tells how

> The plenteous Ouse came far from land
> By many a city and by many a towne;
>   And many rivers taking under-hand
> Into his waters as he passeth downe,
>   The Ole, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
> Thence doth by Huntingdon and CAMBRIDGE flit;
>   My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
> He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
> With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

But he makes no mention of his college. The notorious Gabriel Harvey, an intimate friend of Spenser, who was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after the future poet was admitted as a sizar, in a letter written in 1580, asks: 'And wil you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controllers new behaviour?' and then proceeds to heap abusive words on some person not mentioned by name but evidently only too well known to both the sender and the receiver of the epistle. Having compiled a ist of scurrilities worthy of Falstaff, and attacked another matter which was an abomination to him, Harvey vents his wrath in sundry Latin charges, one of which runs: 'Cætera ferè, ut olim: Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum.' 'Other matters are much as they were: war kept up between the heads [the dons] and the members [the men].' Spenser was not elected to a fellowship; he quitted his college, with all its miserable bickerings, after he had taken his master's degree. There can be ittle doubt, however, that he was a most diligent and earnest student during his residence at Cambridge; during that period, for example, he must have gained that knowledge of Plato's works which so distinctly marks his poems, and found in that mmortal writer a spirit most truly congenial. But it is conceivable that he pursued his studies after his own manner, and probably enough excited by his independence the strong disapprobation of the master and tutor of the college of his day.

Among his contemporaries in his own college were Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Master, and eventually Bishop of Winchester, the famous preacher; Gabriel Harvey, mentioned above, with whom he formed a fast friendship, and Edward Kirke, the 'E.K.' who, as will be seen, introduced to the world Spenser's first work of any pretence. Amongst his contemporaries in the university were Preston, author of *Cambyses*, and Still, author of *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, with each of whom he was acquainted. The friend who would seem to have exercised the most influence over him was Gabriel Harvey; but this influence, at least in literary matters, was by no means for the best. Harvey was some three or four years the senior, and of some academic distinction. Probably he may be taken as something more than a fair specimen of the average scholarship and culture given by the universities at that time. He was an extreme classicist; all his admiration was for classical models and works that savoured of them; he it was who headed the attempt made in England to force upon a modern language the metrical system of the Greeks and Latins. What baneful influence he exercised over Spenser in this last respect will be shown presently. Kirke was

Spenser's other close friend ; he was one year junior academically to the poet. H too, as we shall see, was a profound admirer of Harvey.

After leaving the university in 1576, Spenser, then, about twenty-four years of ag returned to his own people in the North. This fact is learnt from his frie 'E. K.'s' glosses to certain lines in the sixth book of the *Shepheardes Calenda* E. K. speaks 'of the North countrye where he dwelt,' and 'of his removing out the North parts and coming into the South.' As E. K. writes in the spring of 157 and as his writing is evidently some little time subsequent to the migration he spea of, it may be believed that Spenser quitted his Northern home in 1577, and, as shall see, there is other evidence for this supposition. About a year then was pass in the North after he left the University.

These years were not spent idly. The poetical fruits of them shall be mention presently. What made it otherwise a memorable year to the poet was his falli deeply in love with some fair Northern neighbour. Who she was is not known. H who adored her names her Rosalind, 'a feigned name,' notes E. K., 'which being we ordered will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name coloureth' Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the sup position that the lady lived in Kent ; but Professor Craik is certainly right in insis ing that she was of the North. Dr. Grosart and Mr. Fleay, both authorities of im portance, agree in discovering the name Rose Dinle or Dinley ; but of a person Christian-named no record has yet been found, though the surname Dyneley or Dinle occurs in the Whalley registers and elsewhere. In the Eclogue of the *Shepheard Calendar*, to which this note is appended, Colin Clout—so the poet designat himself—complains to Hobbinol—that is, Harvey—of the ill success of his passio Harvey, we may suppose, is paying him a visit in the North ; or perhaps the pastor is merely a versifying of what passed between them in letters. However this may b Colin is bewailing his hapless fate. His friend, in reply, advises him to

> Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch, &c.

Surely E. K.'s gloss is scarcely necessary to tell us what these words mea 'Come down,' they say, 'from your bleak North country hills where she dwells wh binds you with her spell, and be at peace far away from her in the genial Sout land.' In another Eclogue (April) the subduing beauty is described as 'the Widdow daughter of the Glen,' surely a Northern address. On these words the well-inform E. K. remarks : 'He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that i of a country hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and conce the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spighte of Colin an Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with any vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners : but suche indeede, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol b greved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singula virtues.' Whoever this charming lady was, and whatever glen she made bright wit her presence, it appears that she did not reciprocate the devoted affection of th studious young Cambridge graduate who, with probably no apparent occupation, wa loitering for a while in her vicinity. It was some other—he is called Menalcas i one of his rival's pastorals—who found favour in her eyes. The poet could only wail and beat his breast. Eclogues I. and VI. are all sighs and tears. Perhaps in the course of time a copy of the *Faerie Queene* might reach the region where Menalcas and Rosalind were growing old together; and she, with a certain ruth perhaps mixed with her anger, might recognise in Mirabella an image of her fair young disdainful self.* The poet's attachment was no transient flame that flashed and was gone. When at the instance of his friend he travelled southward away from the scene of his discomfiture, he went weeping and inconsolable. In the Fourth Eclogue Hobbinol is discovered by Thenot deeply mourning, and, asked the reason, replies that his grief is because

> The ladde whome long I loved so deare
> Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne;
> He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.
>
> Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare:
> Hys pleasant pipe, whych made us meriment,
> He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
> His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye;
> Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte. &c.

The memory of Rosalind, in spite of her unkindness, seems to have been fondly cherished by the poet, and yielded to no rival vision—though there may have been fleeting fits of passion—till some fourteen years after he and she had parted—till the year 1592, when, as we shall see, Spenser, then living in the south of Ireland, met that Elizabeth who is mentioned in the sonnet quoted above, and who some year and a half after that meeting became his wife. On the strength of an entry found in the register of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand—'26 Aug. [1587] Florenc Spenser, the daughter of Edmond'—it has been conjectured that the poet was married before 1587. This conjecture seems entirely unacceptable. There is nothing to justify the theory that the Edmund Spenser of the register was the poet. It is simply incredible that Spenser, one who, as has been said, poured out all his soul in his poems, should have wooed and won some fair lady to his wife, without ever a poetical allusion to his courtship and his triumph. It is not at all likely, as far as one can judge from their titles, that any one of his lost works was devoted to the celebration of any such successful passion. Lastly, besides this important negative evidence, there is distinct positive testimony that long after 1587 the image of Rosalind had not been displaced in his fancy by any other loveliness. In *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written, as will be seen, in 1591, though not published till 1595, after the poet has 'full deeply divined of love and beauty,' one Melissa in admiration avers that all true lovers are greatly bound to him—most especially women. The faithful Hobbinol says that women have but ill requited their poet:—

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* This supposed description of his first love was written probably during the courtship, which ended, as we shall see, in his marriage. The First Love is said to be portrayed in cant. vii., the Last in cant. x. of book vi. of the *Faerie Queene*. But this identification of Rosalind and Mirabilla is, after all, but a conjecture, and is not to be accepted as gospel.

'He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.'
'Indeed,' says Lucid, 'I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard.

Lucid however would defend her on the ground that love may not be compelled:—

'Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'

This caution Colin eagerly and ardently reinforces, and with additions. His heart was still all tender towards her, and he would not have one harsh word thrown at her:—

Ah! Shepheards, then said Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see;
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to myselfe the blame that lookt so hie,
So hie her thoughts as she herselfe have place
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eie;
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow shepheards, which do see
And heare the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophe of her great conquest.'

This residence of Spenser in the North, which corresponds with that period of Milton's life spent at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, ended, as there has been occasion to state, in the year 1577. What was the precise cause of Spenser's coming South, is not known for certain. 'E.K.' says in one of his glosses, already quoted in part, that the poet 'for speciall occasion of private affayres (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North parts, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately.' It is clear from his being admitted at his college as a sizar, that his private means were not good. Perhaps during his residence in the North he may have been dependent on the bounty of his friends. It was then in the hope of some advancement of his fortunes that, bearing with him no doubt in manuscript certain results of all his life's previous labour, he turned away from his cold love and her glen, and all her country, and set his face Town-ward.

It is said that his friend Harvey introduced him to that famous accomplished gentleman—that mirror of true knighthood—Sir Philip Sidney, and it would seem that Penshurst became for some time his home. There has already been quoted a line describing Spenser as 'the southern shepheardes boye.' This southern shepherd is probably Sidney. Sidney, it would seem, introduced him to his father and to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. If we are to take Irenæus' words literally—and there seems no reason why we should not—Spenser was for a time at least in Ireland, when Sidney's father was Lord Deputy. Irenæus, in *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, certainly represents Spenser himself; and he speaks of what he *said* at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrogh O'Brien; see p. 636 of this volume. However, he was certainly back in England and in London in 1579, residing at the Earl of Leicester's house in the Strand, where Essex Street now stands. He dates one of his letters to Harvey, 'Leycester House, this 5 October, 1579.' Perhaps at this time he commenced, or renewed, or continued his acquaintance with his distinguished relatives of Althorpe. During the time he spent now at Penshurst and in London, he mixed probably with the most brilliant intellectual society of his time. Sidney was himself endowed with no mean genius. He, Lord Leicester, Lord Strange, and others, with whom Spenser was certainly, or in all probability, acquainted, were all eminent patrons and protectors of genius.

This passage of Spenser's life is of high interest, because in the course of it that splendid era of our literature commonly called the Elizabethan Period may be said to have begun. Spenser is the foremost chronologically of those great spirits who towards the close of the sixteenth century lifted up their immortal voices, and spoke words to be heard for all time. In the course of this present passage of his life, he published his first important work—a work which secured him at once the hearty recognition of his contemporaries as a true poet risen up amongst them. This work was the *Shepheardes Calendar*, to which so many references have already been made.

It consists of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year. Of these, three (i., vi., and xii.), as we have seen, treat specially of his own disappointment in love. Three (ii., viii., and x.) are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry combat, 'the perfect pattern of a poet' for their subjects. One other (iii.) deals with love-matters. One (iv.) celebrates the Queen, three (v., vii., and ix.) discuss 'Protestant and Catholic,' Anglican and Puritan questions. One (xi.) is an elegy upon 'the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido.' These poems were ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials E.K. This gentleman performed his duty in a somewhat copious manner. He addressed 'to the most excellent and learned both orator and poet Mayster Gabriell Harvey' a letter warmly commending 'the new poet' to his patronage, and defending the antique verbiage of the eclogues; he prefixed to the whole work a general argument, a particular one to each part; he appealed to every poem a 'glosse' explaining words and allusions. The work is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. It was published in the winter of 1579–80.

More than once in the course of it, Spenser refers to Tityrus as his great master. The twelfth eclogue opens thus:

The gentle shepheard sat beside a springe
All in the shadow of a bushye brere,
That Colin height, which well could pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere.

Tityrus, on E.K.'s authority, was Chaucer. It is evident from the language—both the words and the verbal forms—used in this poem that Spenser had zealously studied Chaucer, whose greatest work had appeared just about two centuries before Spenser's first important publication. The work, however, in which he imitates Chaucer's manner is not the *Shepheardes Calendar*, but his *Prosopopoia or Mother Hubberds Tale*, which he says, writing in a later year, he had 'long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth.' The form and manner of the *Shepheardes Calendar* reflected not Chaucer's influence upon the writer, but the influence of a vast event which had changed the face of literature since the out-coming of the *Canterbury Tales*—of the revival of learning. That event had put fresh models before men, had greatly modified old literary forms, had originated new. The classical influence impressed upon Europe was by no means an unmixed good; in some respects it retarded the natural development of the modern mind by overpowering it with its prestige and stupefying it with a sense of inferiority; while it raised the ideal of perfection, it tended to give rise to mere imitations and affectations. Amongst these new forms was the Pastoral. When Virgil, Theocritus, 'Daphnis and Chloe,' and other writers and works of the ancient pastoral literature once more gained the ascendency, then a modern pastoral poetry began to be. This poetry flourished greatly in Italy in the sixteenth century. It had been cultivated by Sannazaro, Guarini, Tasso. Arcadia had been adopted by the poets for their country. In England numerous *Eclogues* made their appearance. Amongst the earliest and the best of these were Spenser's. It would perhaps be unjust to treat this modern pastoral literature as altogether an affectation. However unreal, the pastoral world had its charms—a pleasant feeling imparted of emancipation, a deep quietude, a sweet tranquillity. If vulgar men discovered their new worlds, and trafficked and bustled there, why should not the poet discover his Arcadia, and repose at his ease in it, secure from the noises of feet going and coming over the roads of the earth?

That fine melodiousness, which is one of Spenser's signal characteristics, may be perceived in his *Eclogues*, as also a native gracefulness of style, which is another distinguishing mark of him. Perceivable, too, are his great, perilous fluency of language and his immense fecundity of mind. The work at once secured him a front place in the poetical ranks of the day. Sidney mentions it in his *Apologie for Poetrie*;* Abraham Fraunce draws illustrations from it in his *Lawyers Logicke*, which appeared in 1588; Meres praises it; 'Maister Edmund Spenser,' says Drayton, 'has done enough for the immortality, had he only given us his *Shepheardes Calendar*, a masterpiece, if any.' It is easy to discern in *Lycidas* signs of Milton's study of it.

During Spenser's sojourn in the society of the Sidneys and the Dudleys, letters passed between him and Harvey, some of which are extant. From these, and from the editorial notes of Kirke, we hear of other works written by Spenser, ready to be given to the light. The works thus heard of are *Dreames*, *Legends*, *Court of Cupide*, *The English Poet*, *The Dying Pelican*, *Stemmata Dudleiana*, *Slomber*, *Nine English Comedies*, *The Epithalamion Thamesis*, and also *The Faerie Queene* commenced. Of hese works perhaps the *Legends*, *Court of Cupid*, and *Epithalamion Thamesis* were subsequently with modifications incorporated in the *Faerie Queene*; the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, *Nine English Comedies*, *Dying Pelican*, are altogether lost. The *Faerie Queene* had been begun. So far as written, it had been submitted to the criticism of Harvey. On April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey, wishing him to return it with his 'long expected judgment' upon it. Harvey had already pronounced sentence in a letter dated April 7, and this is the sentence: 'In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*; howbeit, by good chaunce I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your nine Comœdies, wherunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), come not neerer Ariostoes Comœdies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding, you will needes seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and especially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any other; as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey; being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery Queen be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo; marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought; but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde.'

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* See this work amongst Mr. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*.

Clearly the *Faerie Queene* was but little to Harvey's taste. It was too alien from the cherished exemplars of his heart. Happily Spenser was true to himself, and went on with his darling work in spite of the strictures of pedantry. This is not the only instance in which the dubious character of Harvey's influence is noticeable. The letters, from one of which the above doom is quoted, enlighten us also as to a grand scheme entertained at this time for forcing the English tongue to conform to the metrical rules of the classical languages. Already in a certain circle rime was discredited as being, to use Milton's words nearly a century afterwards, 'no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the nvention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre.' A similar attempt was made in the course of the sixteenth century in other parts of Europe, and with the same final issue. Gabriel Harvey was an active leader in this deluded movement. When Sidney too, and Dyer, another poet of the time, proclaimed a 'general surceasing and silence of bald rhymes, and also of the very best too, instead whereof they have by authority of their whole senate, prescribed certain laws and rules of quantity of English syllables for English verse, having had already thereof great practice,' Spenser was drawn 'to their faction.'

'I am of late,' he writes to Harvey, 'more in love wyth my Englishe versifying than with ryming; whyche I should have done long since if I would then have followed your councell.' In allying himself with these Latin prosody bigots Spenser sinned grievously against his better taste. 'I like your late Englishe hexameters so exceedingly well,' he writes to Harvey, 'that I also enure my pen sometime in that kinde, whyche I fynd in deed, as I have heard you often defende in word, neither so harde nor so harsh [but] that it will easily and fairly yield itself to our moother tongue. For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whyche seemeth is in the accente; whyche sometimes gapeth and as it were yawneth il-favouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and sometimes exceeding the measure of the number; as in carpenter the middle sillable being used short in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling that draweth one legge after hir. And heaven being used shorte as one syllable, when it is in verse stretched with a Diastole is like a lame dogge, that holdes up one legge.'* His ear was far too fine and sensitive to endure the fearful sounds uttered by the poets of this Procrustæan creed. The language seemed to groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected; and Spenser could not but hear its outcries. But he made himself as deaf as might be. 'It is to be wonne with custom,' he proceeds, in the letter just quoted from, 'and rough words must be studied with use. For why, a God's name, may not we, as the Greekes, have the kingdom of oure owne language, and measure our accentes by the sounde, reserving the quantitie to the verse? . . . I would hartily wish you would either send me the rules or precepts of arte which you observe in quantities; or else follow mine that Mr. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drant devised, but enlarged with Mr. Sidney's own judgement, and augmented with my observations, that we might both accorde and agree in one, leaste we overthrowe one another and be overthrown of the rest.' He himself produced the following lines in accordance, as he fondly hoped, with the instructions of the new school:—

IAMBICUM TRIMETRUM.

Unhappie verse! the witnesse of my unhappie state,
[as indeed it was in a sense not meant]
Make thy selfe fluttring winge of thy fast flying thought,
And fly forth unto my love whersoever she be.

Whether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie virginals.

If in bed, tell hir that my eyes can take no reste;
If at boorde, tell hir that my mouth can eat no meete;
If at hir virginals, tell her I can beare no mirth.

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* *Ancient Critical Essays*, ed. Hazlewood, 1815, pp. 259, 260.

Asked why? Waking love suffereth no sleepe;
Say that raging love doth appall the weake stomacke,
Say that lamenting love marreth the musicall.

Tell hir that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe,
Tell hir that hir beauty was wonte to feede mine eyes,
Tell hir that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindlie reste,
Now doe I dayly starve, wanting my daily food,
Now doe I always dye wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste who will bewaile my heavy chance?
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye, This was Immerito?

penser of the sensitive ear wrote these lines. When the pedantic phantasy which ad for a while seduced and corrupted him had gone from him, with what remorse he ust have remembered these strange monsters of his creation! Let us conclude our lance at this sad fall from harmony by quoting the excellent words of one who was a itter opponent of Harvey in this as in other matters. ‘The hexameter verse,’ says ash in his *Fowre Letters Confuted*, 1592, ‘I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient ouse (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in; our peech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; hee goes twitching and hopping in ur language like a man running upon quagmiers up the hill in one syllable and own the dale in another; retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he aunts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.’

Some three years were spent by Spenser in the enjoyment of Sidney's friendship and he patronage of Sidney's father and uncle. During this time he would seem to have een constantly hoping for some preferment. According to a tradition, first recorded y Fuller, the obstructor of the success of his suit was the Treasurer, Lord Burghley. t is clear that he had enemies at Court—at least at a later time. In 1591, in his dediation of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he entreats Raleigh, to ‘with your good counenance protest against the malice of evil mouthes, which are always wide open to carpe at nd misconstrue my simple meaning.’ A passage in the *Ruines of Time* (see the lines eginning ‘O grief of griefs! O full of all good hearts!’) points to the same conclusion; nd so the concluding lines of the Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, when, having told ow the Blatant Beast (not killed as Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan, but) suppresst and tamed’ for a while by Sir Calidore, at last broke his iron chain and anged again through the world, and raged sore in each degree and state, he adds:—

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
  Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleanest
  From blamefull blot and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

In the *Tears of the Muses* Calliope says of certain persons of eminent rank:—

> Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
> They spend that nought to learning they may spare;
> And the rich fee which Poets wont divide
> Now Parasites and Sycophants do share.

Several causes have been suggested to account for this disfavour. The popular tradition was pleased to explain it by making Burghley the ideal dullard who has no soul for poetry—to whom one copy of verses is very much as good as another, and no copy good for anything. It delighted to bring this commonplace gross-minded person into opposition with one of the most spiritual of geniuses. In this myth Spenser represents mind, Burghley matter. But there is no justification in facts for this tradition. It may be that the Lord Treasurer was not endowed with a high intellectual nature; but he was far too wise in his generation not to pretend a virtue if he had it not, when circumstances called for anything of the sort. When the Queen patronized literature, we may be sure Lord Burghley was too discreet to disparage and oppress it. Another solution refers to Burghley's Puritanism as the cause of the misunderstanding; but, as Spenser too inclined that way, this is inadequate. Probably, as Todd and others have thought, what alienated his Lordship at first was Spenser's connection with Leicester; what subsequently aggravated the estrangement was his friendship with Essex.

CHAPTER II.

1580—1589.

In the year 1580 Spenser was removed from the society and circumstances in which, except for his probable visit to Ireland, he had lived and moved as we have seen, for some three years. From that year to near the close of his life his home was to be in Ireland. He paid at least two visits to London and its environs in the course of these eighteen years; but it seems clear that his home was in Ireland. Perhaps his biographers have hitherto not truly appreciated this residence in Ireland. We shall see that a liberal grant of land was presently bestowed upon him in the county of Cork; and they have reckoned him a successful man, and wondered at the querulousness that occasionally makes itself heard in his works. Towards the very end of this life, Spenser speaks of himself as one

> Whom sullein care
> Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
> In princes court and expectation vayne
> Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
> Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne.

Those who marvel at such language perhaps forget what a dreary exile the poet's life in Ireland must in fact have been. It is true that it was relieved by several journeys to England, by his receiving at least one visit from an English friend, by his finding, during at any rate the earlier part of his absence, some congenial English friends residing in the country, by his meeting at length with that Elizabeth whose excelling beauty he has sung so sweetly, and whom he married; it is also true that there was in him—as in Milton and in Wordsworth—a certain great self-containedness,* that he carried his world with him wherever he went, that he had great allies and high company in the very air that flowed around him, whatever land he inhabited; all this is true, but yet to be cut off from the fellowship which, however self-sufficing, he so dearly loved—to look no longer on the face of Sidney his hero, his ideal embodied, his living Arthur, to hear but as it were an echo of the splendid triumphs won by his and our England in those glorious days, to know of his own high fame but by report, to be parted from the friendship of Shakspere—surely this was exile. To live in the Elizabethan age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of that age is due! Further, the grievously unsettled, insurgent state of Ireland at this time—as at many a time before and since—must be borne in mind. Living there was living on the side of a volcanic mountain. That the perils of so living were not merely imaginary, we shall presently see. He did not shed tears and strike his bosom, like the miserable Ovid at Tomi; he 'wore rather in his bonds a cheerful brow, lived, and took comfort,' finding his pleasure in that high spiritual communion we have spoken of, playing pleasantly, like some happy father, with the children of his brain, joying in their caprices, their noblenesses, their sweet adolescence; but still it was exile, and this fact may explain that tone of discontent which here and there is perceptible in his writings. †

When in 1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, he—perhaps through Lord Leicester's influence, perhaps on account of Spenser's already knowing something of the country—made Spenser his Private Secretary. There can be no doubt that Spenser proceeded with him to Dublin. It was in Ireland, probably about this time, that he made or renewed his acquaintance with Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1581 he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, a post which he held for seven years, at the end of which time he received the appointment of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In the same year in which he was assigned the former clerkship, he received also a lease of the lands and Abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford county. It is to be hoped that his Chancery Court duties permitted him to reside for a while on that estate. 'Enniscorthy,' says the *Guide to Ireland* published by Mr. Murray, 'is one of the prettiest little towns in the Kingdom, the largest portion of it being on a steep hill on the right bank of the Slaney, which here becomes a deep and navigable stream, and is crossed by a bridge of six arches.' There still stands there 'a single tower of the old Franciscan monastery.' But Spenser soon parted with this charming spot, perhaps because of its inconvenient distance from the scene of his official work. In December of the year in which the lease was given, he transferred it to one Richard Synot. In the following year Lord Grey was recalled. 'The Lord Deputy,' says Holinshed, 'after long suit for his revocation, received Her Majesty's letters for the same.' His rule had been marked by some extreme, perhaps necessary, severities, and was probably somewhat curtly concluded on account of loud complaints made against him on this score. Spenser would seem to have admired and applauded him, both as a ruler and as a patron and friend. He mentions him with much respect in his *View of the Present State of Ireland.* One of the sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene* is addressed 'to the most renowmned and valiant lord the lord Grey of Wilton,' and speaks of him with profound gratitude:—

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* One might quote of these poets, and those of a like spirit, Wordsworth's lines on 'the Characteristics of a Child three years old,' for in the respect therein mentioned, as in others, these poets are 'as little children:'

> As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone,
> Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
> And take delight in its activity;
> *Even so this happy creature of herself*
> *Is all-sufficient; Solitude to her*
> *Is blithe society, who fills the air*
> *With gladness and involuntary songs.*

† See *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, vv. 180–184, quoted below.

Most noble lord, the pillor of my life,
And patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account.

Lord Grey died in 1593. Spenser may have renewed his friendship with him in 1589, when, as we shall see, he visited England. For the present their connection was broken. It may be considered as fairly certain that when his lordship returned to England in 1582, Spenser did not return with him, but abode still in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a 'Maister Spenser' mentioned in a letter written by James VI. of Scotland from St. Andrews in 1583 to Queen Elizabeth: 'I have staied Maister Spenser upon the letter quhilk is written with my auin hand quhilk sall be readie within tua daies.' It may be presumed that this gentleman is the same with him of whose postal services mention is found, as we have seen, in 1569. At any rate there is nothing whatever to justify his identification with the poet. On the other hand, there are several circumstances which seem to indicate that Spenser was in Ireland continuously from the year of his going there with Lord Grey to the year of his visiting England with Raleigh in 1589, when he presented to her Majesty and published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene.* Whatever certain glimpses we can catch of Spenser during these ten years, he is in Ireland.

We have seen that he was holding one clerkship or another in Ireland during all this time. In the next place, we find him mentioned as forming one of a company described as gathered together at a cottage near Dublin in a work by his friend Lodovick * Bryskett, written, as may be inferred with considerable certainty, some time in or about the year 1582, though not published till 1606. This work, entitled *A Discourse of Civill Life; containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*, 'written to the right honorable Arthur, late Lord Grey of Wilton'—written before his recall in 1582—describes in the introduction a party met together at the author's cottage near Dublin, consisting of 'Dr. Long, Primate of Ardmagh; Sir Robert Dillon, knight; M. Dormer, the Queene's sollicitor; Capt. Christopher Carleil; Capt. Thomas Norreis; Capt. Warham St. Leger; Capt. Nicholas Dawtrey; and M. Edmond Spenser, late your lordship's secretary; and Th. Smith, apothecary.' In the course of conversation Bryskett envies 'the happinesse of the Italians who have in their mother-tongue late writers that have with a singular easie method taught all that which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written.' The 'late writers' who have performed this highly remarkable service of clarifying and making intelligible Plato and Aristotle—perhaps the 'confusion' and 'obscurity' Bryskett speaks of mean merely the difficulties of a foreign language for one imperfectly acquainted with it—are Alexander Piccolomini, Gio. Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo, 'all three having written upon the Ethick part of Morall Philosopie [sic] both exactly and perspicuously.' Bryskett then earnestly wishes—and here perhaps, in spite of those queer words about Plato and Aristotle, we may sympathise with him—that some of our countrymen would promote by English treatises the study of Moral Philosophy in English.

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* This is the 'Lodovick' mentioned in Sonnet 33, quoted below. It was from him a little later, in 1588, that Spenser obtained by 'purchase' the succession to the office of Clerk of the Government Council of Munster. *See* Dr. Grosart's vol. i. p. 151.

'In the meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I vnderstand and content myselfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my vnderstanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I trauell for. Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall. Neuertheless such is my bashfulnes, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning thereunto from himselfe. For of loue and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me vnderstand it. But now that so good an oportunitie is offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire; I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to myselfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring unto us the great benefits which men obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices; and finally that he will be pleased to run ouer in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serue not only for my better instruction, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you al. For I nothing doubt, but that euery one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse and thinke the time very wel spent wherin so excellent a knowledge shal be reuealed unto you, from which euery one may be assured to gather some fruit as wel as myselfe. Therefore (said I) turning myselfe to *M. Spenser*, It is you sir, to whom it pertaineth to shew yourselfe courteous now unto us all and to make vs all beholding unto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open unto vs the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort. And thereof in the behalfe of all as for myselfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say vs nay. Vnto which wordes of mine euery man applauding most with like words of request and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, *M. Spenser* answered in this maner: Though it may seeme hard for me, to refuse the request made by you all, whom euery one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie; yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid vpon me, for sure I am, that it is not vnknowne unto you,

> that I haue alreedy vndertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in *heroical verse* under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to euery vertue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of arms and chiualry the operations of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and ouercome. Which work, as I haue already well entred into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish (*M. Bryskett*) will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire. And the same may very well serue for my excuse, if at this time I craue to be forborne in this your request, since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such a subject would be but simple, and little to your satisfactions. For it would require good aduisement and premeditation for any man to vndertake the declaration of these points that you have proposed, containing in effect the Ethicke part of Morall Philosophie. Whereof since I haue taken in hand to discourse at large in my poeme before spoken, I hope the expectation of that work may serue to free me at this time from speaking in that matter, notwithstanding your motion and all your intreaties. But I will tell you how I thinke by himselfe he may very well excuse my speech, and yet satisfie all you in this matter. I haue seene (as he knoweth) a translation made by himselfe out of the Italian tongue of a dialogue comprehending all the Ethick part of Moral Philosophy, written by one of those three he formerly mentioned, and that is by *Giraldi* vnder the title of a dialogue of ciuil life. If it please him to bring us forth that translation to be here read among vs, or otherwise to deliuer to us, as his memory may serue him, the contents of the same; he shal (I warrant you) satisfie you all at the ful, and himselfe wil haue no cause but to thinke the time well spent in reuiewing his labors, especially in the company of so many his friends, who may thereby reape much profit and the translation happily fare the better by some mending it may receiue in the perusing, as all writings else may do by the often examination of the same. Neither let it trouble him that I so turne ouer to him againe the taske he wold haue put me to; for it falleth out fit for him to verifie the principall of all this Apologie, euen now made for himselfe; because thereby it will appeare that he hath not withdrawne himselfe from seruice of the state to liue idle or wholly priuate to himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing that which may greatly benefit others and hath serued not a little to the bettering of his owne mind, and increasing of his knowledge, though he for modesty pretend much ignorance, and pleade want in wealth, much like some rich beggars, who either of custom, or for couetousnes, go to begge of others those things whereof they haue no want at home. With this answer of *M. Spensers* it seemed that all the company were wel satisfied, for after some few speeches whereby they had shewed an extreme longing after his worke of the *Fairie Queene*, whereof some parcels had been by some of them seene, they all began to presse me to produce my translation mentioned by *M. Spenser* that it might be perused among them; or else that I should (as near as I could) deliuer unto them the contents of the same, supposing that my memory would not much faile me in a thing so studied and advisedly set downe in writing as a translation must be.'

Bryskett at length assents to Spenser's proposal, and proceeds to read his translation of Giraldi, which is in some sort criticised as he reads, Spenser proposing one or two questions 'arising principally,' as Todd says, 'from the discussion of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle.' This invaluable picture of a scene in Spenser's Irish life shows manifestly in what high estimation his learning and genius were already held, and how, in spite of Harvey's sinister criticisms, he had resumed his great work. It tells us too that he found in Ireland a warmly appreciative friend, if indeed he had not known Bryskett before their going to Ireland. Bryskett too, perhaps, was acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney; for two of the elegies written on that famous knight's death and printed along with *Astrophel* in the elegiac collection made by Spenser were probably of Bryskett's composition, viz., *The Mourning Muse of Thestylis*, where 'Liffey's tumbling stream' is mentioned, and the one entitled *A Pastoral Eclogue*, where Lycon offers to 'second' Colin's lament for Phillisides.

What is said of the *Faerie Queene* in the above quotation may be illustrated from the sonnet already quoted from, addressed to Lord Grey—one of the sonnets that in ur modern editions are prefixed to the great poem. It speaks of the great poem as

> Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
> In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount.

See also the sonnet addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and Ossory.

A sonnet addressed to Harvey, is dated 'Dublin this xviij of July, 1586.' Again, n the course of the decad now under consideration, Spenser received a grant of land n Cork—of 3,028 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond.

All these circumstances put together make it probable, and more than probable, that Spenser remained in Ireland after Lord Grey's recall. How thorough his familiarity with the country grew to be, appears from the work concerning it which he at last produced.

The years 1586–7–8 were eventful both for England and for Spenser. In the first Sidney expired of wounds received at Zutphen; in the second, Mary Queen of Scots was executed; in the third, God blew and scattered the Armada, and also Leicester died. Spenser weeps over Sidney—there was never, perhaps, more weeping, poetical and other, over any death than over that of Sidney—in his *Astrophel*, the poem above mentioned. This poem is scarcely worthy of the sad occasion—the flower of knighthood cut down ere its prime, not yet

> In flushing
> When blighting was nearest.

Certainly it in no way expresses what Spenser undoubtedly felt when the woeful news came across the Channel to him in his Irish home. Probably his grief was 'too deep for tears.' It was probably one of those 'huge cares' which, in Seneca's phrase, not 'loquuntur,' but 'stupent.' He would fain have been dumb and opened not his mouth; but the fashion of the time called upon him to speak. He was expected to bring his immortelle, so to say, and lay it on his hero's tomb, though his limbs would scarcely support him, and his hand, quivering with the agony of his heart, could with difficulty either weave it or carry it. All the six years they had been parted, the image of that chivalrous form had never been forgotten. It had served for the one model of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes. It had represented for him all true knighthood. Nor all the years that he lived after Sidney's death was it forgotten. It is often before him, as he writes his later poetry, and is greeted always with undying love and sorrow. Thus in the *Ruines of Time*, he breaks out in a sweet fervour of unextinguished affection:

> Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
> Out of the bosom of the Makers blis,
> In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
> Appeared in their native propertis
> And did enrich that noble breast of his
> With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
> Worthie of heaven itselfe, which brought it forth.
>
> His blessed spirite, full of power divine
> And influence of all celestiall grace,

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went
Out of this fleshie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie as a spotles sacrifise,
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood,
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new ioy.
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy;
But where thou dost that happiness enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

Yet whilest the Fates affoord me vitell breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee untill that timelie death
By Heaven's doome doe ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

It is not quite certain in what part of Ireland the poet was living when the news that Sidney was not reached him. Was he still residing at Dublin, or had he transferred his home to that southern region which is so intimately associated with his name? The sonnet to Harvey above mentioned shows that he was at Dublin in July of the year of his friend's death. It has been said already that he did not resign his Chancery clerkship till 1588. We know that he was settled in Cork county, at Kilcolman castle, in 1589, because Raleigh visited him there that year. He may then have left Dublin in 1588 or 1589. According to Dr. Birch's Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of the *Faerie Queene* in 1751,* and the *Biographia Britannica*, the grant of land made him in Cork is dated June 27, 1586. But the grant, which is extant, is dated October 26, 1591. Yet certainly, as Dr. Grosart points out, in the 'Articles' for the 'Undertakers,' which received the royal assent on June 27, 1586, Spenser is set down for 3,028 acres; and that he was at Kilcolman before 1591 seems certain. As he resigned his clerkship in the Court of Chancery in 1588, and was then appointed, as we have seen, clerk of the Council of Munster, he probably went to live somewhere in the province of Munster that same year. He may have lived at Kilcolman before it and the surrounding grounds were secured to him; he may have entered upon possession on the strength of a promise of them, before the formal grant was issued. He has mentioned the scenery which environed his castle twice in his great poem;

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* Dr. Birch refers in his note to *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*, by Charles Smith, vol. i. book i. c. i. p. 58–63. Edit. Dublin 1750, 8vo. And Fiennes Moryson's *Itinerary*, part ii. p. 4.

ut it is worth noticing that both mentions occur, not in the books published, as we hall now very soon see, in 1590, but in the books published six years afterwards. n the famous passage already referred to in the eleventh canto of the fourth book, escribing the nuptials of the Thames and the Medway, he recounts in stanzas xl.–iv. the Irish rivers who were present at that great river-gathering, and amongst hem

Swift Awniduff which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

he other mention occurs in the former of the two cantos *Of Mutability*. There e poet sings that the place appointed for the trial of the titles and best rights of both heavenly powers' and 'earthly wights' was

Upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

His poem called *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written in 1591, and dedicated to Sir . Raleigh 'from my house at Kilcolman the 27 of December, 1591' [*]—written therefore fter a lengthy absence in England—exhibits a full familiarity with the country ound about Kilcolman. On the whole then we may suppose that his residence at ilcolman began not later than 1588. It was to be roughly and terribly ended ten ars after.

We may suppose he was living there in peace and quiet, not perhaps undisturbed by rowing murmurs of discontent, by signs of unrepressed and irrepressible hostility wards his nation, by ill-concealed sympathies with the Spanish invaders amongst e native population, when the Armada came and went. The old castle in which e lived had been one of the residences of the Earls of Desmond. It stood some vo miles from Doneraile, on the north side of a lake which was fed by the river Awbeg Mulla, as the poet christened it.

'Two miles north-west of Doneraile,' writes Charles Smith in his *Natural and Civil istory of the County and City of Cork*, 1774, (i. 340, 341)—'is Kilcoleman, a ruined astle of the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the nmortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem *The Faerie Queene*. The castle now almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine ke, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford ountains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains Mole, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It ommanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when e adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from hence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.'

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[*] Todd proposes to regard this date as a printer's error for 1595, quite unnecessarily.

Here, then, as in some cool sequestered vale of life, for some ten years, his visits to England excepted, lived Spenser still singing sweetly, still, as he might say, piping, with the woods answering him and his echo ringing. Sitting in the shade he would play many 'a pleasant fit;' he would sing

> Some hymne or morall laie,
> Or carol made to praise his loved lasse;

he would see in the rivers that flowed around his tower beings who lived and loved, and would sing of their mutual passions. It must have sounded strangely to hear the notes of his sweet voice welling forth from his old ruin—to hear music so subtle and refined issuing from that scarred and broken relic of past turbulencies—

> The shepheard swaines that did about him play
> . . . with greedie listfull eares
> Did stand astonisht at his curious skill
> Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders sound.

He presents a picture such as would have delighted his own fancy, though perhaps the actual experience may not have been unalloyed with pain. It is a picture which in many ways resembles that presented by one of a kindred type of genius, who has already been mentioned as of affinity with him—by Wordsworth. Wordsworth too sang in a certain sense from the shade, far away from the vanity of courts, and the uproar of cities; sang 'from a still place, remote from men;' sang, like his own Highland girl, all alone with the 'vale profound' 'overflowing with the sound;' finding, too, objects of friendship and love in the forms of nature which surrounded his tranquil home.

Of these two poets in their various lonelinesses one may perhaps quote those exquisite lines written by one of them of a somewhat differently caused isolation: each one of them too lacked

> Not friends for simple glee,
> Nor yet for higher sympathy.
> To his side the fallow-deer
> Came and rested without fear;
> The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stooped down to pay him fealty.
> . . . . .
> *He knew the rocks which angels haunt*
> *Upon the mountains visitant;*
> *He hath kenned them taking wing;*
> *And into caves where Faeries sing*
> *He hath entered; and been told*
> *By voices how men lived of old.*

Here now and then he was visited, it may be supposed, by old friends. Perhaps that distinguished son of the University of Cambridge, Gabriel Harvey, may for a while have been his guest; he is introduced under his pastoral name of Hobbinol, as present at the poet's house on his return to Ireland. The most memorable of these visits was that already alluded to—that paid him in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom it will be remembered he had become acquainted some nine years before.

aleigh, too, had received a grant from the same huge forfeited estate, a fragment of hich had been given to Spenser. The granting of these, and other shares of the esmond estates, formed part of a policy then vigorously entertained by the English overnment—the colonising of the so lately disordered and still restless districts of outhern Ireland. The recipients were termed 'undertakers;' it was one of their ities to repair the ravages inflicted during the recent tumults and bring the lands ommitted to them into some state of cultivation and order.

The wars had been followed by a famine. 'Even in the history of Ireland,' writes recent biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'there are not many scenes more full of orror than those which the historians of that period rapidly sketch when showing us e condition of almost the whole province of Munster in the year 1584, and the years mediately succeeding.'*

The claims of his duties as an 'undertaker,' in addition perhaps to certain troubles court, where his rival Essex was at this time somewhat superseding him in the yal favour,† and making a temporary absence not undesirable, brought Raleigh into ork County in 1589. A full account of this visit and its important results is given in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, which gives us at the same time a charming cture of the poet's life at Kilcolman. Colin himself, lately returned home from ngland, tells his brother shepherds, at their urgent request, of his 'passed fortunes.' e begins with Raleigh's visit. One day, he tells them, as he sat

> Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
> Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore,

strange shepherd, who styled himself the Shepherd of the Ocean—

> Whether allured with my pipes delight,
> Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
> Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right—

und him out, and

> Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit.

e sang, he tells us, a song of Mulla old father Mole's daughter, and of another ver called Bregog who loved her. Then his guest sang in turn:—

> His song was all a lamentable lay
> Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard,
> Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,
> Which from her presence faultlesse him debard,
> And ever and anon, with singults rife,
> He cryed out, to make his undersong:
> Ah! my loves queene and goddesse of my life,
> Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong?

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[*] Mr. Edward Edwards, 1868, I. c. vi.; see also *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, vv. 312–319.

[†] 'My lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court and confined him in Ireland.'—Letter, ted August 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esq.—Quoted by Todd from r. Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*.—See Mr. Edwards's *Life of Raleigh*, I. c. viii.

After they had made an end of singing, the shepherd of the ocean

> Gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
> And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot
> That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
> Into that waste where I was quite forgot,

and presently persuaded him to accompany him 'his Cinthia to see.'

It has been seen from one of Harvey's letters that the *Faerie Queene* was alread begun in 1580; and from what Bryskett says, and what Spenser says himself in hi sonnets to Lord Grey, and to Lord Ormond, that it was proceeded with after the poe had passed over to Ireland. By the close of the year 1589 at least three books wer completely finished. Probably enough parts of other books had been written; bu only three were entirely ready for publication. No doubt part of the conversatio that passed between Spenser and Raleigh related to Spenser's work. It may b believed that what was finished was submitted to Raleigh's judgment, and certainl concluded that it elicited his warmest approval.* One great object that Spenser pro posed to himself when he assented to Raleigh's persuasion to visit England, was th publication of the first three books of his *Faerie Queene.*

CHAPTER III.

1590.

Thus after an absence of about nine years, Spenser returned for a time to Englanc he returned 'bringing his sheaves with him.' Whatever shadow of misunderstandir had previously come between his introducer—or perhaps re-introducer—and h Majesty seems to have been speedily dissipated. Raleigh presented him to th Queen, who, it would appear, quickly recognised his merits. 'That goddess'

> To mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare
> That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
> And it desir'd at timely houres to heare
> Al were my notes but rude and roughly dight.

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company for 1589 occurs the following entr quoted here from Mr. Arber's invaluable edition of them:—

> Primo Die Decembris.—Master Ponsonbye. Entered for his Copye a book intituled the fayre Queen dysposed into xii bookes &c. Aucthorysed vnder thandes of the Archb. of Canterbery & bothe t Wardens, vjd.

The letter of the author's prefixed to his poem 'expounding his whole intention i the course of this worke, which for that it giveth great light to the reader, for th better understanding is hereunto annexed,' addressed to 'Sir Walter Raleigh, Knigh Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties liefetenaunt of the county c ornewayll,' is dated January 23, 1589—that is, 1590, according to the New Style. hortly afterwards, in 1590, according to both Old and New Styles, was published by Villiam Ponsonby 'THE FAERIE QUEENE, Disposed into twelve books, Fashioning II Morall vertues.' That day, which we spoke of as beginning to arise in 1579, ow fully dawned. The silence of well nigh two centuries was now broken, not again prevail, by mighty voices. During Spenser's absence in Ireland, William Shak- pere had come up from the country to London. The exact date of his advent it eems impossible to ascertain. Probably enough it was 1585; but it may have been little later. We may, however, be fairly sure that by the time of Spenser's arrival London in 1589, Shakspere was already occupying a notable position in his rofession as an actor; and what is more important, there can be little doubt he was lready known not only as an actor, but as a play-writer. What he had already ritten was not comparable with what he was to write subsequently; but even those arly dramas gave promise of splendid fruits to be thereafter yielded. In 1593 ppeared *Venus and Adonis*; in the following year *Lucrece*; in 1595, Spenser's *pithalamion*; in 1596, the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*; in 1597 *omeo and Juliet*, *King Richard the Second*, and *King Richard the Third* were printed, nd also Bacon's *Essays* and the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. During all hese years various plays, of increasing power and beauty, were proceeding from hakspere's hands; by 1598 about half of his extant plays had certainly been com- osed. Early in 1599, he, who may be said to have ushered in this illustrious period, e whose radiance first dispersed the darkness and made the day begin to be, our oet Spenser, died. But the day did not die with him; it was then but approaching s noon, when he, one of its brightest suns, set. This day may be said to have fully roken in the year 1590, when the first instalment of the great work of Spenser's life ade its appearance.

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* See Raleigh's lines entitled 'A Vision upon this Conceipt of the *Faery Queene,*' prefixed to t *Fairie Queene.*

The three books were dedicated to the Queen. They were followed in the original dition—are preceded in later editions—first, by the letter to Raleigh above mentioned; en by six poetical pieces of a commendatory sort, written by friends of the poet— y Raleigh who writes two of the pieces, by Harvey who now praises and well-wishes e poem he had discountenanced some years before, by 'R. S.,' by 'H. B.,' by 'W. L.;' stly, by seventeen sonnets addressed by the poet to various illustrious personages; Sir Christopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Charles oward, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir John orris, Knight, lord president of Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of embroke, and others. The excellence of the poem was at once generally perceived nd acknowledged. Spenser had already, as we have seen, gained great applause by is *Shepheardes Calendar*, published some ten years before the coming out of his reater work. During these ten years he had resided out of England, as has been een; but it is not likely his reputation had been languishing during his absence. Vebbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, had contended 'that Spenser may ell wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets.' The *Shepheardes alendar* had been reprinted in 1581 and in 1586; probably enough, other works of is had been circulating in manuscript; the hopes of the country had been directed towards him; he was known to be engaged in the composition of a great poem. N doubt he found himself famous when he reached England on the visit suggested b Raleigh; he found a most eager expectant audience; and when at last his *Faer Queene* appeared, it was received with the utmost delight and admiration. He wa spoken of in the same year with its appearance as the new laureate.* In the spring c the following year he received a pension from the crown of 50*l*. per annum. Probably, however, then, as in later days, the most ardent appreciators of Spenser were th men of the same craft with himself—the men who too, though in a different degree, c in a different kind, possessed the 'vision and the faculty divine.'

This great estimation of the *Faerie Queene* was due not only to the intrinsic charm of the poem—to its exquisitely sweet melody, its intense pervading sense of beaut its abundant fancifulness, its subtle spirituality—but also to the time of its appearance. For then nearly two centuries no great poem had been written in the Englis tongue. Chaucer had died heirless. Occleve's lament over that great spirit's deceas had not been made without occasion :—

> Alas my worthie maister honorable
> This londis verray tresour and richesse
> Deth by thy dethe hathe harm irreperable
> Unto us done; hir vengeable duresse
> Dispoiled hathe this londe of swetnesse
> Of Rethoryk fro us; to Tullius
> Was never man so like amonges us.†

And the doleful confession this orphaned rhymer makes for himself, might hav been well made by all the men of his age in England :—

> My dere mayster, God his soule quite,
> And fader Chaucer fayne would have me taught,
> But I was dull, and learned lyte or naught.

No worthy scholar had succeeded the great master. The fifteenth century i England had abounded in movements of profound social and political interest—i movements which eventually fertilised and enriched and ripened the mind of th nation; but, not unnaturally, the immediate literary results had been of no grea value. In the reign of Henry VIII. the condition of literature, for various reasons had greatly improved. Surrey and Wyatt had heralded the advent of a brighte era. From their time the poetical succession had never failed altogether. The mos memorable name in our literature between their time and the *Faerie Queene* is that o Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—a name of note in the history of both our dramatic an non-dramatic poetry. Sackville was capable of something more than lyrical essays He it was who designed the *Mirror for Magistrates.* To that poem, important a compared with the poetry of its day, for its more pretentious conception, he himsel contributed the two best pieces that form part of it—the *Induction* and the *Complain of Buckingham.* These pieces are marked by some beauties of the same sort as thos which especially characterise Spenser; but they are but fragments; and in spiri they belong to an age which happily passed away shortly after the accession of Queen Elizabeth—they are penetrated by that despondent tone which is so strikingly audible in our literature of the middle years of the sixteenth century, not surprisingly, if the general history of the time be considered. Meanwhile, our language had changed much, and Chaucer had grown almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Therefore, about the year 1590, the nation was practically without a great poem. At the same time, it then, if ever, truly needed one. Its power of appreciation had been quickened and refined by the study of the poetries of other countries; it had translated and perused the classical writers with enthusiasm; it had ardently pored over the poetical literature of Italy. Then its life had lately been ennobled by deeds of splendid courage crowned with as splendid success. In the year 1590, if ever, this country, in respect of its literary condition and in respect of its general high and noble excitement, was ready for the reception of a great poem.

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* Nash's *Supplication of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592.

† Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*, p. 14.

Such a poem undoubtedly was the *Faerie Queene*, although it may perhaps be admitted that it was a work likely to win favour with the refined and cultured sections of the community rather than with the community at large. Strongly impressed on it as were the instant influences of the day, yet in many ways it was marked by a certain archaic character. It depicted a world—the world of chivalry and romance—which was departed; it drew its images, its forms of life, its scenery, its very language, from the past. Then the genius of our literature in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign was emphatically dramatic; in the intense life of these years men longed for reality. Now the *Faerie Queene* is one long idealizing. These circumstances are to be accounted for partly by the character of Spenser's genius, partly by the fact already stated that chronologically Spenser is the earliest of the great spirits of his day. In truth he stands between two worlds: he belongs partly to the new time, partly to the old; he is the last of one age, he is the first of another; he stretches out one hand into the past to Chaucer, the other rests upon the shoulder of Milton.

CHAPTER IV.

1591-1599.

It is easy to imagine how intensely Spenser enjoyed his visit to London. It is uncertain to what extent that visit was prolonged. He dates the dedication of his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* 'from my house at Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591.' On the other hand, the dedication of his *Daphnaida* is dated 'London this first of Januarie 1591,' that is 1592 according to our new style. Evidently there is some mistake here. Prof. Craik 'suspects' that in the latter instance 'the date January 1591' is used in the modern meaning; he quotes nothing to justify such a suspicion; but it would seem to be correct. Todd and others have proposed to alter the '1591' in the former instance to 1595, the year in which *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* was published, and with which the allusions made in the poem to contemporary writers agree; but this proposal is, as we shall see, scarcely tenable. The manner in which the publisher of the *Complaints*, 1591, of which publication we shall speak presently, introduces that work to the 'gentle reader,' seems to show that the poet was not at the time of the publishing easily accessible. He speaks of having endeavoured 'by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights) to get into my hands such small poems of the same authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselfe; some of them having been diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure ouer sea.' He says he understands Spenser 'wrote sundrie others' besides those now collected, 'besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad . . . which when I can either by himselfe or otherwise attaine too I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set foorth.' It may be supposed with much probability that Spenser returned to his Irish castle some time in 1591, in all likelihood after February, in which month he received the pension mentioned above, and on the other hand so as to have time to write the original draught of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* before the close of December.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* had been so favourable that in 1591—it would seem, as has been shown, after Spenser's departure—the publisher of that poem determined to put forth what other poems by the same hand he could gather together. The result was a volume entitled '*Complaints*, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, whereof the next page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp.' 'The next page' contains 'a note of the Sundrie Poemes contained in this volume:'

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muses.
3. Virgils Gnat.
4. Prosopopoia or Mother Hubbards Tale.
5. The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay.
6. Muiopotmos or The Tale of the Butterflie.
7. Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.
8. Bellayes Visions.
9. Petrarches Visions.

In a short notice addressed to the Gentle Reader which follows—the notice just referred to—the publisher of the volume mentions other works by Spenser, and promises to publish them too 'when he can attain to' them. These works are *Ecclesiastes, The Seven Psalms,* and *Canticum Canticorum*—these three no doubt translations of parts of the Old Testament—*A Sennight Slumber, The State of Lovers,* the *Dying Pelican*—doubtless the work mentioned, as has been seen, in one of Spenser's letters to Harvey—*The Howers of the Lord*, and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner.* Many of these works had probably been passing from hand to hand in manuscript for many years. That old method of circulation survived the invention of the printing press for many generations. The perils of it may be illustrated from the fate of the works just mentioned. It would seem that the publisher never did attain to them; and they have all perished. With regard to the works which were printed and preserved, the *Ruines of Time,* as the Dedication shows, was written during Spenser's memorable visit of 1589-91 to England. It is in fact an elegy dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, 'that most brave Knight, your most noble brother deceased.' 'Sithens my late cumming into England,' the poet writes in the Epistle Dedicatorie, 'some friends of mine (which might much prevaile with me and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him; as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me; for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the *Worlds Ruines*: yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased.' This poem is written in a tone that had been extremely frequent during Spenser's youth. Its text is that ancient one 'Vanity of Vanities; all is Vanity'—a very obvious text in all ages, but perhaps especially so, as has been hinted, in the sixteenth century, and one very frequently adopted at that time. This text is treated in a manner characteristic of the age. It is exemplified by a series of visions. The poet represents himself as seeing at Verulam an apparition of a woman weeping over the decay of that ancient town. This woman stands for the town itself. Of its whilome glories, she says, after a vain recounting of them,

> They all are gone and all with them is gone,
> Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
> My long decay.

No one, she continues, weeps with her, no one remembers her,

> Save one that maugre fortunes injurie
> And times decay, and enuies cruell tort
> Hath writ my record in true seeming sort.
>
> Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
> And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
> To see the light of simple veritie
> Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
> Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,
> Cambden, though time all moniments obscure,
> Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

Then she rebukes herself for these selfish moanings by calling to mind how far from solitary she is in her desolation. She recalls to mind the great ones of the land who have lately fallen—Leicester, and Warwick, and Sidney—and wonders no longer at her own ruin. Is not *Transit Gloria* the lesson taught everywhere? Then other visions and emblems of instability are seen, some of them not darkly suggesting that what passes away from earth and apparently ends may perhaps be glorified elsewhere. The second of these collected poems—*The Teares of the Muses*—dedicated, as we have seen, to one of the poet's fair cousins, the Lady Strange, deplores the general intellectual condition of the time. It is doubtful whether Spenser fully conceived what a brilliant literary age was beginning about the year 1590. Perhaps his long absence in Ireland, the death of Sidney who was the great hope of England Spenser knew, the ecclesiastical controversies raging when he revisited England, may partly account for his despondent tone with reference to literature. He introduces each Muse weeping for the neglect and contempt suffered by her respective province. He who describes these tears was himself destined to dry them; and Shakspere, who, if anyone, was to make the faces of the Muses blithe and bright, was now rapidly approaching his prime. There can be little doubt that at a later time Spenser was acquainted with Shakspere; for Spenser was an intimate friend of the Earl of Essex; Shakspere was an intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, who was one of the most attached friends of that Earl of Essex. And a personal acquaintance with Shakspere may have been one of the most memorable events of Spenser's visit to London in 1589. We would gladly think that Thalia in the *Teares of the Muses* refers in the following passage to Shakspere: the comic stage, she says, is degraded,

> And he the man whom Nature selfe had made
> To mock herselfe and Truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
> With whom all joy and jolly meriment
> Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

The context shows that by 'dead' is not meant physical death, but that

> That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

produces nothing, sits idle-handed and silent, rather than pander to the grosser tastes of the day. But this view, attractive as it is, can perhaps hardly be maintained. Though the *Tears of the Muses* was not published, as we have seen, till 1591, it was probably written some years earlier, and so before the star of Shakspere had arisen. Possibly by Willy is meant Sir Philip Sidney, a favourite haunt of whose was his sister's house at Wilton on the river Wiley or Willey, and who had exhibited some comic power in his masque, *The Lady of May*, acted before the Queen in 1578. Some scholars, however, take 'Willy' to denote John Lily. Thus the passage at present remains dark. If written in 1590, it certainly cannot mean Sidney, who had been dead some years; just possibly, but not probably, it might in that case mean Shakspere.

Of the remaining works published in the *Complaints*, the only other one of recent composition is *Muiopotmos*, which, as Prof. Craik suggests, would seem to be an allegorical narrative of some matter recently transpired. It is dated 1590, but nothing is known of any earlier edition than that which appears in the *Complaints*. Of the other pieces by far the most interesting is *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbards Tale*, not only because it is in it, as has been said, Spenser most carefully, though far from successfully, imitates his great master Chaucer, but for its intrinsic merit—for its easy style, its various incidents, its social pictures. In the dedication he speaks of it as 'These my idle labours; which having *long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth*, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth.' However long before its publication the poem in the main was written, possibly some additions were made to it in or about the year 1590; as for instance, the well-known passage describing 'a suitor's state,' which reflects too clearly a bitter personal experience to have been composed before Spenser had grown so familiar with the Court as he became during his visit to England under

Raleigh's patronage. But it is conceivable that his experience in 1578 and 1579 inspired the lines in question.

The remaining pieces in the *Complaints* consist of translations or imitations, composed probably some years before, though probably in some cases, as has been shown, revised or altogether recast.

Probably in the same year with the *Complaints*—that is in 1591—was published *Daphnaida*,* 'an Elegie upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Georges, Esquire.' This elegy was no doubt written before Spenser returned to Ireland. It is marked by his characteristic diffuseness, abundance, melody.

Certainly before the close of the year 1591 Spenser found himself once more in his old castle of Kilcolman. A life at Court could never have suited him, however irksome at times his isolation in Ireland may have seemed. When his friends wondered at his returning unto

> This barrein soyle,
> Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
> Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with toyle,

he made answer that he,

> Whose former dayes
> Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
> Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
> Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
> But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
> Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
> Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
> Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.

That life, with all its intrigues and self-seekings and scandals, had no charms for him. Once more settled in his home, he wrote an account of his recent absence from it, which he entitled *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*. This poem was not published till 1595; but, whatever additions were subsequently made to it, there can be no doubt it was originally written immediately after his return to Ireland. Sitting in the quiet to which he was but now restored, he reviewed the splendid scenes he had lately witnessed; he recounted the famous wits he had met, and the fair ladies he had seen in the great London world; and dedicated this exquisite diary to the friend who had introduced him into that brilliant circle. It would seem that Raleigh had accused him of indolence. That over-restless schemer could not appreciate the poet's dreaminess. 'That you may see,' writes Spenser, 'that I am not alwaies ydle as yee think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myselfe bounden unto you for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, &c.'

The conclusion of this poem commemorates, as we have seen, Spenser's enduring affection for that Rosalind who so many years before had turned away her ears from his suit. It must have been some twelve months after those lines were penned, that the writer conceived an ardent attachment for one Elizabeth. The active research of Dr. Grosart has discovered that this lady belonged to the Boyle family—a family already of importance and destined to be famous. The family seat was at Kilcoran, near Youghal, and so we understand Spenser's singing of 'The sea that neighbours to her near.' Thus she lived in the same county with her poet. The whole course of the wooing and the winning is portrayed in the *Amoretti or Sonnet* and the *Epithalamium.* It may be gathered from these biographically and otherwise interesting pieces, that it was at the close of the year 1592 that the poet was made a captive of that beauty he so fondly describes. The first three sonnets would seem to have been written in that year. The fourth celebrates the beginning of the year 1593—the beginning according to our modern way of reckoning. All through that year 1593 the lover sighed, beseeched, adored, despaired, prayed again. Fifty-eight sonnets chronicle the various hopes and fears of that year. The object of his passion remained as steel and flint, while he wept and wailed and pleaded. His life was a long torment.

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* This poem is in this volume reprinted from the edition of 1591. Mr. Morris thinks that Todd was not aware of this edition. Mr. Collier reprinted from the 2nd edition—that of 1596.

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.

In Lent she is his 'sweet saynt,' and he vows to find some fit service for her.

Her temple fayre is built within my mind
In which her glorious image placed is,

But all his devotion profited nothing, and he thinks it were better 'at once to die.' He marvels at her cruelty. He cannot address himself to the further composition of his great poem. The accomplishment of that great work were

Sufficient werke for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoyle.

He falls ill in his body too. When the anniversary of his being carried into captivity comes round, he declares, as has been already quoted, that the year just elapsed has appeared longer than all the forty years of his life that had preceded it (sonnet 60). In the beginning of the year 1594,

After long stormes and tempests sad assay
Which hardly I endured hertofore
In dread of death and daungerous dismay
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,

he did 'at length descry the happy shore.' The heart of his mistress softened towards him. The last twenty-five sonnets are for the most part the songs of a lover accepted and happy. It would seem that by this time he had completed three more books of the *Faerie Queene*, and he asks leave in sonnet 70,

In pleasant mew
To sport my Muse and sing my loves sweet praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew
My spirit to an higher pitch doth raise.

Probably the Sixth Book was concluded in the first part of the year 1594, just after his long wooing had been crowned with success. In the tenth canto of that book he introduces the lady of his love, and himself 'piping' unto her. In a rarely pleasant place on a fair wooded hill-top Calidore sees the Graces dancing, and Colin Clout piping merrily. With these goddesses is a fourth maid; it is to her alone that Colin pipes:—

Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Of this fourth maid the poet, after sweetly praising the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, sings in this wise:—

Who can aread what creature mote she bee;
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed,
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseems her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race.

The phrase 'country lass' in this rapturous passage has been taken to signify that she to whom it is applied was of mean origin; but it scarcely bears this construction. Probably all that is meant is that her family was not connected with the Court or the Court circle. She was not high-born; but she was not low-born. The final sonnets refer to some malicious reports circulating about him, and to some local separation between the sonneteer and his mistress. This separation was certainly ended in the June following his acceptance—that is, the June of 1594; for in that month, on St. Barnabas' day, that is, on the 11th, Spenser was married. This event Spenser celebrates in the finest, the most perfect of all his poems, in the most beautiful of all bridal songs—in his *Epithalamion.* He had many a time sung for others; he now bade the Muses crown their heads with garlands and help him his own love's praises to resound:—

So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Then, with the sweetest melody and a refinement and grace incomparable, he sings with a most happy heart of various matters of the marriage day—of his love's waking, of the merry music of the minstrels, of her coming forth in all the pride of her visible loveliness, of that 'inward beauty of her lively spright' which no eyes can see, o her standing before the altar, her sad eyes still fastened on the ground, of th bringing her home, of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moor looking down on his bliss not unfavourably, as he would hope. The *Amoretti* anc *Epithalamion* were registered at the Stationers' Hall on the 19th of November following the marriage. They were published in 1595, Spenser—as appears from th 'Dedication' of them to Sir Robert Needham, written by the printer Ponsonby— being still absent from England.

Meanwhile the poet had been vexed by other troubles besides those of a slowl requited passion. Mr. Hardiman,* in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has published thre petitions presented in 1593 to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Maurice, Lord Roche Viscount Fermoy, two against 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman,' one against on Joan Ny Callaghan—who is said to act 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmon Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.' 'Where,' runs the firs petition, 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against you suppliant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shanballymore (your suppliant's inherit ance) before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been here tofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom h conveyed; and nevertheless for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council i the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys among othe agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office fo his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your sup pliant in the said province upon pretended title of others &c.' The third petitio averred that 'Edmond Spenser of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into thre ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseised your suppliant thereof, and con tinueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great wast of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupo to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling Whereunto,' continues the document, which is preserved in the Original Rolls Office 'the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto hin peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do.' Therefore 'after a day of grac given,' on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed the possession Perhaps the absence from his lady love referred to in the concluding sonnets wa occasioned by this litigation. Perhaps also the 'false forged lyes'—the maliciou reports circulated about him—referred to in Sonnet 85, may have been connecte with these appeals against him. It is clear that all his dreams of Faerie did not mak him neglectful of his earthly estate. Like Shakspere, like Scott, Spenser did no cease to be a man of the world—we use the phrase in no unkindly sense—because h was a poet. He was no mere visionary, helpless in the ordinary affairs of life. I the present case it would appear that he was even too keen in looking after his ow interests. Professor Craik charitably suggests that his poverty 'rather tha rapacity may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his pro ceedings.' It is credible enough that these proceedings made him highly unpopula ith the native inhabitants of the district, and that they were not forgotten when the ıy of reckoning came. 'His name,' says Mr. Hardiman, on the authority of *Trotter's Yalks in Ireland*,* 'is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman; but the people ıtertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory.'

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* *Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland*, by J. Hardiman. London, 1831.

In the same year with the *Amoretti* was published *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, veral additions having been made to the original version.

Probably at the close of this year 1595 Spenser a second time crossed to England, companied, it may be supposed, by his wife, carrying with him in manuscript the cond three books of his *Faerie Queene*, which, as we have seen, were completed fore his marriage, and also a prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. r. Collier quotes the following entry from the Stationers' Register:—

20 die Januarii [1595].—Mr. Ponsonby. Entred &c. The Second Part of the Faerie Queene, cont. the 5, and 6 bookes, vj*d*.

his second instalment—which was to be the last—of his great poem was duly pubshed in that year. The *View of the Present State of Ireland* was not registered l April 1598, and then only conditionally. It was not actually printed till 1633. uring his stay in England he wrote the *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, ıd the *Prothalamion*, which were to be his last works.

More than four years had elapsed since Spenser had last visited London. During at period certain memorable works had been produced; the intellectual power of at day had expressed itself in no mean manner. When he arrived in London wards the close of the year 1595, he would find Shakspere splendidly fulfilling the omise of his earlier days; he would find Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame; would find Bacon already drawing to him the eyes of his time. Spenser probably ent the whole of the year 1596, and part of 1597, in England. In 1597 appeared, has already been said, the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *ssays*, and also Jonson's *Every Man in His Own Humour*.

The reigning favourite at this time was the Earl of Essex. In 1596 his successful scent upon Cadiz raised him to the zenith of his fame. With this nobleman Spenser ıs on terms of intimacy. At his London house in the Strand—a house which had eviously been inhabited by Spenser's earlier patron, the Earl of Leicester—it stood ıere Essex Street now is, and is still represented by the two pillars which stand at e bottom of that street—Spenser no doubt renewed his friendship with Shakspere. ıis intimacy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been tended, with whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, probly impeded his prospects of preferment. There can be no doubt that one of the otives that brought him to England was a desire to advance his fortunes. Camden scribes him as always poor. His distaste for his residence in Ireland could not but ve been aggravated by his recent legal defeat. But he looked in vain for further eferment. He had fame, and to spare, and this was to suffice. It was during this ourn in England that he spoke of himself, as we have seen, as one

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* 'The name and occupation of Spenser is handed down traditionally among them (the Irish); but ey seem to entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory; the bard came in rather gracious times, and the keen recollections of this untutored people are wonderful.' —Trotter's *Walks ough Ireland in the Years* 1812, 1814, *and* 1817. London, 1819, p. 302.

Whom sullein care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes court and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddows, did afflict my brayne.

The publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, with a
impression of the first three books, placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame.
plentiful references to passing events—its adumbrations of the history of the time
however it might damage the permanent value of the work from an artistic poi
of view, increased its immediate popularity. How keenly these references were app
ciated appears from the anxiety of the Scotch King to have the poet prosecuted for
picture of Duessa, in whom Mary Queen of Scots was generally recognised. ‘Rob
Bowes, the English ambassador in Scotland, writing to Lord Burghley from Edi
burgh 12th November, 1596, states that great offence was conceived by the Ki
against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print, in the second part of the *Fae*
Queen, ch. 9, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemed, against himself and
mother deceased. Mr. Bowes states that he had satisfied the King as to the privile
under which the book was published, yet he still desired that Edmund Spenser for th
fault might be tried and punished. It further appears, from a letter from Geor
Nicolson to Sir Robert Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 25 February, 1597-8, that Walt
Quin, an Irishman, was answering Spenser's book, whereat the King was offended.’

The *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written dialogue-wise between Eudox
and Irenæus, though not printed, as has been said, till 1633, seems to have enjoyed
considerable circulation in a manuscript form. There are manuscript copies of th
tractate at Cambridge, at Dublin, at Lambeth, and in the British Museum. It
partly antiquarian, partly descriptive, partly political. It exhibits a profound sense
the unsatisfactory state of the country—a sense which was presently to be justified
a frightful manner. Spenser had not been deaf to the ever-growing murmurs of d
content by which he and his countrymen had been surrounded. He was not in advan
of his time in the policy he advocates for the administration of Ireland. He was
from anticipating that policy of conciliation whose triumphant application it m
perhaps be the signal honour of our own day to achieve. The measures he propos
are all of a vigorously repressive kind; they are such measures as belong to a milita
occupancy, not to a statesmanly administration. He urges the stationing numero
garrisons; he is for the abolishing native customs. Such proposals won a not u
favourable hearing at that time. They have been admired many a time since.

It is to this work of Spenser's that Protector Cromwell alludes in a letter to
council in Ireland, in favour of William Spenser, grandson of Edmund Spenser, fro
whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended
him. ‘His grandfather,’ he writes, ‘was that Spenser who, by his writings touchi
the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; a
for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him th
estate which the said William Spenser now claims.’† This latter statement

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* Cooper's *Athen. Cantab.*

† See Mr. Edwards's *Life of Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 128.

idently inaccurate. Spenser, as we have seen, had already held his estate for some ars when he brought his *View* to England.

Spenser dates the dedication of his *Hymns* from Greenwich, September 1, 1596. f these four hymns, two had been in circulation for some years, though now for the st time printed; the other two now first appeared. ‘Having in the greener times my youth,’ he writes, ‘composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and autie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, hich being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection do rather sucke out yson to their strong passion than hony to their honest delight, I was moved by e of you two most excellent ladies [the ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, ary, Countess of Warwick] to call in the same; but unable so to doe, by reason that any copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, d by way of retraction to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of rthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall.’ This ssage is interesting for the illustration it furnishes of Spenser's popularity. It is so highly interesting, if the poems themselves be read in the light of it, as showing e sensitive purity of the poet's nature. It is difficult to conceive how those ‘former mns’ should in any moral respect need amending. The moralising and corrective rpose with which the two latter were written perhaps diminished their poetical auty; but the themes they celebrate are such as Spenser could not but ever descant on with delight; they were such as were entirely congenial to his spirit. He here t forth certain special teachings of his great master Plato, and abandoned himself the high spiritual contemplations he loved. But perhaps the finest of these four mns is the second—that in honour of Beauty. Beauty was indeed the one worship Spenser's life—not mere material beauty—not ‘the goodly hew of white and red th which the cheekes are sprinkled,’ or ‘the sweete rosy leaves so fairly spred upon e lips,’ or ‘that golden wyre,’ or ‘those sparckling stars so bright,’ but that inner iritual beauty, of which fair hair and bright eyes are but external expressions.

> So every spirit, as it is most pure
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer bodie doth procure
> To habit in, and it more fairely dight
> With chearfull grace and amiable sight;
> For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
> For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

is hymn is one high refined rapture.

Before the close of the year 1596 Spenser wrote and published the *Prothalamion* ‘A spousall verse made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable d vertuous ladies, the ladie Elizabeth, and the ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters the right honourable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie ntlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter Esquyers.’ It was composed er the return of Essex from Spain, for he is introduced in the poem as then re- ling at his house in the Strand. It is a poem full of grace and beauty, and of tchless melodiousness.

This is the last complete poem Spenser wrote. No doubt he entertained the ide of completing his *Faerie Queene*; and perhaps it was after 1596 that he compose the two additional cantos, which are all, so far as is known, that he actually wrote But the last poem completed and published in his lifetime was the *Prothalamion*.

This second visit to England at last came to an end. It was probably in 1597 tha he returned once more to Kilcolman. In the following year he was recommended b her Majesty for Sheriff of Cork. But his residence in Ireland was now to be rudel terminated.

The Irishry had, ever since the suppression of Desmond's rebellion in 1582, bee but waiting for another opportunity to rise, that suppression not having brough pacification in its train. In the autumn of 1598 broke out another of these fearfu insurrections, of which the history of English rule in Ireland is mainly composed.

In the September of that year Spenser was at the zenith of his prosperity. In tha month arrived the letter recommending his appointment to be Sheriff of Cork. I seems legitimate to connect this mark of royal favour with the fact that at the beginning of the preceding month Lord Burghley had deceased. The great obstructor o the Queen's bounty was removed, and Spenser might hope that now, at last, the hou of his prosperity was come. So far as is known, his domestic life was serene an happy. The joys of the husband had been crowned with those of the father. Tw sons, as may be gathered from the names given to them—they were christened Sylvanu and Peregrine—had been by this time born to him; according to Sir William Bethan who drew up a pedigree of Spenser's family, another son and a daughter had bee born between the birth of Sylvanus and that of Peregrine. Then he was at this tim the recognised prince of living poets. The early autumn of 1598 saw him in th culminating enjoyment of all these happinesses.

In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt his occupatio of the old castle of Desmond had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy While h had dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses muttered against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. Th outraged natives rushed down upon Kilcolman; the poet and his family barely mad their escape; his home was plundered and burned. According to Ben Jonson, in th conversation with Drummond, quoted above, not all his family escaped; one littl child, new born, perished in the flames. But, indeed, the fearfulness of this even needs no exaggeration. In profound distress Spenser arrived once more in Londo bearing a despatch from Sir Thomas Norreys, President of Munster, to the Secretar of State, and of course himself full of direct and precise information as to the Iris tumult, having also drawn up an address to the Queen on the subject. Probabl the hardships and horrors he had undergone completely prostrated him. On Januar 16, 1599, he died in Westminster. As to the exact place, a manuscript note foun by Brand, the well-known antiquary, on the title-page of a copy of the second editio of the *Faerie Queene*, though not of indisputable value, may probably enough b accepted, and it names King Street. Ben Jonson says, 'he died for lack of bread; but this must certainly be an exaggeration. No doubt he returned to Englan 'inops'—in a state of poverty—as Camden says; but it is impossible to believe tha e died of starvation. His friend Essex and many another were ready to minister o his necessities if he needed their ministry. Jonson's story is that he 'refused wenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to pend them.' This story, if it is anything more than a mere vulgar rumour, so far as it hows anything, shows that he was in no such very extreme need of succour. Had his estitution been so complete, he would have accepted the pieces for his family, even hough 'he had no time to spend them himself.' It must be remembered that he was till in receipt of a pension from the crown; a pension of no very considerable mount, perhaps, but still large enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger. But numerous assages might be quoted to show that he died in somewhat straitened circumstances.

It was said, some thirty-four years after Spenser's death, that in his hurried flight rom Ireland the remaining six books of the *Faerie Queene* were lost. But it is very nlikely that those books were ever completed.* Perhaps some fragments of them ay have perished in the flames at Kilcolman—certainly only two cantos have reached s. These were first printed in 1611, when the first six books were republished. he general testimony of his contemporaries is that his song was broken off in the idst. Says Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book ii. s. 1):—

But ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates
To make him one of their associates
In heaven's faire choir.

One S. A. Cokain writes:—

If, honour'd Colin, thou hadst lived so long
As to have finished thy Fairy song,
Not only mine but all tongues would confess,
Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides.

He was buried near Chaucer—by his own wish, it is said—in Westminster Abbey, poetis funus ducentibus,' with poets following him to the grave—bearing the pall, as e might say—the Earl of Essex furnishing the funeral expenses, according to amden. It would seem from a passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* 'that the ueen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but that the money was otherwise ppropriated by one of her agents.' The present monument, restored in 1778, was rected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

His widow married again before 1603, as we learn from a petition presented to the ord Chancellor of Ireland in that year, in which Sylvanus sues to recover from her nd her husband Roger Seckerstone certain documents relating to the paternal estate. he was again a widow in 1606. Till a very recent time there were descendants of ponser living in the south of Ireland.

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* No doubt he intended to complete his work. See book vi. canto v. st. 2:

'When time shall be to tell the same;'

ut this time never was.

1869
Revised 1896.

JOHN W. HALES.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE,

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Qveene of England, Fravnce, and Ireland, and of Virginia.
Defendovr of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HVMILITIE,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.[1]

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[1] In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows :—To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Qveene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c.

Her most humble Seruant :
Ed. Spenser.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE: WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded.) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of pollitické vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a governement, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter *part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three.*

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of knights to take on him that exployt. Presen that clownish person, upstarting, desired th adventure: whereat the Queene much wonderi and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnes importuned his desire. In the end the Lady t him, that unlesse that armour which she broug would serve him (that is, the armour of a Chr tian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephe that he could not succeed in that enterprise; whi being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furr tures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man al that company, and was well liked of the Lad And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, a mounting on that straunge Courser, he went for with her on that adventure: where beginneth t first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bea ing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Pare he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchau eresse called Acrasia; and therfore craved the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knig to performe that adventure; which being assign to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with th same Palmer: which is the beginning of t second booke, and the whole subject thereof. T third day there came in a Groome, who co plained before the Faery Queene, that a v Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he ke in most grievous torment, because she would yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereup Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, pr sently tooke on him that adventure. But bei vnable to performe it by reason of the hard E chauntments, after long sorrow, in the end m with Britomartis, who succoured him, and r kewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventu are intermedled; but rather as Accidents th intendments: As the love of Britomart, the ove throw of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, t vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne direct your understanding to the wel-head of t History; that from thence gathering the wh intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handf gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may ha pily seeme tedious and confused. So, humb craving the continuance of your honorable favo towards me, and th' eternall establishment your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. *January* 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spens

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.

E thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Vithin that Temple where the vestall flame
Vas wont to burnè ; and passing by that way
'o see that buried dust of living fame,
Vhose tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
ll suddeinly I saw the Faery Queene :
t whose approch the soule of Petrarke wept,
nd from thenceforth those graces were not seene ;
'or they this Queene attended, in whose steed
blivion laid him downe on Lauras herse.
Iereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
nd grones of buried ghostes the hevens did perse :
  Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
  And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

Another of the same.

'he prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings, [sings.
s doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena
f thou hast formed right true vertues face herein,
'ertue her selfe can best discerne to whom they written bin. [divine
f thou hast beauty praysd, let her sole lookes
'udge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
f Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
3ehold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Ieane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues sore [of yore :
bove the reach of all that live, or such as wrote
nd thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;
Vhose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
  Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
  Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepeheard.

'ollyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,
  Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
'hat leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
  And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes ;
'hat lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges :
o like the lively Larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
  And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight :
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
  Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight ;
Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well ;
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes
  Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers ;
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
  Delight the daintie eares of higher powers :
And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
  In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes :
Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
  Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand
  Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vayle in Type of Faery land,
  Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight : [foes,
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style
  Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy setled sence beguile,
  Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright, [light.
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately towne
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes.
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes Palme and never-dying bayes :
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes ;
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayses;
Our Goddesse here hath given you leave to land;
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde;
But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,
Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sydney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spencer was by Sidney's speaches wonne
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
So Spenser now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. I

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserved prise
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
  Doth either prove the judgement to be naught,
  Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend;
  For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
  'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right,
  I here pronounce this workmanship is such
  As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;
But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are;
  And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
  Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

VERSES

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &C.

To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

Those prudent heads, that with theire counsels wise
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
So Ennius the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy,
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex. Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent,
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt
To be thy living praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt:
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby;
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce
To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c.

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which by thy countenaunce doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Envies poisnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Under a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:
Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
To be the Nourses of nobility,
And Registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chevalry.
Then, by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
By whose endevours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone have dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

To the right Honourable the Eurle of Ormond and Ossory.

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath
bred; [waste,
Which, being through long wars left almost
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione:
There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned
And in thy person, without paragone, [wits;
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard. Lord high Admiral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Majesties privie Counsel, &c.

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Take you ensample to the present age
Of th' old Heroes, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing;
In this same Pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

To the most renowmed and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me
In the first season of my feeble age, [rife
I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loome
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorab
doome.

To the right noble and valorous knigh Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Wardein of t Stannaryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewail

To thee, that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare deligh
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath bui
her bowre,
And dainty love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden showr
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy love'
praise;
Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall stowre
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make known
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudel
showne.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleig Lord high Threasurer of England.

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull bre
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most dot
rest
The burdein of this kingdomes governemen
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from com
mune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to yo
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grav
E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cun berland.

Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming fair
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you th
haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies.

t brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashioned see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
ceive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
r honor of your name and high descent.
E. S.

the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high Chamberlaine to her Majesty.

nowmed Lord, that, for your worthinesse
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace :
re eke of right have you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene
And for your owne high merit in like cace :
Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
hen that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
ve, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
at all posteritie thy honor may reherse.
E. S.

the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Majesties privie Counsell.

vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame :
ou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,
And her imperiall Majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
t, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.
But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham, knight, principall Secretary to her Majesty, and one of her honourable privy Counsell.

at Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,
ight long perhaps have lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecænas of this age,
As wel to al that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with Martial rage,
And craves protection of her feeblenesse :
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.
E. S.

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine, Sir John Norris, knight, Lord president of Mounster.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew ?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue ?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage ;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.
Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your name.
E. S.

To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady the Countesse of Penbroke.

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues, crownd with lasting baies
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies ;
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine resemblaunce of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with hevenlie grace:
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.
E. S.

To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew.

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place ;
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace

And deck the world, adorne these verses base.
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of hevenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyranyse;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;
But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more absolute ,desird
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant trew
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine eie present,
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there [to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte:
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not lefte.

E. S

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
s time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
m now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
or trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
nd sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
Vhose praises having slept in silence long,
Ie, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
o blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
ierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne,
hy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
ay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
he antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
f Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Vhom that most noble Briton Prince so long
ought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
hat I must rue his undeserved wrong:
, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright!
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a-while!

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
cladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Vherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
he cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd: [wore,
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she
lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of
yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne
shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far
compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers prid
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hid
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr
Faire harbour that them seems, so in the
entred ar.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forwar
led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dre
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight ar
hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tal
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypres
funerall;

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth stil
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mil
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter woun
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inwar
sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they d
stray, [shown
They cannot finde that path, which first wa
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neere
weene, [owne
That makes them doubt their wits be not the
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doul
they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd mo
And like to lead the labyrinth about; [bar
Which when by tract they hunted had throug
out,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cav
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stou

ftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
nd to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
he danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
reedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
nd perill without show: therefore your stroke,
r Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
he forward footing for an hidden shade:
ertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade.'

XIII

Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place
better wot then you: though nowe too late
o wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
et wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
o stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
his is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
herefore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then
he fearefull Dwarfe) 'this is no place for living men.'

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
he youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide;
ut forth unto the darksom hole he went,
nd looked in: his glistring armor made
litle glooming light, much like a shade;
y which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
alfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
ut th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
ost lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
er huge long taile her den all overspred,
et was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
ointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
ucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
f sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
oone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
nto her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
nd rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
bout her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
he lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
rmed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
or light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:

But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom h should contend.

XXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie; [starre
And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under happi
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this da
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimi
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed i may!'

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wen
That path he kept which beaten was mos
Ne ever would to any byway bend, [plain
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brough
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought
Long way he traveiled before he heard ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that di repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pa
'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how shoul alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges mell.

XXXI

‘ But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
nd homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
f a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
hat wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.’
Of such,’ (saide he,) ‘I chiefly doe inquere,
nd shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
n which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
or to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
hat such a cursed creature lives so long a space.’

XXXII

‘ Far hence’ (quoth he) ‘in wastfull wildernesse
is dwelling is, by which no living wight
ay ever passe, but thorough great distresse.’
Now,’ (saide the Ladie,) ‘draweth toward night,
nd well I wote, that of your later fight
e all forwearied be; for what so strong,
ut, wanting rest, will also want of might?
he Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
t night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

‘ Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
nd with new day new worke at once begin:
ntroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.’
Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,’
uoth then that aged man: ‘the way to win
s wisely to advise; now day is spent:
herefore with me ye may take up your In
or this same night.’ The knight was well content;
o with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
owne in a dale, hard by a forests side,
ar from resort of people that did pas
n traveill to and froe: a litle wyde
here was an holy chappell edifyde,
herein the Hermite dewly wont to say
is holy thinges each morne and eventyde:
hereby a christall streame did gently play,
hich from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
e looke for entertainement where none was;
est is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
he noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar’d to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes:
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes
keepe.

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft, [sowne
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

XLII

The Messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him
awake. [paine,
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
'Hether' (qouth he,) 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent [sent.'
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers

XLIV

The God obayde; and, calling forth straight
way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidde
Had made a Lady of that other Spright, [artes
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Un
fit.

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly, [brought
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigne
hew.

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke the
haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber la
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull pla
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged bo
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dam
Pleasures toy.

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraign
Queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did sprin
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a kin
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iö Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlon
crownd

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.

Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her knight him took.

L

All cleaue dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI

And sayd, 'Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

'Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom'—There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
And then againe begonne; 'My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'
'Why, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.'
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, 'Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart.'
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill:

II

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged
Spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding
night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes
againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights [hast
And dreames, gan now to take more sound
repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals; 'Rise, rise! unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked
wights [chaine:
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful
Come, see where your false Lady doth her
honor staine.'

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud enbracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth
dawning light:
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily:
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so bot
away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each
howre: [woeful stowre
Then gan she wail and weepe to see tha

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine,
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts;
For her he hated as the hissing snake, [take.
And in her many troubles did most pleasure

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might o
Magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest;

And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous, [spide
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

XVI

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke,
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,)
'That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive; [spark
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay; [may.
For present cause was none of dread her to dis-

XXI

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse low,

In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart;
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament.
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

'His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

XXV

'At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

XXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'
He in great passion al this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to vie
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did te
And said, 'faire lady, hart of flint would re
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which shew.

XXVII

'Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye res
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
With chaunge of chear the seeming sim maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsa
So forth they rode, he feining seemely mer
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they sa maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overca
And their greene leaves, trembling with eve blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse roun
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unluc ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them c spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to n
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary lim a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to oth makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit:
And, thinking of those braunches greene
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit, [fram
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte the came [the sam
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled dow

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
rying, ‘O! spare with guilty hands to teare
y tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
ut fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
east to you hap that happened to me heare,
nd to this wretched Lady, my deare love;
, too deare love, love bought with death too
deare!’
stond he stood, and up his heare did hove;
nd with that suddein horror could no member
move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
as overpast, and manhood well awake,
et musing at the straunge occasion,
nd doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
r guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
oth which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
ends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
nd ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
blood to spare?’

XXXIII

Then, groning deep; ‘Nor damned Ghost,’
(quoth he,) [speake;
Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth
ut once a man, Fradubio, now a tree; [weake
retched man, wretched tree! whose nature
cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
ath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
here Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
nd scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
or though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat
me paines.’

XXXIV

‘Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,’
uoth then the Knight; ‘by whose mischievous
rt thou misshaped thus, as now I see? [arts
e oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts,
ut double griefs afflict concealing harts,
s raging flames who striveth to suppresse.’
The author then,’ (said he) ‘of all my smarts,
one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
hat many errant knights hath broght to
wretchednesse.

XXXV

‘In prime of youthly yeares, when corage
he fire of love, and joy of chevalree, [hott
irst kindled in my brest, it was my lott
o love this gentle Lady, whome ye see
ow not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
ith whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
e chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
hat had a like faire Lady by his syde;
yke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

‘Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand, [starre.
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

‘So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede:
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to
So hard the discord was to be agreede. [bee,
Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

‘The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was
faire in place.

XXXIX

‘Then cride she out, “Fye, fye! deformed
wight,
‘Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
‘To have before bewitched all mens sight:
‘O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.”
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned
paine [hold:
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
mould.

XL

‘Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is' everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew, [crime,)
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew, [rew.
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly

XLI

'Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

'The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.'

XLIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.'
'O! how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out fin
That may restore you to your wonted well?
'Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence m
us unbynd.'

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the go
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment, [knigl
When all this speech the living tree had spe
The bleeding bough did thrust into the groun
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wood
wound: [her fown
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with fea

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feign
feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to rear
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids ble
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly he
At last she up gan lift: with trembling chea
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed fear
He set her on her steede, and forward fort
did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of
king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre.
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witch
shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunt
wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him dail
sought; [brough
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto h

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
rom her unhastie beast she did alight;
nd on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
n secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
rom her fayre head her fillet she undight,
nd layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
s the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
nd made a sunshine in the shady place;
id never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
unting full greedy after salvage blood.
oone as the royall virgin he did spy,
ith gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
o have attonce devourd her tender corse;
ut to the pray when as he drew more ny,
is bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
nd, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
nd lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
s he her wronged innocence did weet.
, how can beautie maister the most strong,
nd simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
hose yielded pryde and proud submission,
till dreading death, when she had marked long,
er hart gan melt in great compassion;
nd drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

'The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,'
uoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
nd mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
orgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
im prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
ut he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
ow does he find in cruell hart to hate
er, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
s the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?'

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
hich softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
nd, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
he kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
ith pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
t last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
rose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
nd to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
o seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray, [her may.
That in their cotage small that night she rest

XV

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings, [know,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings; [things.
And now he to her brought part of his stolen

XIX

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats h bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize.
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling bres
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath sup prest.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peece small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty lan
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the stran
His fearefull freends weare out the woful night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight;
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappe might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovere
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke; [has
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight t seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandrin
That for his love refused deitye. [Greeke
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye
Then furthest from her hope, when most sh weened nye.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearful twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dea
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine ther slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hear
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare
And when they both had wept and wayld thei fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging wil
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray.
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,

hat was the flowre of faith and chastity :
nd still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
hat plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
ight fall on her, and follow all the way,
nd that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
hee backe retourned with some labour lost ;
nd in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
et knight was not for all his bragging bost ;
ut subtill Archimag, that Una sought
y traynes into new troubles to have toste :
f that old woman tidings he besought,
that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
nd cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
aying, that harlott she too lately knew,
hat causd her shed so many a bitter teare ;
nd so forth told the story of her feare.
uch seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
nd after for that Lady did inquere ;
hich being taught, he forward gan advaunce
is fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
nd that wilde champion wayting her besyde ;
home seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
im selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
nto an hil ; from whence when she him spyde,
y his like seeming shield her knight by name
he weend it was, and towards him gan ride :
pproaching nigh she wist it was the same ;
nd with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came :

XXVII

And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,
here have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?
uch feared I to have bene quite abhord,
r ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
hat should as death unto my deare heart light :
or since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
y chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
nd eke my night of death the shadow is ;
ut welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis !'

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace ;
But knight he now shall never more deface :
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint appease.'

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse ;

He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side:
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; 'Lo! there the worthie meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.'

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht sta
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly lan
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre c
thrive [priv
In bloody field; therefore, of life him not d

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rag
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he se
his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though untol
In charmes and magick to have wondro
might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to figh

XXXIX

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yr
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
He answered nought, but in a traunce still la
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen awa
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger sta

XL

But to the virgin comes; who all this whi
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage behold.

XLI

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine Dan
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the san
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawe
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping paw
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth h
swerd he drawes.

XLII

! then, too weake and feeble was the forse
f salvage beast his puissance to withstand;
or he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
s ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
nd feates of armes did wisely understand.
ft soones he perced through his chaufed chest
ith thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
ad launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
e ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Vho now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
rom raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
er faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
er selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I

OUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
nd through long labours huntest after fame,
eware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved Dame;
east thou of her believe too lightly blame,
nd rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
or unto knight there is no greater shame
en lightnesse and inconstancie in love:
at doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Vho, after that he had faire Una lorne,
rough light misdeeming of her loialtie;
nd false Duessa in her sted had borne,
lled Fidess', and so supposd to be,
ong with her traveild; till at last they see
goodly building bravely garnished;
he house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
nd towards it a broad high way that led,
l bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
oth day and night, of each degree and place;
ut few returned, having scaped hard,
ith balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres:
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much
beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted
wilde, [rayne:
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the
skyen [shyne.
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pa
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven dot
dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syr
Or if that any else did Jove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyr

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to b
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdom
did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name, [paire
Made rowme, and passage for them did pr
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayr
Of her high throne; where they, on humble kne
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majeste

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight
Some frounce their curled heare in courtl
guise; [digl
Some prancke their ruffes; and others triml
Their gay attyre; each others greater prid
does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayn
Right glad with him to have increast their crew
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crow
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd
That to strange knight no better countenanc
allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth
blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze: [amaze.
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay, [clyme,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array, [say,
Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high hous through heavens bras-
paved way,
Drawne of fayre Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden
wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care, [dedd:
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else
astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had, [sweat.
From under which fast trickled downe the
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a
man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce, and sing with rueful-
nesse;
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly
hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law, [prove,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand. [band.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile upty
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous dee
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry fee
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poiso
spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row
sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wra
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with bloo
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his hee
lesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fir
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungod
tire.

XXXVI

nd, after all, upon the wagon beame,
de Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
th which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
ge routs of people did about them band,
owting for joy; and still before their way
foggy mist had covered all the land;
d, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
ad sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
take the solace of the open aire, [sport:
d in fresh flowring fields themselves to
ongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
e foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
proud Lucifer', as one of the traine:
t that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
m selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
ose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

, having solaced themselves a space
th pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
ey backe retourned to the princely Place;
ereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
d heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
s writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find:
flam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
d nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

ho, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
spide with that same Faery champions page,
vraying him that did of late destroy
eldest brother; burning all with rage,
to him lept, and that same envious gage
victors glory from him snacht away:
t th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
daind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
d, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

erewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
oubted battaile ready to darrayne,
d clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy, [traine;
at with their sturre they troubled all the
that great Queene, upon eternall paine
high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim
'Pardon the error of enraged wight, [bold,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.

XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe.'
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, [pace.
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt:
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,

Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

'At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it dot endlesse move.'

XLIX

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone;
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep d grone:
He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

L

'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth shee
'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can eve bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?'
'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a charmec shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none ca perce,
Ne none can wound the man that does then wield.'
'Charmd or enchaunted,' answerd he then ferce,
'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to re herce.

LI

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.'
'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she hin obaid

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might
Still did he wake, and still did watch fo dawning light

II

t last, the golden Orientall gate
greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
nd Phoebus,fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
me dauncing forth, shaking his deawie
hayre, [ayre.
nd hurld his glistring beams through gloomy
hich when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight
e started up, and did him selfe prepayre [way,
sunbright armes, and battailous array;
r with that Pagan proud he combatt will
that day.

III

nd forth he comes into the commune hall;
here earely waite him many a gazing eye,
o weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
here many Minstrales maken melody,
o drive away the dull melancholy;
nd many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
an tune their timely voices cunningly;
nd many Chroniclers, that can record
ld loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many
a Lord.

IV

oone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
woven maile all armed warily;
nd sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
oes care for looke of living creatures eye.
hey bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
nd daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
o kindle heat of corage privily;
nd in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
observe the sacred lawes of armes that are
assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene:
ith royall pomp and princely majestie
he is ybrought unto a paled greene,
nd placed under stately canapee,
he warlike feates of both those knights to see.
n th' other side in all mens open vew
uessa placed is, and on a tree
ansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;
oth those the lawrell girlonds to the victor
dew.

VI

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
nd unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
heir shining shieldes about their wrestes they
tye, [blesse,
nd burning blades about their heades doe
he instruments of wrath and heavinesse.
ith greedy force each other doth assayle,
nd strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
eepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
he yron walles to ward their blowes are weak
and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long:
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders
threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers
might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right.
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens affray;
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall
fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down
flow; [show,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; 'Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors
hyre?
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

XI

'Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring
woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.'
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:

End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I, and
all!'

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen
weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies
Of all attonce he cast avengd to be, [sake,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven
bee.

XIII

And to him said; 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome
clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him
does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; 'O! prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall
powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull
bowres: [glory yours.'
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
He standes amazed how he thence should fade:
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of
enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine
Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodl
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree: [gre
So marcheth home, and by her takes th
knight,
Whom all the people followe with great gle
Shouting, and clapping all their hands o
hight, [brigh
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heave

XVII

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptou
Where many skilfull leaches him abide [be
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide
And softly gan embalme on everie side:
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nil
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile, [guile
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmeful
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tend
The foolish man, that pities all this while [teares
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up un
wares, [care
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an other

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high hous
were light;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethe
knight, [spright
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vita
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left i
plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heaven make
speedy way:

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad, [mew
She findes forth comming from her darksom
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish broo
That on their rusty bits did champ as the
were wood.

XXI

'ho when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
ornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
e greatly grew amazed at the sight,
d th' unacquainted light began to feare,
r never did such brightnes there appeare;
d would have backe retyred to her cave,
till the witches speach she gan to heare,
ving; 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
yde, till I have told the message which I
have.'

XXII

ne stayd; and foorth Duessa gan proceede·
! thou most auncient Grandmother of all.
re old then Jove, whom thou at first didst
breede,
that great house of Gods cælestiall,
nich wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
d sawst the secrets of the world unmade.
ny suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall,
th Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in
deadly shade.

XXIII

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
e bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare·
d now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
r wayld of friends, nor layd on groning
beare,
at whylome was to me too dearely deare.
what of gods then boots it to be borne,
old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
nen two of three her Nephewes are so fowle
forlorne?

XXIV

Jp, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes
Queene!
gather up the reliques of thy race;
else goe them avenge, and let be seene
at dreaded Night in brightest day hath
place,
d can the children of fayre light deface.'
r feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
; pitty in her hart was never prov'd
l then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

XXV

nd said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
e fall of famous children borne of mee,
d good successes which their foes ensew:
t who can turne the stream of destinee,
breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
nich fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
e sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXVI

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath
spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?'
'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,'
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.'

XXVII

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I goe
with thee.'

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd
witch. [makes:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as
pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths
to twitch; [champ,
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would
And trampling the fine element would fiercely
ramp.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud congeald,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

XXX

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,

And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to si
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reel
Against an hill, no might from labour lin;
There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by la
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

XXXVI

They all, beholding worldly wights in plac
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their sma
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pac
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous a
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse.
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redress

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open ear abusd:

XXXVIII

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besough
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to ca
From surging gulf two Monsters streight we brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steedes agha
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members cha
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donn
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did en
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts fren
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned eve part.

XL

uch wondrous science in mans witt to rain
hen Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
ıd fates expired could renew again,
' endlesse life he might him not deprive,
ıt unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
ıth flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
here, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
imselfe with salves to health for to restore,
ıd slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI

'here auncient Night arriving did alight
om her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
home having softly disaraid of armes,
ıo gan to him discover all his harmes,
eseeching him with prayer and with praise,
either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
e would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest me in vaine,
dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
ıd the old cause of my continued paine
ith like attempt to like end to renew.
not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
ere endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
ıt that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
ıou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
ıe wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?'

XLIII

Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that heavens king
om hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
'hy fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
ıd fearest not that more thee hurten might,
ow in the powre of everlasting Night?
ıe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
' great Apollo! shew thy famous might
medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
eat pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.'

XLIV

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
is cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
ıd all things els the which his art did teach:
'hich having seene, from thence arose away
ıe mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
veugles sonne there in the leaches cure:
ıd, backe retourning, took her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence: albee his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deepe huge nombers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day:

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Crœsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:

Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all:
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball:
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius;
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:
Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;
And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

LI

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftle
howres, [stowr
And lastly thrown themselves into these hea

LII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe h
tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sigh
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him d
cryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle w
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse pr
did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them besy
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind:
Yet cryme in her could never creature find
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtai

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defild
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes
That workes it to his will, then he that it co
straines.

IV

/ith fawning wordes he courted her a while;
d, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
r constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
t wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did
rock of Diamond stedfast evermore. [abhore;
t for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
snatcht the vele that hong her face before:
en gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
d burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

o when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
d subtile engines bett from batteree;
ith greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
hereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
d win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
d heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
w can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
d hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI

he pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
es throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
e last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
d with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
at molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
d Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
s blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
d hydes for shame. What witt of mortal
wight [plight?
n now devise to quitt a thrall from such a

VII

ternall providence, exceeding thought,
here none appeares can make her selfe a way.
wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
om Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
r shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
at all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
ithin the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
hiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

VIII

/ho, when they heard that pitteous strained
haste forsooke their rurall meriment, [voice,
d ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
weet what wight so loudly did lament.
to the place they come incontinent:
hom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
hose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
t got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late; [hate.
And trembling yet through feare of former
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through honger fell,
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every
lim [grim.
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay; [yclad,
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble
And yieldes her to extremitie of time: [guise,
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;

And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond cround.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound.
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face;
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grac
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on eart
they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky may
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stay
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her i
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes; [vain
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayn
From her own worship, they her Asse woul
worship fayn.

XX

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his weldeserved name
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame
And fild far landes with glorie of his might:
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste i
pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longin
burne,
And could not lacke her lovers company;
But to the woods she goes, to serve her turne
And seeke her spouse that from her still does fl
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastl
kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:

hen home he suffred her for to retyre,
or ransome leaving him the late-borne childe;
Vhom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
le nousled up in life and manners wilde,
mongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
o banish cowardize and bastard feare:
is trembling hand he would him force to put
pon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
nd from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
nd eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
o tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
nd the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
hat everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
hat his own syre, and maister of his guise,
id often tremble at his horrid vew;
nd oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
he angry beastes not rashly to despise,
or too much to provoke; for he would learne
he Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
eave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
Vyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
he spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
he Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
he Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell;
nd them constraine in equall teme to draw.
uch joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
nd sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
hat his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
nto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
nd chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
fter his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
Vhen after him a Lyonesse did runne,
hat roaring all with rage did lowd requere
er children deare, whom he away had wonne:
he Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
nd lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
'Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.'

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.

Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
Ay me! Deare dame,' (quoth he) 'well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.'

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every
And stony horrour all her sences fild [vaine,
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe:
The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: 'I chaunst this
This fatall day that shall I ever rew, [day,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) araung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathful hew.
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim knife.'

XXXIX

'Ah! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) 'how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?'
'Ah! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) 'how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?'
'Where is,' (said Satyrane) 'that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte?'
'Not far away,' (quoth he) 'he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were cleft.'

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

XLI

And said; 'Arise, thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train, [vaunt
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.'
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

XLII

And, drawing nigh him, said; 'Ah! misborn
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent [Elfe,
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,

Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.'

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett,
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both, deformed, scarsely could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said.

XLVII

'O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.'
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.

I

What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours, died deepe in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching [ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall [glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first them selves not [felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the [skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall [seed.

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustring Æolus his boasted syre;
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of wemen doe expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sin[full cryme.

X

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse [single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:

ut he was wary of that deadly stowre,
nd lightly lept from underneath the blow:
et so exceeding was the villeins powre,
hat with the winde it did him overthrow,
nd all his sences stound that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought
n deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
ith windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
nd ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
onceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
ith thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
hat none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
hrough smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
hat th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
is heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
nd him to dust thought to have battred quight,
ntill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
old for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
ut vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
nd me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take.'

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
o gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
o willingly she came into his armes,
ho her as willingly to grace did take,
nd was possessed of his newfound make.
hen up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
nd, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
im to his castle brought with hastie forse,
nd in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
nd highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
e gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
nd triple crowne set on her head full hye,
nd her endowd with royall majestye.
hen, for to make her dreaded more of men,
nd peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
e chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught:
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed.
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavinesse;
And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let.
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
At last, recovering hart, he does begin

To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne:

XXII

'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

XXIII

'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance which shall long abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed.'

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
'Tell on,' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV

'Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.'

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treën mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
3oth glorious brightnesse and great terrour
'or all the crest a Dragon did enfold [bredd :
Vith greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
Iis golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
'rom flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
'hat suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
ind scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back
full low.

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
Vith sprincled pearle and gold full richly
drest,
)id shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
ike to an almond tree ymounted hye
)n top of greene Selinis all alone,
Vith blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Vhose tender locks do tremble every one
t everie little breath that under heaven is
blowne.

XXXIII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines
keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance
would.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
)r daunt unequall armies of his foes,
)r when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts
constraint.

XXXV

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other
hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the same was knowne right
well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield and sword, and armour all he
wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he
fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if
sought:

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft that any on his backe should sitt:
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she
gan to say.

XXXIX

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe where it may not availe:
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
waile.'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,
'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous
great; [spright,
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,

And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
Found never help who never would his hurts impart.'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.'
'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.'
'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow displaid,'
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'
'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is staid.'
'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does [paire.'
'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can repaire.'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said; 'Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath [brought
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV

'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew.
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew
That famous harde atchievements still pursew
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew
All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin

XLVI

'At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world ha [spred
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight
That Parents deare from tyrants powre delive might.

XLVII

'Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was fair and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade

XLVIII

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre
Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare
And well could rule; now he hath left yo [hear
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could s well you tosse?

XLIX

'Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things righ esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might
So thought I eke of him, and think I though aright.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,

hat brought not backe the balefull body dead :
n which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
line onely foe, mine onely deadly dread ;
Vho with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
nveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

'At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
nto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall ;
Vho him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
nwares surprised, and with mighty mall
he monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Vhose fall did never foe before behold :
nd now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint :
But he her comforted, and faire bespake :
'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint ;
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake :
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take ;
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.'
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight :
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

I

AY me ! how many perils doe enfold
he righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Vere not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
nd stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
er love is firme, her care continuall,
o oft as he, through his own foolish pride
r weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall :
ls should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
or whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guyd.

II

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
igh to a castle builded strong and hye :
hen cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is the same,
n which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
hrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny :
herefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.'
he noble knight alighted by and by
rom loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
o see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
e marched forth towardes that castle wall,
Vhose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
o warde the same, nor answere commers call.
hen tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Vhich hong adowne his side in twisted gold
nd tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine :
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe :
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine :
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.

That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake show.

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand:
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom
brought:

XVI

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made:
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more.
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy
And overflowed all the field arownd, [gore,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the
grownd.

XVII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, [bred;
That to have heard great horror would have
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long
trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty
myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight
retyre.

XVIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both
were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer
threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring
eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the ground
did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to
fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call; [all.'
'O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we perish

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout; and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Them selves in vaine: for, since that glauncing
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend. [sight,
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does
light, [ces quight.
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sen-

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest [see,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh
hewen be;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles; and with her heaped
hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
quake.

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous
store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader
was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:
'Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

'And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

XXVIII

'But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!'

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene i
bowre or hall.

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth cam
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them sti
in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

XXXII

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell
Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell.*
Again he askt, where that same knight was lay
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fe
Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayd
He could not tell; ne ever other answere mad

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was
And said; 'Old syre, it seemes thou hast n
How ill it sits with that same silver hed, [re
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee

XXXIV

His answere likewise was, *he could not tell*:
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignoranc
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperanc
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reac
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enteranc
Each dore he opened without any breach,
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him t
empeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found,
Vith royall arras, and resplendent gold,
nd did with store of every thing abound,
hat greatest Princes presence might behold.
ut all the floore (too filthy to be told)
Vith blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Vhich there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
efiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
nd sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built
n Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
n which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
nd holy Martyres often doen to dye
'ith cruell malice and strong tyranny:
'hose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
o God for vengeance cryde continually;
nd with great griefe were often heard to grone,
hat hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
ut no where could he find that wofull thrall:
t last he came unto an yron doore,
hat fast was lockt, but key found not at all
mongst that bounch to open it withall;
ut in the same a little grate was pight,
rough which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
'ith all his powre, to weet if living wight
'ere housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

herewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
hese pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound:
)! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
' death, that here lye dying every stound,
t live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
r now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
nd have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
nce I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.'

XXXIX

Vhich when that Champion heard, with percing point
' pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore·
nd trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
r ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore·
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

XLI

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view:
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; 'Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.'
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

'Faire Lady,' then said that victorious knight,
'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare

But th' only good that growes of passed feare
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

'Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might.
Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length;
And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.'

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall.
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald:
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd all womankind.

XLVIII

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,
The other like a beares uneven paw,
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

L

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire;
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from bands.

II

Who when their powres, empayrd through labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong.
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

III

'Faire virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me
require
A thing without the compas of my witt;
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
might.

IV

'Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traind mee up in ver-
tuous lore.

V

'Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee,
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what lomes and what lignage I did spring;
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light
should bring.'

VI

'Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,
'And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
band?'
'Full hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts
of living wight.

VII

'For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent for cause to me unghest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day
and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
'Ah! courteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what
secret wound [ground?'
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes
awake, [grow:
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,
I will revele what ye so much desire.
Ah. Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I
may respyre.

IX

'It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, [wexeth new.
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil

X

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most
despight.

XII

'Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.

For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd,
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

'When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd.'

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd.'

XVII

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthi grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her liefe.'

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave:
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

XXI

So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,

or life in limbe, and, to increase his feares,
fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
bout his neck an hempen rope he weares,
hat with his glistring armes does ill agree;
ut he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
weet what mister wight was so dismayd.
here him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
hat of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
hom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
ill he these wordes to him deliver might:
ir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
nd eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
or never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.'

XXIV

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
eare to his first amazment, staring wyde
ith stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
stonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
fernall furies with their chaines untyde.
im yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
he gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
ut, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
nd foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to shake;

XXV

' For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay;
or loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee.'
ft looking back would faine have runne away;
ut he him forst to stay, and tellen free
he secrete cause of his perplexitie:
et nathemore by his bold hartie speach
ould his blood frosen hart emboldened bee,
ut through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
ett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

XXVI

' And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
From him that would have forced me to dye?
nd is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
hat I may tell this haplesse history?'
Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is nye.'
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
Said he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
late beheld; and, had not greater grace
e reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

'I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst!)
ith a fayre knight to keepen companee,
ir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
all affayres, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

XXVIII

'From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre:
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!'

XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?'
'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.'

XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I re-
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.' [quest,
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.'

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked
wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle
and howle.

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted
in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they
find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow
eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and
pine, [dyne.
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing floo

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did ve
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villein sayd; 'Thou damned wig
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee rig
With thine owne blood to price his blood, h
shed in sight?'

XXXVIII

'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath th
distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring driv
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneat

XXXIX

'Who travailes by the wearie wandring w
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage st
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbo
good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast
Why wilt not let him passe, that long h
stood [floo
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas

XL

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want a
crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bit
wave, [long ea
Is not short payne well borne, that brin
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grav
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does grea
please.'

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine w
And sayd; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull st

r leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.'
Vho life did limit by almightie doome,'
uoth he) 'knowes best the termes esta-
blished;
d he, that points the Centonell his roome,
th license him depart at sound of morning
droome.'

XLII

's not his deed, what ever thing is donne
heaven and earth? Did not he all create
die againe? All ends that was begonne:
eir times in his eternall booke of fate
e written sure, and have their certein date.
ho then can strive with strong necessitie,
at holds the world in his still chaunging
state,
shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
hen houre of death is come, let none aske
whence, nor why.

XLIII

The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;
e greater sin, the greater punishment:
those great battels, which thou boasts to
win [ment,
rough strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-
w praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
r life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
not enough thy evill life forespent?
r he that once hath missed the right way,
e further he doth goe, the further he doth
stray.

XLIV

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
t here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may;
r what hath life that may it loved make,
d gives not rather cause it to forsake?
re,sicknesse, age, losse, labour,sorrow,strife,
yne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to
quake,
d ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
some life.

XLV

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest
need,
n true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
never knight, that dared warlike deed,
re luckless dissaventures did amate:
tnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
y life shutt up for death so oft did call;
d though good lucke prolonged hath thy
date,
death then would the like mishaps forestall,
o the which hereafter thou maist happen
fall.

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild, [defild?
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe

XLVII

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die; [donne,
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries
sonne!'

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did
perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted often-
times.

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver,weake and fraile,[daunt,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse
paine [remaine.
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw, [fire,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would de-
sire; [Gods ire.
For death was dew to him that had provokt

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did
start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; 'Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight!
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to
fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and
bright?

LIII

'Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wigh
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constar
spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chose
art? [grac
Where justice growes, there grows eke great
The which doth quench the brond of hellis
smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this curse
place.'

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streigh
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his gue
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby
For thousand times he so him selfe had dres
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly
And vaine assuraunce of mortality, [might
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill, [will.
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard con-
straint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auncient house nor far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lo
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hor
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse por
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godl
deedes.

IV

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbroug
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks soler
nize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere [de
Was lincked, and by him had many pledg

V

rrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,
r it was warely watched night and day,
r feare of many foes ; but, when they knockt,
ne Porter opened unto them streight way.
e was an aged syre, all hory gray,
ith lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
ont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
ight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;
r streight and narrow was the way which
he did show.

VI

ach goodly thing is hardest to begin ;
it, entred in, a spatious court they see,
oth plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;
here them does meete a francklin faire and
free,
nd entertaines with comely courteous glee ;
is name was Zele, that him right well became :
r in his speaches and behaveour hee
d labour lively to expresse the same,
nd gladly did them guide, till to the Hall
they came.

VII

here fayrely them receives a gentle Squyre,
myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
ght cleanly clad in comely sad attyre :
word and deede that shewd great modestee,
nd knew his good to all of each degree,
ight Reverence. He them with speaches
meet
es faire entreat ; no courting nicetee,
t simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
might become a Squyre so great persons to
greet.

VIII

nd afterwardes them to his Dame he leades,
at aged Dame, the Lady of the place,
ho all this while was busy at her beades ;
hich doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
nd toward them full matronely did pace.
here, when that fairest Una she beheld,
hom well she knew to spring from hevenly
race,
r heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX

nd, her embracing, said ; 'O happy earth,
hereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
st vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
at, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
om tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
ast wandred through the world now long a
day,
tt ceassest not thy weary soles to lead ;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this
way ?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

'Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place ; or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men ! why hast ye to your own decay ?'

XI

'Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'I hither came ;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heven is blowne.' The auncient
Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise :
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like hevens
light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold ;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant
mood :
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with
blood ;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be
understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister : whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray, [way.
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

XV

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke re-
quest,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus: 'But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?'
'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she may not
For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come;
And hath encreast the world with one sonne
more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.'
'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble
sore; [more!'
But thankt be God, and her encrease so ever-

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, 'Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither
came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.'
Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully
aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly
rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much
agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in
them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywrit
That none could reade except she did ther
She unto him disclosed every whitt; [teac
And heavenly documents thereout did preac
That weaker witt of man could never reach;
Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speac
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she di
thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her larg
spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to sta
Or backward turne his course from heven
hight: [may
Sometimes great hostes of men she could di
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway
And eke huge mountaines from their nati
seat [awa
She would commaund themselves to bea
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat
Almightie God her gave such powre and pui
saunce great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in little spac
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked waye
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sor
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule di
mayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great pe
plexity;

XXIII

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who, well acquainted with that commun
plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded har
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insigh

that disease of grieved conscience, [Patience.
d well could cure the same: His name was

XXIV

Vho, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
uld hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
hich knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
ell searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
d thereto added wordes of wondrous might.
which to ease he him recured brief,
d much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
at he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

ut yet the cause and root of all his ill,
ward corruption and infected sin,
t purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
d festring sore did ranckle yett within,
se creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
hich to extirpe, he laid him privily
wne in a darksome lowly place far in,
hereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
d with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

ashes and sackcloth he did array
s daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
d dieted with fasting every day,
e swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
d made him pray both earely and eke late:
d ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
endment readie still at hand did wayt,
pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
at soone in him was lefte no one corrupted jott.

XXVII

nd bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
s wont him once to disple every day:
d sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
at drops of blood thence like a well did play:
d sad Repentance used to embay
s blamefull body in salt water sore,
e filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
in short space they did to health restore
e man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

which his torment often was so great,
at like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
d rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
s owne deare Una, hearing evermore
s ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
r guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
r pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought:
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne;

And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde:
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all
To be both gratious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace.
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.
He had enough; what need him care for more
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to th pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribut glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them ha stayd:
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands wer layd
And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre
The faulty soules from thence brought to hi heavenly bowre.

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet an brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shal save
The wondrous workmanship of Gods own mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gav
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be no defould!

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone
In face of judgement he their right would plead

e ought the powre of mighty men did dread
n their defence; nor would for gold or fee
e wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread;
nd, when they stood in most necessitee,
Ie did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
he first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Vas guests to welcome, towardes him did pas;
Vhere seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
nd alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
Ie humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
nd seemely welcome for her did prepare:
or of their order she was Patronesse,
lbe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
hat to the rest more hable he might bee;
uring which time, in every good behest,
nd godly worke of Almes and charitee,
hee him instructed with great industree.
hortly therein so perfect he became,
hat, from the first unto the last degree,
Iis mortall life he learned had to frame
n holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
orth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
n top whereof a sacred chappell was,
nd eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Vherein an aged holy man did lie,
hat day and night said his devotion,
e other worldly busines did apply:
Iis name was hevenly Contemplation;
f God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had;
or God he often saw from heavens hight:
ll were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
nd through great age had lost their kindly sight,
et wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
s Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne.
hat hill they scale with all their powre and might,
hat his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
an faile; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

here they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
ith snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
s hoary frost with spangles doth attire
he mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

L

'What end,' (quoth she) 'should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI

'Thrise happy man,' said then the father grave,
'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.'

LIII

'That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were?

LVII

'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was;
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene,
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.'

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man;
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can,
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX

'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree'

LXII

'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'
'These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
As wretched men, and lived in like paine.'
'But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?'
'What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,'
(Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?
As for loose loves, they'are vaine, and vanish into nought.'

LXIII

'O! let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.'
'That may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt.'

LXIV

'Then shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God me
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate, [grace,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?'
'That word shall I,' (said he) 'avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV

'For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in face,
High reard their royall throne in Britans land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.'

LXVII

'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bownd!'
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.'

III

And pointing forth, 'Lo! yonder is,' (said she)
'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!'

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

VI

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;

Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

IX

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

XIII

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethril.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
When Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

XXXIV

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;

Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench and heven with horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave, [againe
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke; [larke.
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw, [might,
Ran through his mouth with so importune
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift, [away,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
Betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe imploy.

I

Behold! I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd;
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,

Lifting to heven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
'How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?'
So diversly them selves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

XII

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV

Then, when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pitty more;

For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.'

XVIII

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.'

XIX

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,'
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

XX

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield to thee.'

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake:

XXVI

'To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore!
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,

Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

'Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe, *Fidessa.*'

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
'Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX

'What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same.'

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent:
'My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard,
That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

XXXII

'There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill.'

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
'O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

XXXIV

'And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find no lesse.'

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait;
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode:
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
r who in venturous vessell measured
he Amazon huge river, now found trew?
r fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

III

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
et have from wisest ages hidden beene;
nd later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones fayre shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare,
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

IV

Of faery lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratiously to heare;
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THAT conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene.

II

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe, and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore, and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend,
By forged treason or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
For hardly could bee hurt who was already stong.

IV

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way, [fares,
To weete what course he takes, and how he
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he destryde and shonned still his slight:
The fish that once was caught new bait wil hardly byte.

V

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare
In hope to win occasion to his will; [his payne,
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill;
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI

His carriage was full comely and upright;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faery land.

VII

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

VIII

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle:
Eftsoones untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And, with faire countenance and flattring style
To them approching, thus the knight bespake;
'Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle, [make,
And great atchiev'ments, great your selfe to
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.'

IX

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
Ind badd tell on the tenor of his playnt::
Vho feigning then in every limb to quake
hrough inward feare, and seeming pale and
faynt, [paynt:
Vith piteous mone his percing speach gan
Deare Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
Vhom late I left in languorous constraynt?
Vould God! thy selfe now present were in
place [thee grace.
o tell this rueful tale: thy sight could win

X

'Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,
hat you, most noble Sir, had present beene
Vhen that lewd rybauld, with vyle lust
advaunst,
aid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
o spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
s on the earth, great mother of us all,
Vith living eye more fayre was never seene
f chastity and honour virginall: [did call.
Vitnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help

XI

'How may it be,' sayd then the knight halfe
wroth, [shent?'
That knight should knighthood ever so have
None but that saw,' (quoth he) 'would weene
for troth,
Iow shamefully that Mayd he did torment:
Ier looser golden lockes he rudely rent, [sword
Ind drew her on the ground; and his sharpe
gainst her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
Ind threatned death with many a bloodie
word: [abhord.'
ounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
And lives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought
this act?
Ind doen the heavens afford him vitall food?'
He lives,' (quoth he) 'and boasteth of the fact,
e yet hath any knight his courage crackt.'
Where may that treachour then,' (sayd he)
'be found,
r by what meanes may I his footing tract?'
That shall I shew,' (sayd he) 'as sure as
hound [ing wound.'
he stricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleed-

XIII

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
nd zealous haste away is quickly gone
o seeke that knight, where him that crafty
Squyre
upposd to be. They do arrive anone
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous
mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly
blubbered.

XIV

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her
said:
'Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
For-thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance main-
taine.'

XV

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed
beene:

XVI

Till her that Squyre bespake: 'Madame, my
liefe,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe tor-
ment?' [appease
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII

Eftsoone she said; 'Ah! gentle trustie
Squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceave?
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?'
'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie
knight)
'I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle
despight.

XVIII

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.'
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the field.'

XIX

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much I muse,
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th' adventure of the Errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

XX

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.'
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

XXII

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise an fame
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they cam at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplas
The valley did with coole shade overcast:
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helm unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archimage alowd,
'That wrought the shamefull fact which I di shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew,
So God ye speed and send you good successe,
Which we far off will here abide to vew.'
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his spear he did addresse.

XXVI

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke:
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap,
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight! and mercie, Lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,

he sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
'hich on your shield is set for ornament!'
ut his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
'ho, prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

XXVIII

3ut, when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
is errour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd;
Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
ut me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
'hose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
hat almost it did haynous violence
n that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,
hat decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
our court'sie takes on you anothers dew [offence.'

XXIX

3o beene they both at one, and doen upreare
heir bevers bright each other for to greet;
oodly comportaunce each to other beare,
nd entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
hen said the Redcrosse knight; 'Now mote I weet,
r Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
nd fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
or sith I know your goodly governaunce,
reat cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth chaunce.'

XXX

Certes,' (said he) 'well mote I shame to tell
he fond encheason that me hither led.
'false infamous faitour late befell
e for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
nd playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
'hich to avenge he to this place me led,
'here you he made the marke of his intent,
nd now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he went!'

XXXI

3o can he turne his earnest unto game,
hrough goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
y this his aged Guide in presence came;
'ho, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
ftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
th him in Faery court he late avizd;
nd sayd; 'Fayre sonne, God give you happy chaunce,
nd that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,
'herewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd!

XXXII

'Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have wonne:
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!'

XXXIII

'Palmer,' him answered the Redcrosse knight,
'His be the praise that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might:
More then goodwill to me attribute nought;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes;
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.'

XXXIV

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend awhile their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI

'But if that carelesse hevens,' (quoth she) 'despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.

Come, then; come soone; come sweetest death, to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

XXXVII

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall.
Live thou; and to thy mother dead attest
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe! I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.'

XXXVIII

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching shee does feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

XXXIX

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a griesly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender joints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

XLI

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,
Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seemd berefte attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

XLIII

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment; then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop.
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice:
'Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,
What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
Speake, O dear Lady, speake! help never comes too late.'

XLV

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the drery death did sitt as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe herselfe, in great despight,
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; 'Yet, if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:
He oft finds present helpe who does his griefe impart.'

XLVII

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest;
And after, many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest:
'Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitee;
Take not away, now got, which none would give to me.'

XLVIII

'Ah! far be it,' (said he) 'Deare dame, fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee;
For all I seeke is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;
That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.'

XLIX

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath:
'Heare then, O man! the sorrowes that uneath
My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas.
Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant was:

L

'Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare love!
So long as hevens just with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, when him high corage did emmove,
As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth his puissant force to prove.
Me then he left enwombed of this childe,
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

LI

'Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne;
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is.
Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name: it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

LII

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch, I wrapt myselfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed.

LIII

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came; a manchild forth I brought
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives, weare:
Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.

LIV

'Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce.

LV

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprive,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
"And losse of love to her that loves to live,
"So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke!"
So parted we, and on our journey drive;

Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did sincke.

LVI

'Which when I, wretch'—Not one word more she sayd,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

LVII

Then turning to his Palmer said; 'Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre.
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part,
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.'

LVIII

'But temperaunce' (said he) 'with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and doleful tene:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.'

LIX

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common In of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best;
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
Religious reverence doth buriall teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.'

LX

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrave;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

LXI

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
'Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!'
So shedding many teares they closd the earth agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:
The face of golden Meane:
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I

THUS when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares did steepe:

II

'Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore Orphane! in the wild world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered.
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree!'

III

Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene.
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove;
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene:
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck.

V

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
'Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
And of your ignorance great merveill make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake:
But know, that secret vertues are infusd
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often usd:

VI

'Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
But other some, by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place to place.

VII

'Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
The hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,
And chaced her that fast from him did fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

VIII

'At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she sate
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

IX

'Lo! now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know:
And yet her vertues in her water byde,
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.

X

'From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment.'

XI

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare:
By other accident, that earst befell,
He is convaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.

So long they traveiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

XIII

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe, [woe.
And both against the middest meant to worken

XIV

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two: Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

XV

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

XVII

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began:
More huge in strength then wise in workes he
And reason with foole-hardize over ran; [was,
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

XVIII

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy;
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged [might;
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right:
He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for love to fight.

XIX

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

XX

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat,
The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell.
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great [fouldring heat.
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of

XXI

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

XXII

But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre, being met
In cruell fight on Lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife and him assayle on everie side.

XXIII

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight, [cut;
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and
But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

XXIV

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her self doth save.

XXV

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade.
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paies;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him laies;
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combates joine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual jarre:
O miserable men that to him subject arre!

XXVII

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had born, [deare,
And by the loves which were to them most
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions
Pursew the end of their strong enmity, [bad
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke.

XXIX

'Ah, puissaunt Lords! what cursed evil
Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts [Spright,
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth trust.

XXX

'And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord
Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce joyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest Lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre.

XXXI

'But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increace,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds.
Be, therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.'

XXXII

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure;
Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

XXXIII

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

XXXIV

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves, [loth,
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both;
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch:
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too mutch.

XXXV

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat:
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce;
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to pranck,
But of her love too lavish: (litle have she thanck!)

XXXVII

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy.
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion:
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe torment.

XXXVIII

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage.
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed
But that same froward twaine would accorage
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed

XXXIX

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drinke wa
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie [ceas
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy
And whither now on new adventure bownd:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty siege began these words aloud t sownd.

XL

'This thy demaund, O Lady! doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive
That with her soveraine power, and scepte
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene. [shen
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene,

As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare, [appeare.
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth

XLI

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:
And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her Majestye;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortalitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' Idole of her makers great magnificence.

XLII

'To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knightes on ground;
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to hold,
The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

XLIII

'There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischiefes which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine;
Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she employes.

XLIV

'Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather [world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is enrold;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.'

XLV

'Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, 'that dolefull tale, [restraine,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.'
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

XLVI

Night was far spent; and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make:
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guestes, beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes, [to rest him hyes.
They wist their houre was spent: then each

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew; and is of fayre
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

I

Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II

Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his Parents death on them that had it wrought.

III

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd:
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

V

Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advaunce his first degree.

VI

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To him avaunting in great bravery,
As Peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying, 'Mercy!' loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

VII

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd:
'Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay.'

VIII

'Hold, O deare Lord! hold your dead-doing hand,'
Then loud he cryde; 'I am your humble thrall.'
'Ay wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.'
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold;
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advaunced hye:
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

XII

And coming close to Trompart gan inquere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee?
'He is a great adventurer,' (said he)
'That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

Of that despight, never to wearen none:
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.'

XIII

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceiptfull gin,
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win to wreak so foule despight.

XIV

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enragd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said: 'Old man great sure shal be thy meed,
If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce
Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.'

XV

'Certes, my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall I soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day;
For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
And eke of surest steele that may be fownd,
Do arme your self against that day, them to confownd.'

XVI

'Dotard,' (said he) 'let be thy deepe advise:
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
Els never should thy judgement be so frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
Thou litle wotest what this right-hand can:
Speake they which have beheld the battailes which it wan.'

XVII

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When Braggadocchio saide; 'Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth weare.'

XVIII

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' enchaunter blive,
'That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond:
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.
The same by my device I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.'
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that Monster make.

XIX

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
The Northerne winde his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but nowhere could espye
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

XX

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
In which they shrowd themselves from causeles feare;
Yet feare them followes still where so they beene.
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed:
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd Majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

XXIV

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake, [shed;
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

XXV

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

XXVI

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt
Was hemd with golden fringe. [about

XXVII

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were em-
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne, [bayld
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:
Before, they fastned were under her knee
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

XXVIII

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands
And honour in their festivall resort; [greene,
Those same with stately grace and princely port [grace;
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in
Now little gan to swell, and being tide [May,
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

XXX

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did in-
They waved like a penon wyde dispred, [spyre,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap, [did enwrap.
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes

XXXI

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene, [lore,
Where all the Nymphes have her unwares for-
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,

To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When she at last him spying thus bespake:
'Hayle, Groome! didst not thou see a bleeding Hynde,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow [strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.'

XXXIII

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw:
'O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast as that I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame'

XXXIV

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre
Trompart forth stept to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying; 'O! what ever hevenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

XXXV

'O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize;
But loe! my Lord, my liege, whose warlike [name
Is far renowmd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.'
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies;
And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from rest.

XXXVI

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Nor caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid:
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native [pride:
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

XXXVII

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she [held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd:
'All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall.
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.'

XXXVIII

To whom he thus: 'O fairest under skie!
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher-so they might be [found,
Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond cround.

XXXIX

'But what art thou, O Lady! which doest raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis:
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist [see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee.'

XL

'Who-so in pompe of prowd estate' (quoth she)
'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abownds yt's eath to doe amis:
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toile shall honor soonest fynd:

XLI

‘In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever to abide;
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace: it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

XLII

‘In Princes court’—The rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her Javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott
Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood:
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott:
Ne car’d he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; ‘What fowle blott
Is this to knight, that Lady should agayne
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdayne.’

XLIV

‘Perdy,’ (said Trompart) ‘lett her pas at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall;
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall?
For whiles she spake her great words did appall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over-all.’
‘And I,’ (said Braggadocchio) ‘thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

XLV

‘For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

XLVI

‘But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart.’ They soone agree:
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne;
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom’d with corage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By strife is rayld uppon.

I

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in vaine.

II

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,

He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppresse.

III

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all abownd.

IV

And him behynd a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold;
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favourd, full of wrinckles old.

V

And ever as she went her toung did walke
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evill meanes she did forbeare,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

VI

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire streight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought descryde;
But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX

And being downe the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face;
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

XI

'With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage

Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood.'

XII

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

XIII

Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left;
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gainstriving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

XV

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And more for ranck despight then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI

Thus when as Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:
Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquyre
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

XVII

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
'Fayre Sir' (quoth he) 'what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap:
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through Occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares
More rype us reason lent to chose our Peares,
Our selves in league of vowed love wee knitt,
In which we long time, without gealous feares
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;
And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

XIX

'It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will;
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX

'My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that Lady as to mee;

Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same.
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame!

XXI

'At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make: that day too farre did seeme.
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no less joyous deeme.

XXII

'But ear that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret, how he understood
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth should fynd.

XXIII

'The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV

'Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partener Paramoure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV

'This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: Pryene, (so she hight,)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI

'But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

XXVII

'The Mayden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

XXVIII

'Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes. Her proper face
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such repriefe.

XXIX

'I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearely did lament;
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

XXX

'Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight

To punish: yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him that first it wrought:
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought.
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI

'Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was Pryene; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII

'Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space.
As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

XXXIII

'Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handeling,
That death were better then such agony
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd!'
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; 'Squyre, sore have ye beene diseasd,
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd.'

XXXIV

Then gan the Palmer thus; 'Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend!
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suff'rance growe to fearefull end:
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squyre have laide thus low.

XXXV

'Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire; and gealosie a weede;
Griefe is a flood; and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, die and decay.'

XXXVI

'Unlucky Squire,' (saide Guyon) 'sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin?'
'Phaon I hight,' (quoth he) 'and do advaunce
Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.'

XXXVII

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde
A varlet ronning towardes hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld that none could him descry:
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull eyeglaunce at him shot.

XXXVIII

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two dartes, exceeding flit
And deadly sharp, he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

XXXIX

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake; 'Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee:

Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeopardee.'
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL

'Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
But whence should come that harme, which thou dost seeme
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t' abye?'
'Perdy,' (sayd he) 'here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.'

XLI

'How hight he then,' (sayd Guyon) 'and from whence?'
'Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLII

'So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.'

XLIII

'His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,'
(Sayd he) 'but whither with such hasty flight
Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light.'
'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and streight behight
To seeke Occasion, where so she bee:
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:
Hard is his hap that first fals in his jeopardee.'

XLIV

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer) 'that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife:
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife.
Woe never wants where every cause is caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!'
'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,'
Said Guyon: 'let that message to thy Lord be brought.'

XLV

That when the varlett heard and saw, streight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said; 'Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childishe might,
With silly weake old woman that did fight!
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight.
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.'

XLVI

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight.
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene:
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne uutyes,
Who him sore wounds: whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

I

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy
Then stubborne perturbation to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name,
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

III

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare;

IV

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight:
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

V

Sore bruzed with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.'

VI

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

VII

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

VIII

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd.

IX

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yeilded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise. and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife:
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.

X

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious Unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see:
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
With that he cryde; 'Mercy! doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.'

XIII

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
Then to him said; 'Live, and alleagaunce owe
To him that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy.'

XIV

So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered:
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered;
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he wondered.

XV

Which Guyon marking said; 'Be nought agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre.
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both loosers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

XVI

'Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadfull warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to mee the cause aread
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

XVII

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I soone declare.
It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore, I thee exhort
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.'

XVIII

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde; 'And is that all,'
(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath!

Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath:
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free.'
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne. So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

XX

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does see.

XXI

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond.

XXIII

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse:
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
'Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight!'

XXIV

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said; 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne.'

XXV

Guyon obayd: So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

XXVI

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame,
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

XXVII

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes

Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never [shewes.

XXVIII

There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his Lemans love: for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
When ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw:
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted [colors shew.

XXX

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

XXXI

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonee,
And made emongst them selves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

XXXII

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriments:
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

XXXIII

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

XXXIV

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him lowdly cryde,
'Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade.
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He saide; 'Up, up! thou womanish weake [knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senceless ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright

Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in joyes art dround.'

XXXVII

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies made uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates fight:

XXXVIII

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burns in furious fyre.

I

A HARDER lesson to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can abstaine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

III

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolliment.

IV

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply;
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

VI

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

VIII

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might:
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

IX

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized?
'Vaine man,' (saide she) 'that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria; (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

X

'In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sayles by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.'

XI

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an Island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake;
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

XII

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

XIII

No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease:
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

XV

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

XVI

'The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure;
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.'

XVIII

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

XIX

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.
Him needed not long call: shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: him selfe she tooke aboord,
But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu; but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

XXI

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity devize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

XXII

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt Ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said;
'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.'

XXIII

'Faire Sir,' (quoth she) 'be not displeasd at all.
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.'
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

XXIV

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore;
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

XXV

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,

Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

XXVI

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part
That gentle Lady did to him impart:
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre:
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the Strond there passage to require.

XXVIII

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying; 'Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
Loe, loe! already how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.'

XXIX

And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux falles.

XXX

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

XXXI

Both of them high attonce their handes enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway.
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sencelesse stone.

XXXII

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,
'Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

XXXIII

'If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.'
They stayd a while, and forth she gan proceede:
'Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do breed!

XXXIV

'But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet Alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enimy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV

'Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend:
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes; Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.'

XXXVI

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight.
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

XXVIII

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that Damsell thankes gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made:
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As Shepheardes curre, that in darke evenings shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
'Vile Miscreaunt,' (said he) whither dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?'

XL

With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He, turning taile,
Back to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan;
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the ydle flood.

XLII

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight:
'Harrow now out, and well away!' he cryde,
'What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?'

XLIV

'I burne, I burne, I burne!' then lowd he cryde,
'O! how I burne with implacable fyre;
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre:
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.'
'Ah! be it,' (said he) 'from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,

Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy [starre.'

XLV

'Perdye, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)
'That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
O Atin! helpe to me last death to give.'
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive;
And, his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI

Into the lake he lept his Lord to ayd,
(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he then wise,
Of that seas nature did him not avise:
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.

XLVII

Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one him selfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging [Lord.

XLVIII

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald; 'Help, helpe! O Archimage!
To save my Lord in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age.'
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approched to the shore,

XLIX

And cald; 'Pyrochles! what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.'
'These flames, these flames' (he cryde) 'doe me torment.'
'Wha flames,' (quoth he), when I thee present [see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'
'Harrow! the flames which me consume,' (said hee)
'Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles [bee.

L

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.

LI

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with bruzing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to helth that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

I

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

II

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground, [around.
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all

III

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard [clawes appeard.
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like

IV

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold; [dust,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

V

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great Ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and rare.

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside [sight,
Those pretious hils from straungers envious
And downe them poured through an hole full
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. [wide
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

VII

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?'
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd: 'Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

VIII

'God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

IX

'Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.'
'Mammon,' (said he) 'thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

X

'Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

XI

'Vaine glorious Elfe,' (saide he) 'doest not thou weet,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet,
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?'

XII

'All otherwise' (saide he) 'I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

XIII

'Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround;
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government.

XIV

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.'
Then Mammon wexing wroth; 'And why then,' sayd,
'Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd?'

XV

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

XVI

'The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

XVII

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.'

XVIII

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne:
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.'

XIX

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott.'
'Perdy,' (quoth he) 'yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From hevens sight, and powre of al which
them poursew.'

XX

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much
gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?'
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see.' So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and
fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
grownd, [arownd.
And was with dread and horror compassed

XXI

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did
trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threten life.

XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him
might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye, [eye
And shame his ugly face did hide from livin

XXIII

And over them sad horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
Which having ended after him she flyet
swifte.

XXIV

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto ther
nought;
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mout
divide.

XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and war
For feare least Force or Fraud should unawar
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gar
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard;
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate ther
both betwext.

XXVI

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open and affoorded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might disma
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight wa
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lep
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind hi
stept, [kep
And ever as he went dew watch upon hi

XXVII

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hy
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dy

And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then Jett.

XXIX

Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light:
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the Moone, cloathed with clowdy night,
Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

XXX

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along;
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

XXXI

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;
'Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here the end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.'

XXXIII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them that list these base regardes I lend;
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile sclave.'

XXXIV

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught.
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fournaces all burning bright:
By every fournace many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,

From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine Lord and syre;

XXXVIII

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see.
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.'

XXXIX

'Suffise it then, thou Money God,' (quoth hee)
'That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.'
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

XL

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine majestye;
And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:

That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friendes; others for base regard,
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard:
Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered; 'That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many mis:

XLIX

'And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity;
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and merits just.'

L

'Gramercy, Mammon,' (said the gentle knight)
'For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate:
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight'

LI

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd:
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

LII

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy!

LIII

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold:
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed.

LVI

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrightes,
They made the further shore resounden wide.
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden side.

LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth,
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee;
Lo! here I now for want of food doe dye:
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee!'

LX

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of unjustice, there to let him dye.

LXI

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde;
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII

The knight him calling asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.'

LXIII

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: 'Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?'

LXIV

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.

LXV

And now he has so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same enduren can:
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:

Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought.

LXVI

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd
t' obay;
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foyld.

I

And is there care in heaven? And is there
love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evilles move?
There is: else much more wretched were the
cace [grace
Of men then beasts. But O! th' exceeding
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro, [foe.
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked

II

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us
plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
O! why should hevenly God to men have such
regard?

III

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And, being on his way, approched neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
Come hither! hither! O, come hastily!'
That all the fields resounded with the rufull
cry.

IV

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him
sore aghast.

V

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus face adornd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged
sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody
pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three:
The Goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery
glee.

VII

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder that he nought could
say,
Till him the childe bespoke; 'Long lackt, alas!
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage both
respire.

VIII

'The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend.'
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

IX

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight.
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he which earst them combatted was Guyon bold.

XI

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where ever that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimage provokte their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake: Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proove he lived il that did thus fowly dye.'

XIII

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered:
'Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Your self his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and bold.'

XIV

Then sayd Cymochles: 'Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote,
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne all good knights that shake well speare and shield.
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field.'

XV

'Good or bad,' gan his brother fiers reply,
'What doe I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?'

XVI

'Fayr Sir,' said then the Palmer suppliaunt,
'For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relicks of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.'
'What herce or steed' (said he) 'should he have dight,
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?'

XVII

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace

An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Vhose squire bore after him an heben launce
And coverd shield. Well kend him so far space
'h' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
Vhen under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce;

XVIII

And to those brethren sayd; 'Rise, rise bylive,
nd unto batteil doe your selves addresse;
'or yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
'rince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
'hat hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
nd thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.'
'hat word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
'hat both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
nd gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
'he want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
nd Archimage besought, him that afford
Vhich he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
So would I,' (said th' enchaunter) 'glad and faine
eteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
r ought that els your honour might maintaine;
ut that this weapons powre I well have kend
o be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

XX

For that same knights owne sword this is, of yore
Vhich Merlin made by his almightie art
or that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
herewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
he metall first he mixt with Medæwart,
hat no enchauntment from his dint might save;
hen it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
nd seven times dipped in the bitter wave
f hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI

The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
he stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
e ever may be used by his fone,
e forst his rightful owner to offend;
e ever will it breake, ne ever bend:
Vherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
n vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
he same to thee, against his lord to fight;
or sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might.'

XXII

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,
'That weenest words or charms may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond:
So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salued them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV

Sayd he then to the Palmer: 'Reverend Syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.'
'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer grave,
'Hath him befalne; bnt cloudes of deadly night
A while his heavy eylids cover'd have,
And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse wave:

XXV

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme and treaten shamefully;
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace?
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to deface.'

XXVI

'Palmer, (said he) 'no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:
Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,

Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.'

XXVII

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke:
'Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, just wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.'

XXVIII

To whom Cymochles said; 'For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeaunce prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And made his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare abye?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye.'

XXIX

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave:
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upheave,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might.'

XXX

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said: 'Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.'
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

XXXI

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
'False traitour! miscreaunt! thou broken hast
The law of armes to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou hast defast.'

XXXII

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,
And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide: 'By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby:'
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

XXXIV

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre;
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine: yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought availe.

XXXVI

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde.
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

XXXVII

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said; 'Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth stond.'

XXXVIII

With that he strooke, and thother strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte;
But thother did upon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart and hope of victory.
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

XL

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; 'Fayre Sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,
To use that sword so well as he it ought!'
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond:
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and yond:

XLI

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both atonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both withstond.

XLII

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Beathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

XLIII

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre:
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

XLV

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne. He, tombling downe on ground,
Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

XLVI

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare;
But as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stoode: at last thus sayd;
'Traytour, what hast thou doen? How ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day?'

XLVII

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with pacience and sufferaunce sly
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

XLVIII

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
But when he stroke most strong the dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

L

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he, now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

LI

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay;
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; 'Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sovenaunce.'

LII

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gift defye,
But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despight of life for death doe call.'
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
Life having maystered her sencelesse foe,
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide; 'Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew:
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

LIV

'But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?' The Palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered: 'Fayre sonne, be no whit sad

For want of weapons; they shall soone be had.'
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
'My Lord, my liege, by whose most gratious ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound'——

LVI

To whom the Infant thus; 'Fayre Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise that I have done my dew in place.'
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace

CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compell.

I

Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord:
'Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.'

III

'Fayre Sir,' (sayd he) 'if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew:
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure.

IV

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,
Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity
Throughout the world, renowmed far and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soveraine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare:
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.'

V

'Thrise happy man,' (said then the Briton knight)
'Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce.
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.'

VI

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high bee reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored.'

VII

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre and might.
Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-burning light,
Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse.'

VIII

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
'Seldom' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid:
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which, were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Faery land.'

IX

'Gramercy Sir,' said he; 'but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.'
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

X

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forestall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete what they so rudely did require?
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

XII

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said he) 'fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save your selves from neare decay;
Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
We would, and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in the castle hould.
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
And many good knights slaine that have us sought to save.'

XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outragious cry
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knifes, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

XIV

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV

A while they fled, but soone retournd againe
With greater fury then before was fownd;

And evermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them rownd,
And, overronne, to tread them to the grownd:
But soone the knights with their bright burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them fades.

XVI

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

XVII

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even heven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

XIX

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damsels which were taught
That service well. Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

XX

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.
Then, when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew:
Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the same did shew.

XXI

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre.
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workemanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:
All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.

XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close;
Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

XXIV

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought.
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and
A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same, [fro
Whose name was Appetite: he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, when ever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

XXIX

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonuell thence
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce [styre
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

XXXI

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction;
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mynd;
And others it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought;
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a jolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV

Diverse delights they fownd them selves to please;
Some song in sweet consort; some laught for joy;
Some plaid with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy;
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

XXXVI

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose.
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somwhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

XXXVII

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the Prince in courteous maner sayd;
'Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen you love? or doen you lack your will?
What ever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.'

XXXVIII

'Fayre Sir,' said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
'How is it that this mood in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same advise?
Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
That may unwares bee blotted with the same:
Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought, I weene, are ye therein behynd,
That have three years sought one, yet no where can her find.'

XXXIX

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was that Poplar braunch did hold?
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL

The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI

So long as Guyon with her commoned,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure Castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said:

XLII

'Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.'

XLIII

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake: 'Why wonder yee,
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe is shee.'

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away, but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game

Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

XLV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survewd as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found:
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which young Hectors blood by cruell [Greekes was spilt.

XLVI

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O! who can tell the prayses of that makers might?

XLVII

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This parts great workemanship and wondrous [powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good arts,
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could keep in memoree:
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
For-thy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize:
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L

His chamber was dispainted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodames,
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, lovers, children, Dames.

LI

And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes:
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

LII

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew,
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.

LIII

Whom Alma having shewed to her guestes,
Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous Wisards; and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgementes, and of decretals,
All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought [wittily.

LIV

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage

He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great pleasure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of three.

LV

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somwhat they declind;
And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst them with a better scorse:
Weake body wel is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

LVI

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

LVII

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls
And old records from auncient times derivd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

LIX

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

LX

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond:*
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faeryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne;
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestryes
Of my most dreaded Soveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

II

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;
Which though from earth it be derived right

Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to hevens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bountyhed?

III

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,
That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
But if some relish of that hevenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soveraine Queene! to blazon far away.

IV

Thy name, O soveraine Queene! thy realme, and race,
From this renowmed Prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace [farre
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre
Immortall fame for ever hath enrold; [told.
As in that old mans booke they were in order

V

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein have their mighty empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprovd, unpraysd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

VI

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And namd it ALBION: But later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

VII

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to behold.

VIII

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error, which doth some assott,
That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where, companing with feends and filthy Sprights
Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
They brought forth Geaunts, and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

IX

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

X

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great batteils with his salvage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many Giaunts left on groning flore:
That well can witnes yet unto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which retourning backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

XII

In meed of these great conquests by them
Corineus had that Province utmost west [gott,

To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best;
And Debons shayre was that is Devonshyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

XIII

Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd:
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Locrine left chiefe Lord of Britany.
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.

XIV

Locrine was left the soveraine Lord of all;
But Albanact had all the Northerne part,
Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
And Camber did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd;
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

XV

Untill a nation straunge, with visage swart,
And corage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display:
Untill that Locrine for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

XVI

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the River that whylome was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chiefetain Humber named was aright,)
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

XVII

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

XVIII

The noble daughter of Corinëus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke;

XIX

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoure;
The one she slew upon the present floure;
But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay;
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay:
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

XXI

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place;
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But Ebranck salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

XXII

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply:
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

XXIII

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame:
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered;
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransacked.

XXIV

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,
Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease:
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

XXVI

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation:
Yet he at last, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

XXVII

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage?

XXVIII

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest
That she much more than her owne life him lov'd:
And Regan greater love to him profest
Then all the world, when ever it were proov'd;
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did shayre.

XXIX

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And thother to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes;
But without dowre the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Agganip of Celtica.
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed downe.

XXX

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away:
So, when he had resignd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

XXXI

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state.
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

XXXII

So to his crowne she him restord againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine,
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life her selfe she hong.

XXXIII

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
To have a pere in part of soverainty;
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew.
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

XXXIV

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne.
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

XXXV

But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe;
Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

XXXVI

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne
With high renowme and great felicity:
The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

XXXVII

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisedom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

XXXVIII

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

XXXIX

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were unto him reveald in vision;
By which he freed the Traveilers high-way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion,
The gratious Numa of great Britany;
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy:
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

XL

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oth;
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were wroth;
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

XLI

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies.
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,

A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him, as subject to Britayne.

XLII

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
The justest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall praise,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought.
Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,
As was Aegerie that Numa tought:
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

XLIII

Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XLIV

Five sonnes he left, begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne:
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life,
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
Deposed was from princedome soverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered:
But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized.

XLV

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late;
Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane, their Eme,
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
And the gray Ocean into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
And envious of Uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his countrey unto forreine spoyle.
Nought els but treason ftom the first this land did foyle.

XLIX

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obay,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

L

Next him Tenantius raignd; then Kimbeline,
What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

LI

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him batteile fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught

Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

LII

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hither hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

LIII

He dide, and him succeeded Marius,
Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, they say,
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

LIV

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

LV

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet, such as were through former flight preserv'd
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor servd·
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she slew.

LVI

O famous moniment of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris.
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemis;
And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew,
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

LVIII

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine:
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Soveraine.
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

LIX

Which when the Romanes heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreëment,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning laies.

LX

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title justifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight.
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right:

LXI

But wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;

Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

LXII

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with joyous teares.

LXIII

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

LXIV

Three sones he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

LXV

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to aband.

LXVI

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face and flattring word.
Soone after which three hundred Lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

LXVII

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detayne:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne;
And Hengist eke soon brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

LXVIII

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

LXIX

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall Ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out; 'Deare countrey! O! how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all what ever good we have.

LXX

But Guyon all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far excead
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove depryv'd
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an Aegle ryv'd.

LXXI

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
uick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Vho, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
id in the gardins of Adonis fynd
goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
o be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
r Angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;
herefore a Fay he her according hight,
f whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

LXXII

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
nd puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,
nd to them selves all Nations did subdew.
he first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
as Elfin; him all India obayd,
nd all that now America men call:
ext him was noble Elfinan, who laid
leopolis foundation first of all:
ut Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
he wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;
ut Elfant was of most renowmed fame,
ho all of Christall did Panthea build:
hen Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
he one of which had two heades, th' other three:
hen Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
e built by art upon the glassy See
bridge of bras, whose sound hevens thunder seem'd to bee.

LXXIV

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
nd all their Ofspring, in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elficleos, in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre!

LXXVII

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite:
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she ought.

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

I

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
s that which strong affections doe apply
gainst the forte of reason evermore,
o bring the sowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

II

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

III

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

IV

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: They goe abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles wind and wether right
Doe serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest when they approched neare.

VI

Them in twelve troupes their Captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

VII

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

VIII

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beckes uncomely bent;
Others like Dogs; others like Gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare:
And every one of them had Lynces eyes;
And every one did bow and arrowes beare.
All those were lawlesse lustes, currupt envyes,
And covetous aspects, all cruell enimyes.

IX

Those same against the bulwarke of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

X

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sence,
Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of the brakes:
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies.
Leasinges, backbytinges, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;

Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of hell, [dismayd,
Some like to houndes, some like to Apes,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
All shap't according their conditions:
For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Foolish delights, and fond abusions,
Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

XII

And that fourth band which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,
Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement; [faste
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges; some
Like loathly Toades; some fashioned in the
Like swine: for so deformd is luxury, [waste
Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie waste,
Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:
All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

XIII

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like Snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly Urchins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,
With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

XIV

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissaunce
Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous Ordinaunce
Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And evermore their wicked Capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gayn, [attayn.
Which by the ransack of that peece they should

XV

On th' other syde, th' assieged Castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse and many hard
Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren Gyauntes did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

XVI

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
For never was she in so evill cace,
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service, and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife:
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

XVII

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So, taking courteous congé, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hye!
Whome soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay Squyre issewing did espye, [cry:
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling

XVIII

And therewithall attonce at him let fly [snow,
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
With suddein fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw [vayne;
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

XIX

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes, [locks:
When the wroth Western wind does reave their
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

XX

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry
When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,

That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground.
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound:

XXI

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

XXII

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

XXIII

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags,
She did support, and Impotence her name:
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame

XXIV

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

XXV

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyleare;
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to poursue the Infant after hide
So fast as his good Courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approch him neare.

XXVI

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarse him overtake,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene to tred:
Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake;
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace)
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

XXVII

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should poursew:
But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

XXVIII

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew;
Which he espying cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

XXIX

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backeward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryesly graplement;
Till that the villein, comming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

XXX

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assuraunce it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou, Prince, the prowest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That, had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

XXXI

The Squyre arriving fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
Revivyng thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

XXXII

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest, [heat,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorching
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

XXXIII

So mightely the Briton Prince him rouza
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;
And as a Beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

XXXV

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddein up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way:

XXXVI

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, whe was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare:
Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepayre.

XXXVII

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

XXXVIII

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wownd so wide and wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

XXXIX

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall;
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:

He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite under false pretence,
Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

XL

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without spright.
Wounds without hurt, a body without might.
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now avayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest.
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gave against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

XLIII

As when Joves harnesse-bearing Bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to reprize.

XLV

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore,
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And reysd him up much stronger then before,
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life. now loosd from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforse
Above three furlongs, taking his full course
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that Carles dayes and his owne paynes did make.

XLVII

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho, camming to his Squyre that kept his steed,

Thought to have mounted; but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squyre, him helping up with speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

XLIX

Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly:
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity.
Eftesoones shee causd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And al the while his wounds were dressing by him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

I

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed:
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand Magick mights.

II

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill still as he did pas:
Tho, when appeared the third Morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their sences filled with affright;
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

III

Said then the Boteman, 'Palmer, stere aright,
And keepe an even course; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

IV

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes.'

V

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abysse of his engulfing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour rave.

VI

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe
Ne that approcheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

VII

On thother side they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carkases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII

Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; 'Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plightes?
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rocke of Reproch, and it as death to dred!'

X

So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many Islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight; 'Lo! I the land descry;
Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply.'

XI

'That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,
'Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne;
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But stragling plots which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands. Therefore doe them shonne;
For they have ofte drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII

'Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
With grassy greene of delectable hew;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

XIII

'As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegæan sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona traveiling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day:
Thenceforth it firmely was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.'

XIV

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

XVI

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully

Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle lake:
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;
When them the wary Boteman thus bespake:
Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt making false melodies:

XVIII

'But by the way there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.'
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Her selfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

XX

On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of decay;
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

XXI

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

XXII

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd:

XXIII

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed Hydres; and sea-shouldring Whales;
Great whirlpooles which all fishes make to flee;
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles.

XXIV

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew:
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

XXV

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

XXVI

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer well aviz'd,
'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.'
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye.
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

XXVII

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII

Which Guyon hearing streight his Palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad;
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd:
'Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

XXIX

'To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.'
The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

XXX

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.

XXXI

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abusd to ill,
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde:
'O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.'

XXXIII

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne Meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

XXXIV

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they leveled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog over-spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

XXXV

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe unespide:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,

And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere;
The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enimy;
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

XXXVII

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
Said then the Palmer; 'Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow.
Therfore, Sir knight, your ready arms about you throw.'

XXXVIII

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied, [strooke:
And his sage Palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred.
Both firmely armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

XXXIX

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry:
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

XL

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld, [feat.
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes de-
Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;
Instead of fraying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

XLI

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury, [invade
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade:
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage.
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

XLV

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,

That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,
Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did Crëusa wed.

XLVI

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came; but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That travellers to him seemd to entize:
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

XLVII

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

XLVIII

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants which he makes us see:
He of this Gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

XLIX

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide,
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe with which he charmed semblants sly.

L

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on evey side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

LI

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

LII

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

LIII

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

LIV

So fashioned a Porch with rare device.
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did them selves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

LV

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed.

LVI

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all Straungers goodly so to greet.

LVII

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

LVIII

There the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

LXI

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it vew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,

And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

LXVI

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights she unto him bewrayd;
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare.

LXIX

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer: ‘Now, Sir, well avise;
For here the end of all our traveill is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

LXX

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee:
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

LXXI

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new Lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now laid aslombering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes,
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

LXXIII

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

LXXIV

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day.
Ah ! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.
Lo ! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

LXXV

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
Ne more doth florish after first decay, [bowre
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
Of many a lady', and many a Paramowre.
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre ;
Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

LXXVI

He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
n which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady with her lover lose, [pose.
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dis-

LXXVII

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd, [sin ;
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin, [bee :
But rather shewd more white, if more might
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild ;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle, [tild,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth dis-
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild ;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more bright.

LXXIX

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface :
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face ;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

LXXX

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree ;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee, [see :
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend ;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend :
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

LXXXI

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game, [threw
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame :
So held them under fast ; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest.

LXXXII

And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine ;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound [found :
In captive bandes, which there they readie
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse ;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.
Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
Their arbers spoyle; their Cabinets suppresse;
Their banket houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

LXXXIV

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there did ly?

LXXXV

Sayd he; 'These seeming beasts are men indeed, [thus;
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.'
'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemperate,
And mournefull meed of joyes delicious!
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state.'

LXXXVI

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men be-
Yet being men they did unmanly looke, [came;
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:
But one above the rest in speciall [name,
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

LXXXVII

Saide Guyon; 'See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!' [kinde
To whom the Palmer thus: 'The donghill
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and winde.'

THE THIRDE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
For which what needes me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art.

II

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,
For fear, through want of words, her excellence to marre.

III

How then shall I, Apprentice to the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
Hereto perforce. But, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My sences lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Malecastaes champions are defaced.

I

The famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of traveill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthure went.

III

Long so they traveiled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse.
Full many Countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

VI

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene:
That speare enchaunted was which layd thee on the greene.

VIII

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne sett
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking glas.

IX

Full of disdainefull wrath he fierce uprose
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came:
Dye rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare;
For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare:

X

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond.
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene:
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI

By such good meanes he him discounselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,

That had his furnitures not firmely tyde.
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste;
Ne armes to beare against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII

O! goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight.
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV

Long they thus traveiled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde.
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd,
Full griesly seemd: Therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
Save Beares, Lyons, and Buls, which romed them arownd.

XV

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milkwhite Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarse them leasure gave her passing to behold.

XVI

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

XVII

So as they gazed after her a whyle,
Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush.
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place;
But when she saw them gone she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment:
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

XXI

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII

Like dastard Curres that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbeare that single enimy.

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse.
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace.
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answere frame:
'These six would me enforce by oddes of might
To chaunge my liefe, and love another Dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.'

XXV

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify;
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;
For soone as maistery comes sweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.'

XXVI

Then spake one of those six; 'There dwelleth here
Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere;
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repayre,
In case he have no Lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame;
As did this knight, before ye hither came.'
'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'the choise is hard;
But what reward had he that overcame?'
'He should advaunced bee to high regard,'
(Said they) 'and have our Ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII

'Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love.'
'Love hath I sure,' (quoth she) 'but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine own love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,
And prove his cause.' With that, her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd
That none of them himselfe could reare againe:
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine;
That now there do but two of six remaine,
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
'Ah!' (said she then) 'now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.'

XXX

'Too well we see,' (saide they) 'and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,

And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.'
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reape the dew reward.
She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that Castle hight by commun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gratious
Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
Who, through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

XXXII

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were, [bost;
And with great perles and pretious stones em-
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

XXXIII

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red;
Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize [devize.
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely

XXXIV

The wals were round about appareiled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her essayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

XXXV

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade [vew,
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

XXXVI

And whilst he slept she over him would spred
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;
And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And joyd his love in secret unespyde:
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine; [doth ordaine?
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny

XXXVIII

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore;
And by his side the Goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might;
And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed.
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee.
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there;
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited:
Of the poore traveiler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried.
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV

The first of them by name Gardantè hight,
A jolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
And next to him Jocantè did ensew;
Basciantè did him selfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene;
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

XLVI

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight,)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in sclender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust,
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;

For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt;
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Pourd out their plenty without spight or spare.
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare,
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

LII

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort;
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievaunce she begonne.

LIII

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous griefe,
The outward sparkes of her inburning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye:
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye.
Did easely beleeve her strong extremitye.

LIV

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
Could judge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
Who meanes no guile be guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The bird that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd: nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest,
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.

LVI

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle Squire,
Gan choose his Dame with *Bascimano* gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meryment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest.
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest,
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe;
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered
That was with gold and Ermines faire enveloped.

LX

Then panting softe, and trembling every joynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And, to her bed approching, first she proov'd
Whether she slept or wakte: with her softe hand
She softely felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaunged her weary side the better ease to take.

LXII

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dedd
Through suddein feare and ghastly drerihedd,
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family, therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LXIII

And those sixe knights, that ladies Champions
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd.
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blaed;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV

About their Ladye first they flockt arownd;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd;
And afterwardes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous conteck broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

LXV

But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè hight
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent, with felonous despight
And fell intent, against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe
Which did her lilly smock with staines of ver meil steep.

LXVI

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dis mayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her sway
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her goo ayd,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and syde to syde;
That in short space their foes they have quit terrifyde.

LXVII

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull fligh
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight.
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,
Was usd of knightes and Ladies seeming gent
So earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shad
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon thei journey went.

CANTO II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.

I

HERE have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II

But by record of antique times I finde
That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploites them selves inclind,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.

III

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;
But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an object they do lyte,
And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

IV

She, traveiling with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their journey long, and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind?
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest.
But fairest knight alive, when armed was her brest.

V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

VI

'Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap:
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

VII

'All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater Brytayne, here to seek for praise and fame.

VIII

'Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.'

IX

The worde gone out she backe againe would
As her repenting so to have missayd, [call,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered: 'Faire martiall Mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle knignt with so unknightly blame;
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X

'Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.'

XI

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde;
And joyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How ever finely she it faind to hyde.
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced theare.

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde: 'How ever, Sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII

'Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
And read where I that faytour false may find.'
'Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind'
(Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight

XIV

'Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd;
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right,
Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might:
So is his soveraine honour raisde to hevens hight.'

XV

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much
And softly sunck into her molten hart: [pleased
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay.
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay
So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter lay:—

XVI

And sayd; 'Sir knight, these ydle termes forbeare;
And, sith it is uneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may ap
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt; [peare
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, wha steed, what stedd,
And what so else his person most may vaunt?
All which the Redcrosse knight to point aredd
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight
What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed right,
The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,

A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solemniz'd.

XIX

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

XX

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it brake.

XXI

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:
Happy this Realme, had it remayned ever since!

XXII

One day it fortuned fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

XXIII

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot:
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on hye,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as Phœbus face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV

His crest was covered with a couchant Hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermelin,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his Personage
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

XXVII

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe;
And her prowd portaunce and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why.
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And refte from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;

But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did weepe.

XXIX

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright.
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

XXX

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucè hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed dight:
'Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit,' (sayd she) 'what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?

XXXI

'For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose;
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose;
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII

'The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

XXXIII

'Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!'

XXXIV

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;
And every trembling joynt and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importund not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV

The Damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully:
'Ah! Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine.'
'O daughter deare!' (said she) 'despeire no whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit.'

XXXVI

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like other wownd;
For which no reason can finde remedy.'
'Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,'
(Said she) 'and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.'
'But neither God of love nor God of skye
Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot be donne.'
'Things ofte impossible' (quoth she) 'seeme, ere begonne.

XXXVII

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe nought aswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse! which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed:
But since thy faithful zele lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.

Nor Prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this
wound wyde.

XXXVIII

'Nor man it is, nor other living wight,
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to loves cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And, pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

XXXIX

'Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
That all my entrailes flow with poisnous gore,
And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish, as the leafe faln from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and
miseree!'

XL

'Daughter,' (said she) 'what need ye be dismayd?
Or why make ye such Monster of your minde?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde;
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
For who with reason can you aye reprove
To love the semblaunt pleasing most your
minde, [move?
And yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI

'Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd.
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art:
Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a Bul, and learnd a beast to bee.
Such shamefull lustes who loaths not, which
depart
From course of nature and of modestee?
Sweete love such lewdnes bands from his faire
companee.

XLII

'But thine, my Deare, (welfare thy heart, my
deare!)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!'
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis, [quake,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and
As it an Earth-quake were: at last she thus
bespake.

XLIII

'Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment;
For they, how ever shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were
their minde.

XLIV

'But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
good,
Can have no ende nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadowe wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.'

XLV

'Nought like,' (quoth shee) 'for that same
wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre:
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light, [might.
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke

XLVI

'But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandond wholy do possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,
Then, I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved
knight.'

XLVII

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble
spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

XLVIII

Earely, the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the Church, their praiers to appele
With great devotion, and with little zele:
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for-why no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill;
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

L

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth bound the thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certein sad words with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
'Come daughter, come; come, spit upon my face;
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven nomber for this busines is most fitt.'

LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was streight undonne.
So thought she to undoe her daughters love;
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove:
That well can witnesse who by tryall it does prove.

LII

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd avayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
That, through long languour and hart-burning brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shews the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love!
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never dying fame:

II

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' Heroës high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

III

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwardes did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spredd their living prayse,
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame!
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye:
Begin, O Clio! and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this Ladies griefe;
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe
And sore reproch, when so her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

VI

At last she her avisde, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the Africk Ismael
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endevour to have sought.

VII

Forthwith them selves disguising both in straunge
And base atyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

VIII

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To traveill, go to see that dreadful place.
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a Rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee unwares devowre:

IX

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines,
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
From under that deepe Rock most horribly rebowndes.

X

The cause, some say, is this: A litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to slake.

XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;
For Merlin had in Magick more insight
Then ever him before, or after, living wight:

XII

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;

The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could
When so him list his enimies to fray; [frame,
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake when any him to them
does name.

XIII

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

XIV

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout,
For dread of daunger which it might portend;
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his
service bownd.

XV

He nought was moved at their entraunce
bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glaucè thus: 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom
dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither
send.'

XVI

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.
'Now have three Moones with borrowd bro-
thers light [wan,
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see.'

XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said: 'Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have else-
where,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell.'
Th' old woman wox half blanck those wordes
to heare,
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine
appeare;

XVIII

And to him said: 'Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest;
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment
breed.'

XIX

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd:
'Glaucè, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd?
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hither brought for succour to appele;
The which the powres to thee are pleased to
revele.'

XX

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe des-
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory [cryde,
Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin had
ared;

XXI

And sayd; 'Sith then thou knowest all our
griefe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I
pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe.'
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan foorth display:
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay

The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore:

XXII

'For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
Till they to hevens hight forth stretched bee:
For from thy wombe a famous Progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique Peres, the hevens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

XXIII

'Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV

'It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
Glauncing unwares in charmed looking glas,
But the streight course of hevenly destiny,
Led with eternall providence, that has
Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight that ever was.
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.'

XXV

'But read,' (saide Glaucè) 'thou Magitian,
What meanes shall she out seeke, or what waies take?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?'
Then Merlin thus: 'Indeede the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake;
Yet ought mens good endevours them confirme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI

'The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII

'But sooth he is the sonne of Gorloïs,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Untill the closure of the Evening:
From thence him, firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy land.

XXVIII

'Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lover's pray.
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

XXIX

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent. He, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead:
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX

'Like as a Lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And comming forth shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win;
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

XXXI

'His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII

'Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britainee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII

'All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppresse;
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea, with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV

'He in his furie all shall overronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

XXXV

'Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twise,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI

'But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire.
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassalage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

XXXVII

'Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both joynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

XXXVIII

'Him shall he make his fatall Instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head:
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;
But shall with guifts his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL

'Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shal be expird of Britons regiment:
For heven it selfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,

Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent:
For th' heavens have decreëd to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII

'Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;
Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull wood!
O! who shal helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood?'

XLIII

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:
'Ah! but will hevens fury never slake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off the earth their memory be raste?'

XLIV

'Nay but the terme' (sayd he) 'is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
And the just revolution measured
That they as Straungers shal be notifide:
For twise fowre hundreth yeares shalbe supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them faire may see.

XLV

'For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kinges his friendship shall intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew:
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare,
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should beare.

XLVI

'Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

XLVII

'Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew.
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII

'Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name:
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

XLIX

'Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

L

'But yet the end is not.'—There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fitt, and halfe extatick stoure,
When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behaveoure.
At last, the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

LI

Then, when them selves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake:
'Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage take.
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

LIII

'That, therefore, nought our passage may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguize,
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall,
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

LIV

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,
Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exployts made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;
Renowmed Martia; and redoubted Emmilen.

LV

'And, that which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne:
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne.'

LVI

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is she hight?'
'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take.'

LVII

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don;
And counseld with her Nourse her Maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

LVIII

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit,
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel beseene.

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucè thither led
Faire Britomart, and, that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

LX

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,
And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,

For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore.
Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse which did hang thereby
About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squyre attend her carefully.
Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full light,
And through back waies, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth convaid, and passed forward right.

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she fond
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendship professed with unfained hart.
The Redcrosse Knight diverst, but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthure is
Long followed, but not fond.

I

Where is the Antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse,
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

II

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy sore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

III

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along.

IV

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse Knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point her selfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall:
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amarous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,

That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast:
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

VIII

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
O! doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth ryfe.

IX

'For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde;
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and [blinde?

X

'Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great jeopardee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!'

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe repriefe
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrold.

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darkenes dwels; till that at last
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord coste
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre:
So the fayre Britomart, having disclo'ste
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake:
'Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.'

XV

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus: 'Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe, but maugre thee will passe or dy.'
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly [knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with [her crown.

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,

That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce.
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII

Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddeinly, with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

XIX

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare:
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who, on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne:
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloody batteill and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife.

XXV

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

XXVI

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for living clay
From love in course of nature to refraine.
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enimy.

XXVII

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him wemens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So, weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade;

XXX

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters that with her did sitt
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensife thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to theyr beheast,
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment; yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoent:
They were all taught by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundement:
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent.
The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

XXXV

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine:
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
Shee should not then have bene relyv'd againe;
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarse from tears refraine;

And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI

'Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) 'that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this
Th' immortall name, with which thee, yet unborne,
Thy Grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honor refte;
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,
Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

XXXVII

'Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!
And they more fond that credit to thee give!
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare members drive.
I feared love; but they that love doe live,
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate,
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedom bought too late!

XXXVIII

'O! what availes it of immortall seed
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and waylfull miserye:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abye;
But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
To see frends grave, then dead the grave self [to engrosse.

XXXIX

'But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt——
Yett, maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more [shall meet!'

XL

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wownd:
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and Nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly [food.

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her flong.

XLII

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vauted all within, like to the Skye,
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;
For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;
But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong,
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swifte and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squyre,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII

At last of her far off he gained vew.
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright.
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villein rude.

LI

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall hous.

LII

All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night that reft from him so goodly scope.

LIII

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddeinly
Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw:
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

LIV

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest:
In stead thereof sad sorow and disdaine

Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine.
Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine,
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee;
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV

'Night! thou foule Mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heavie death, and nourse of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods,) where thou ungratious
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous.

LVI

'What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe
The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calles thee his goddesse, in his errour blind,
And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing every kind.

LVII

'But well I wote, that to an heavy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII

'Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,
Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne for feare of being shent;
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light to see.

LIX

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne.
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

LX

'O! when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waine;
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
And chace away this too long lingring night;
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day that can it governe well.'

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.

I

Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarse this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

III

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence; till that at last
He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he traveiled so fast?
For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his feet nigh lame.

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd; 'Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway
And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way.
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.'

V

'What mister wight,' (saide he) 'and how arayd?'
'Royally clad' (quoth he) 'in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd:
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.'

VI

'Now certes, swaine,' (saide he) 'such one, I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene:
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.'
'Ah, dearest God!' (quoth he) 'that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or where?'

VII

'Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'
(Saide he) 'then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward Night,
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But, Dwarfe, aread what is that Lady bright
That through this forrest wandreth thus alone?
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone.'

VIII

'That Ladie is,' (quoth he) 'where so she bee,
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see.
Lives none this day that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight.

IX

'A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loved dearely well:
In other none, but him, she sets delight;
All her delight is set on Marinell,
But he sets nought at all by Florimell;
For Ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell:
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

X

'Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the Court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

'So may ye gaine to you full great renowme
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide;
At least eternall meede shall you abide.'
To whom the Prince: 'Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for Ladies sake.'

XII

So with the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
To seeke his Lady where he mote her finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late lefte behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squyre that waited by knights side:

XIII

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd;
For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least:
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foolehardie Squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him foorth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In their sterne brests, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight;
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might:
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne.
By that same way they knew that Squyre unknowne
Mote algates passe: forthy themselves they set
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII

It fortuned, as they devised had:
The gentle Squyre came ryding that same way,

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force, and villeinous despite,
That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will.
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill:
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flow.

XXII

He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd his life for to have had.

XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine.
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell:
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;
Which, fayntly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backeward on the Continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne.
They three be dead with shame, the Squire lives with renowne.

XXVI

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne:
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive,
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

XXVII

Providence hevenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And make him fast out of the forest ronne,
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

XXVIII

She on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene:
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX

Shortly she came whereas that wofull Squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swownd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

XXX

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddeinly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start;
But when shee better him beheld shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

XXXI

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busie paine.
His double folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymphe which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew Nobility:
There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachæa, or Polygony,
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

XXXIII

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to keepe.

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly Maide, ful of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV

'Mercy, deare Lord!' (said he) 'what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight.
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.'

XXXVI

Thereat she blushing said; 'Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell; but the Mayd
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commun bond of fraïltee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see.'

XXXVII

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;

But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd.
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly case theyr Lady fownd,
And reskewd out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those Damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set theron, and forth with them convayd.

XXXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine:
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his cours they did restraine.

XL

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to bee seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well delight.

XLI

Thither they brought that wounded Squyre, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly playsters to his wownd she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a Lady that his life releast?

XLIV

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraynd:
But when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd:

XLV

'Unthankfull wretch,' (said he) 'is this the meed,
With which her soverain mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saved by her gratious deed;
But thou doest weene with villeinous despight
To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch fro mee!
What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
To her to whom the hevens doe serve and sew?
Thou, a meane Squyre of meeke and lowly place;
She, hevenly borne and of celestiall hew.

ow then ? of all love taketh equall vew;
nd doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
he love and service of the basest crew?
' she will not, dye meekly for her sake:
ye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake!'

XLVIII

Thus warreid he long time against his will;
ill that through weaknesse he was forst at last
o yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
hich, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
is inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
hat neither blood in face nor life in hart
left, but both did quite drye up and blast;
s percing levin, which the inner part
f every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX

Vhich seeing fayre Belphœbe gan to feare,
east that his wound were inly well not heald,
r that the wicked steele empoysned were:
itle shee weend that love he close conceald.
et still he wasted, as the snow congeald
hen the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat:
et never he his hart to her reveald;
ut rather chose to dye for sorow great,
hen with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

L

he, gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare
doe him ease, or doe him remedy.
any Restoratives of vertues rare,
nd costly Cordialles she did apply,
mitigate his stubborne malady:
ut that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
love-sick hart, she did to him envy;
him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore
he did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

LI

hat daintie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
ore deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
he girlond of her honour did adorne:
e suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
e the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre;
ut lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
hen so the froward skye began to lowre;
But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

LII

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre.
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds [dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall!

LIV

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
Ne poysnous Envy justly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh flowring Maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphœbe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I

Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth
The hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-hed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree.
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

V

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a Sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

VII

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd.
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

IX

Great father he of generation
rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;
nd his faire sister for creation
inistreth matter fit, which, tempred right
ith heate and humour, breedes the living wight.
sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;
et wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
ondred to see her belly so upblone,
hich still increast till she her terme had full outgone.

X

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
be her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
e fled into the wildernesse a space,
ll that unweeldy burden she had reard,
nd shund dishonor which as death she feard:
here, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest
er selfe she set, and comfortably cheard:
here a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
nd seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

XI

t fortuned, faire Venus having lost
er little sonne, the winged god of love,
ho, for some light displeasure which him crost,
as from her fled as flit as ayery Dove,
nd left her blisfull bowre of joy above:
o from her often he had fled away,
hen she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
nd wandred in the world in straunge aray,
isguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray.)

XII

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
he house of goodly formes and faire aspect,
hence all the world derives the glorious
eatures of beautie, and all shapes select,
ith which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
nd searched everie way through which his wings
ad borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
he promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
nto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
hylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
ut many there she found which sore accus'd
is falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
is cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
adies and Lordes she everywhere mote heare
omplayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

XIV

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the cruelteo
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd:
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company

XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled
light.

XIX

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels
That had not her thereof before aviz'd, [slacke,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose;
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her
enclose.

XX

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught? [thought.
That suddein chaunge she straunge adventure
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That she repented sore to have him angered.

XXI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd:
'Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.'
But she was more engrieved, and replide;
'Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride:
The like that mine may be your paine another
tide.

XXII

'As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke:
We both are bownd to follow heavens beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke.
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to
eeke;

XXIII

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke emongst your Nimphes in secret
wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize.
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize
As any Nimphe; (let not it be envide.')
So saying, every Nimph full narrowly shee eide

XXIV

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply saide: 'Goe, Dame; goe, seek
your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall abye:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no mor
shall flye.'

XXV

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said; so her she soone appeas
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lip
went.
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzell
sent [place
Through all the woods, to search from place t
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace

XXVI

To search the God of love her Nimphes sh
sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire a
springing day.

XXVII

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares sh
bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd
They were through wonder nigh of sence bereav'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake.
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake [take
But from her loving side the tender babes t

XXVIII

Up they them tooke; each one a babe up-
And with them carried to be fostered. [tooke

Dame Phœbe to a Nymphe her babe betooke
To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And, of her selfe, her name Belphœbe red:
But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;
And, in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize,
Wher most she wonnes when she on earth does dwell;
So faire a place as Nature can devize:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

XXX

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

XXXI

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor overstride.
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas:
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride.
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate

XXXIII

After that they againe retourned beene,
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thither they retourne where first they grew:
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altred to and froe.

XXXVIII

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;

For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX

Great enimy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme; who with his scyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy winges
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight;
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin them she saw.
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:
For all that lives is subject to that law;
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosy.
Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition tell abrode.

XLIII

Right in the middest of that Paradise
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round [top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight;
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did [drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus beams could through them throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any [wrong.

XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endlesse date.

XLVI

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy;
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

XLVII

And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forgot:
All be he subject to mortalitie,

Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie;
For him the Father of all formes they call:
Therfore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

XLVIII

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the Gods in company
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thither resortes, and, laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L

And his trew love faire Psyche with him playes,
Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI

Hither great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection
To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull history.

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames
From Gyaunts tyranny.

I

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard,
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

II

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed,
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest;
And her white Palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

III

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant traveill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move. The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

IV

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveiler unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A litle valley subject to the same,
All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envide.

VII

The Damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

VIII

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what devill had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the Damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: 'Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th.'

IX

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like to orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbes awhile. She, nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest as Bird of tempest gon.

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,

She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright:
T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

XII

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII

He, comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the Chorle, through her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind:
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

XVII

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast.
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

XIX

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went:
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been undonne.

XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare:
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

XXI

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares;
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares;
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bringe her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII

Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an Hyena was,
That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on gras.

XXIII

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster, swifte as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

XXIV

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie:
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From peril free he away her did beare;
But when his force gan faile his pace gan wex areare.

XXV

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afrayd.
And now she gan approch to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

XXVI

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Ægæan strond,
As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage taught.

XXVII

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand.
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety fownd at sea which she fownd not at land.

XXVIII

The Monster, ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

XXIX

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traveiled:
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

XXX

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd.
He comming present, where the Monster vilde

Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

XXXI

There well perceivd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

XXXII

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die: but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

XXXIII

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity.
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly lept
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be underkept; [hept.
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him

XXXIV

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone:

XXXV

So him he held, and did through might amate.
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray;
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
Fast flying, on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse.
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire, [her desire.
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she, having him descryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd:

Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west.
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoyned syde to syde;

XLIII

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse,
Perforse him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV

Whom when as nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make,
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

XLV

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan awake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce.
At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foote or hand to styre.

XLVI

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age.
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII

Then trembling yet through feare the Squire bespake:
'That Geauntesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight
To scale the skyes and put Jove from his right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth,
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

XLVIII

'For at that berth another Babe she bore;
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
While in their mothers wombe enclosd they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX

'So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure;
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre:

L

'But over all the countrie she did raunge
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her bringes into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

LI

'Me, seely wretch, she so at vauntage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell:
Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me beseemeth well.

LII

'But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,
But a faire virgin that in martiall law
And deedes of armes above all Dames is deemd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemd
For her great worth: She Palladine is hight.
She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd;
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.'

LIII

'Her well beseemes that Quest,' (quoth Satyrane)
'But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?'
'That shall I you recount,' (quoth he) 'ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie servicis,
Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve?

LIV

'I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save or spill.
Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might doe service unto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

LV

'So well I to faire Ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI

'To weet, that I my traveill should resume,
And with like labour walke the world arownd,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd."
'Ah! gentle Squyre,' (quoth he) 'tell at one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?'

LVII

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so well;
And yet three yeares I now abrode have strayd,
To fynd them out.' 'Mote I,' (then laughing sayd
The knight) 'inquire of thee what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.'

LVIII

'The first which then refused me,' (said hee)
'Certes was but a common Courtisane;
Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a Jane.'
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
'The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

LIX

'The third a Damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;

Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

LX

'Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste Ladies traine.'

LXI

'Perdy' (sayd Satyrane) 'thou Squyre of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may emongst Alcides labours stand.'
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy La-
dy like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

I

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe;
For misery craves rather mercy then repriefe.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

III

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more then earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

IV

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprightes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

V

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit;
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hils, to her reveald

By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine Mercury
And virgin wex that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye

VII

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
n silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:
nstead of yellow lockes she did devyse
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcas dead;

VIII

A wicked Spright, yfraught with fawning guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle
From heavens blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

IX

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That who so then her saw would surely say
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

X

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely joyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne:
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight.
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment.
'Villein,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.'

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

XIV

But, when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor, which she more then life prefard.

XV

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

XVI

Fiercely that straunger forward came: and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat

Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme

XVII

Saying, 'Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.
At those prowd words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

XVIII

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge through proofe of puissaunce,
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.'
This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race;
But Braggadochio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled him selfe apace.

XIX

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heven that was in hell.

XX

But Florimell her selfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell Queene avengeresse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe:
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII

At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII

But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thither came?
'Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

XXIV

'But thou, good man, sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.'
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide his boat the way could wisely tell;
But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat that soone in flame forth brust:

he driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
udely to her he lept, and his rough hond
Vhere ill became him rashly would have thrust;
ut she with angry scorne did him withstond,
nd shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI

But he, that never good nor maners knew,
ler sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme:
lard is to teach an old horse amble trew:
he inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
roke into open fire and rage extreme;
nd now he strength gan adde unto his will,
oreyng to doe that did him fowle misseeme.
eastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
ler garments gay with scales of fish that all did fill.

XXVII

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
ll that she might, and him in vaine revild:
hee strugled strongly both with foote and hand
o save her honor from that villaine vilde.
nd cride to heven, from humane help exild.
! ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies love,
here be ye now, when she is nigh defild
f filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
f falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove.

XXVIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
r thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,
ow soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
o fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
owres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
n your avengement and despiteous rage,
e ought your burning fury mote abate;
ut if Sir Calidore could it presage,
o living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX

ut sith that none of all her knights is nye,
e how the heavens, of voluntary grace
nd soveraine favor towards chastity,
oe succor send to her distressed cace;
much high God doth innocence embrace.
fortuned, whilest thus she stifly strove,
nd the wide sea importuned long space
ith shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,
long the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX

roteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
nd hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frory hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd.

XXXI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

XXXII

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle;
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

XXXIII

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare:
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

XXXIV

But he endevored with speaches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde.
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXV

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist, [beard
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire
besought.

XXXVI

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom be had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull
And after cast him up upon the shore; [state,
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, [keene
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines
Had long while laboured it to engrave·
There was his wonne; ne living wight was
seene [it cleane.
Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe

XXXVIII

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panopè her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer

XXXIX

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmely she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery
knight.

XL

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest
For every shape on him he could endew;
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assayle
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage
quayle.

XLI

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe trans-
forme;
Now like a Gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a Centaure; then like to a storme
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall
thrall.

XLII

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Saintes
above, [deed
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous
Are still emongst them song, that far my
rymes exceed.

XLIII

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late.

XLIV

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames
And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,
With that same Squyre retourned back againe
To his first way. And, as they forward went
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the
As if he were on some adventure bent, [playne
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV

ir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
o weet what wight he was, and what his
quest,
nd, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
oth by the burning hart which on his brest
e bare, and by the colours in his crest,
hat Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
nd him saluting as beseemed best,
an first inquire of tydinges farre abrode, [rode.
nd afterwardes on what adventure now he

XLVI

Vho thereto answering said: 'The tydinges
bad,
hich now in Faery court all men doe tell,
hich turned hath great mirth to mourning
sad,
the late ruine of proud Marinell,
nd suddein parture of faire Florimell
o find him forth: and after her are gone
ll the brave knightes that doen in armes
o savegard her ywandred all alone: [excell
mongst the rest my lott (unworthy') is to be
one.'

XLVII

Ah! gentle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)
hy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
hat hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
nd offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
r dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
enceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
hat all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
hich her adŏr'd, may sore repent with mee,
nd all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee.'

XLVIII

Vhich wordes when Paridell had heard, his
hew
an greatly chaunge and seemd dismaid to bee:
hen said: 'Fayre Sir, how may I weene it
hat ye doe tell in such uncerteintee? [trew,
r speake ye of report, or did ye see [sore?
ist cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
r, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,
hat ever hand should dare for to engore
er noble blood? The hevens such crueltie
abhore.'

XLIX

'These eyes did see that they will ever rew
T' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a mon-
strous beast
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of
the pray.'

L

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be sadd;
And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say.
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd.
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.'
'Faire Sir,' (quoth he) 'well may it you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.'

LI

'Ye noble knights,' (said then the Squyre of
Dames)
'Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne!
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his
beames
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heven and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your
gate.'

LII

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before;
Where soone arryving they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young
Squyre [dore
Gan them informe the cause, why that same
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
The which to let you weet will further time
requyre.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevish gealosy.
Paridell giusts with Britomart:
Both shew their auncestry.

I

Redoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light;
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good; for good, by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone;
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprightes did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

III

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle, (as that Squyre does tell.)
'Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

IV

'But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe:
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;
The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does joy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

V

'But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire Ladies service to supply:
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blincked eye,
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight.

VI

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.'
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;
'Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII

'In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne;
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.'

VIII

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd Paridell)
'That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe wee devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out in scorne, of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?'

IX

'Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane) 'entreat
The man by gentle meanes to let us in,

And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.'
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise
And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd
Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force and punishment extreme:

XI

But all in vaine, for nought mote him relent
And now so long before the wicket fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

XII

It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought:
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refusd.
Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
And evermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

XIII

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

XIV

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
But chiefely Paridell his hart did grate
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed
He forth issew'd: like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde:
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

XVI

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
But Paridell sore brused with the blow
Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,
Till that young Squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre.
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.
They beene agreed; and to the gates they goe
To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII

Malbecco, seeing them resolvd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

XX

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay
Upbounden, did them selves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

XXI

Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

XXII

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd. At last, avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew.

XXIV

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowesse, which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

XXV

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gratious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

XXVI

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace;
But none of those excuses could take place,
Ne would they eate till she in presence came.
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

XXVII

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will.

XXVIII

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care
For all that art he learned had of yore;

Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswerd evermore.
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

XXIX

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted love to entertaine.

XXX

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to lett his love be showne;
Which well she redd out of the learned line:
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

XXXI

And, when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.
But such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:
Two eies him needeth. for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

XXXII

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gratious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide.

XXXIII

'Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent?

XXXIV

'Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

XXXV

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne.
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

XXXVI

'From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
She, of his Father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence to th' isle of Paros came.

XXXVII

'That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa: there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore;
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end.'

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,

She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

XXXIX

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
'O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe.
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late?

XL

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne;
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.'

XLI

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,'
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

XLII

'At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

XLIII

'Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iülus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,
And in long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud.'

XLIV

'There; there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,
That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

XLV

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck, (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng)
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threates the skye.

XLVI

'The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,
And Overt gate by North: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.'

XLVII

'Ah! fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)
'Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mightie braunches threw
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII

'For that same Brute, whom much he did advaunce
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,

Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

XLIX

'At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an Island spatious and brode,
The furthest North that did to them appeare:
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
But wholy waste and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the Geaunts broode
That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

L

'Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
In which the great Goemagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old, [cold,
Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full
Which quaked under their so hideous masse;
A famous history to bee enrold
In everlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

LI

'His worke great Troynovant, his worke is
Faire Lincolne, both renowmed far away; [eke
That who from East to West will endlong
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day, [seeke,
Except Cleopolis: so heard I say
Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne.' So ended Paridell.

LII

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her
Which he perceiving, ever privily, [bore;
In speaking many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII

So long these knights discoursed diversly
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
  Malbecco her poursewes;
Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him
  To turne she doth refuse.

I

The morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend,

II

So foorth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept uneath

III

But patience perforce, he must abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay;
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may;
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent:
So doth he punish her, and eke him selfe torment.

IV

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
False love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the minde;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale;
That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their joyous treason should reveale.

VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When so in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.

IX

And every where he might, and everie while,
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile:
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

X

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through dispurvayaunce long
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;
And Peece, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That strataGeme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine display'd:

XI

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholy sold
To him, without regard of gaine or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well: So well they both agree:
So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee!

XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despight:
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Trojane flames and reach to hevens hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull sight.

XIII

This second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced she to him did cry
And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For lo! that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
But when againe he backeward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame:
But, when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

XVI

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppresse the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had and liberty to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came.
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

XVII

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before.
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought:
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
To search her forth where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

XX

But all in vaine: his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did hide.

XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

XXII

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity
That is the father of fowle gealosy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet:

XXIII

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine Lord appere.
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on the lay.

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what doest thou here
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?'

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said:
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady'—There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppresse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart) 'take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.'
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd; O most redoubted Pere!
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.'

XXVII

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' (saide hee)
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive:
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good knights, that armes doe bear this day,
Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII

'And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarell then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory bee advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.'

XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd; 'Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame'—So turned from him wroth.

XXX

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew.
And in his eare him rownded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease,
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

XXXI

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
At last he thus; 'Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII

'And more: I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;

Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen be dedd.'

XXXIII

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty;
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought but the present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were whett.

XXXV

It fortuned, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine; the which him selfe prepar'd
To guist with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past.
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone:
He nould be clogd. So had he served many one.

XXXVI

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bredd;
And every one as commune good her handeled

XXXVII

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell)
'She wonneth in the forrest there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way: whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX

'Perdy, nay,' (said Malbecco) 'shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld;
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoyld:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld.'

XL

They all agree, and forward them addresse:
'Ah! but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
All traveilers: therefore advise ye well
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end.'

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; 'You, that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd:
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.'
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to fynd.

XLII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.'
It pleased; so he did. Then they march forward brave.

XLIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horrour fill.
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd.

XLIV

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She, proude of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their sences did invade.

XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw. out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush;
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd,
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespas ever had beene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the jolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early, before the heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII

So soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe him selfe he see from jeopardy.

LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with him selfe away;
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and despight, and gealosy, and scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw him selfe despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In drery darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
Findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where loves spoyles are exprest.

I

O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

II

O! let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make.

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whylere; [ought were.
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse

IV

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde,
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was emmoved in her noble minde,
T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace.
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace:
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe:
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe, [foe
And now made better speed t' escape his feared

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity; [beare,
For he the powre of chaste hands might not
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search everie where,
They searched diversely, so both divided were.

VII

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare:
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where ever it in field was showne.

VIII

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade;
That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade. [throb
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd; 'O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye

nd raignst in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
ow suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
o long unwreaked of thine enimy?
r hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
r doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
Vhat booteth then the good and righteous deed,
' goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no meed?

X

If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Vhy then is Amoret in caytive band,
ith that more bounteous creature never far'd
n foot upon the face of living land?
r if that hevenly justice may withstand
he wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Vhy then is Busirane with wicked hand
uffred, these seven monethes day, in secret den
y Lady and my love so cruelly to pen!

XI

My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
n dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
Vhilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,
nd the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
ll for she Scudamore will not denay.
et thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
e canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
nworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
or whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound!'

XI

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
is strugling soule,. and swelling throbs empeach
is foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,
hoking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
s if his dayes were come to their last reach:
Vhich when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
hreatning into his life to make a breach,
oth with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
earing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

XIII

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light;
Vho, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,
nd seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Vhereas no living creature he mistooke,
Vith great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
nd, downe againe himselfe disdainfully
bjecting, th' earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Vhich the bold Virgin seeing gan apply
it medcine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly:—

XIV

'Ah gentle knight! whose deepe conceived griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet, if that hevenly grace some goode reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence;
And ever in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretchednesse.

XV

'Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endevour will apply.'
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly.

XVI

'What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare:
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

XVII

'There he tormenteth her most terribly
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?'

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd; 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore
As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy

XIX

'Ah! gentlest knight alive,' (sayd Scudamore)
'What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst thou more,
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O! spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought:
More is more losse; one is enough to dy.'
'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is bought
Endlesse renowm, that, more then death, is to be sought.'

XX

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise.
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
So forth they forth yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd:
'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

XXIII

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
Inglorious, beastlike is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how he with our foe may come to fight.'
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchauntments which th
same do stay.

XXIV

'What is there ells but cease these fruitless
paines,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.'
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shamef
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce [thin
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunc

XXV

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost migh
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward righ
Assayld the flame; the which eftesoones ga
place,
And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displac
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their for
revolt.

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fir
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire, [wa
And bad the stubborne flames to yield hi
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augme
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pittiful
brent.

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and brest
sore:
The whiles the Championesse now entred h
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost do
The utmost rowme abounding with all precio
store:

XXVIII

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke, so close and ne
That the rich metall lurked privily,

As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
t shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly;
Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares.

XXIX

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

XXX

Therein was writt how often thondring Jove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
n straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah! how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law.

XXXI

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Him selfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor issew:
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

XXXII

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade;
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade:
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Juno, did require
To see him in his soverayne majestee
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
Whyles thus on earth great Jove these pageaunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd:
'Lo! now the hevens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is gone.'

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet-breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame:
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;
Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a stag; now, like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw: his threeforkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewise tyde.

XLI

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè hight,
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitt
in the ayre.

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever we
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove)
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmov
So proov'd it eke that gratious God of wine
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his gra
decline.

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he mal
meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton play
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shre
With womanish teares, and with unwarl
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke: [sma
There was he painted full of burning dartes
And many wide woundes launched throu
his inner partes.

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should
so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himsel
That he might taste the sweet consuming w
Which he had wrought to many others mo
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground
strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly th
veryes.

XLVI

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights,
Damsels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effor
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered shor
And a long bloody river through them ray
So lively and so like that living sence it fay

XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone

Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolourd bow she spreds through hevens hight.

XLVIII

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
Ah man! beware how thou those dartes behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences dazd.

L

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured:
But what so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

LI

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd
n the rich metall as they living were.
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare;
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

LII

And all about the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes.
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

LIII

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold*;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted Chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

I

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage
But rather stird to cruell enmity, [prowd,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage.

IV

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V

The noble Mayd still standing all this vew
And merveild at his straunge intendiment.
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impuden
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI

The whiles a most delitious harmony [soun
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nig
drownd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd di
That their report did far away rebound; [bra
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in tri
aray.

VII

The first was Fansy, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable ether to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to bear
Or that same daintie lad, which was so dear
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name; the Nymphes el
Hylas cryde.

VIII

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight
As those same plumes so seemd he vaine a
That by his gate might easily appeare;[ligh
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,

And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other Swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguysed very vayne,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanesè-wyse:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon he lay.

XI

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap:
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

XII

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving too or froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold:
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

XV

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce:
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did pace.

XVI

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,

And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

XIX

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

XXI

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII

Of which ful prowd, him selfe up rearing hye
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survay his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeaunce; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

XXVI

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell:
All which disguized marcht in masking wise
About the chamber by the Damozell;
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

XXVII

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which al this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize:
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next shee did her selfe avize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize:
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

XXIX

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle showes, nor of false charmes aghast.

XXX

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eies to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without:
But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art:
With living blood he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

XXXII

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedilesse; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

XXXV

And to him said: 'Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state:
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly.'
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date:

XXXVI

And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about:
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout:
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd.

XXXIX

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying; 'Ah noble knight! what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde.'

XL

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said: 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene.
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Insted thereof, know that your loving Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.'

XLI

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now [relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which
She saw so rich and royally arayd, [erst
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd
Thence forth descending to that perlous porch
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

XLIV

But when the Victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I

The rugged forhead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame·
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same;
For it of honor and all vertue is [of fame,
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

III

Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne, [sages,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise
And brave exploits which great Heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply, [deny
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well

IV

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene.
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven blest.

V

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred infant, Venus dearling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull Majestie remove.
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften, [lesson often.
That she may hearke to love, and reade this

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
  Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
  Their fight and warlike deedes.

I

Of lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight she never joyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

III

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man,
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was showen;
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

IV

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

VI

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely dealth.
Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth.
Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

VII

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For other-whiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and other-whiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

VIII

His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely Dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

X

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth;
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI

So foorth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,

And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

XII

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right:
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then, since that strange Knights love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were fitted.

XIII

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

XIV

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

XV

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd.
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare.

XVI

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

XVII

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

XX

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound

Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out-win:
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his Princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive.

XXIII

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell;
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them strive.

XXIV

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

XXV

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes:
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed:
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,
That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

XXVIII

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired and contrarie trode.

XXIX

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach the other pusht away;
That one did make the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:

For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

XXX

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade;
And, serving her in her malitious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her [baude
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
For though, like withered tree that wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new-found mate.

XXXII

Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to [tell.

XXXIII

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd;
'Lo! there, Sir Paridel, for your desart
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.'

XXXIV

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered; 'Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV

'This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love that soone is lost.'
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
'Take then to you this Dame of mine,' (quoth hee)
'And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee.'
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave:
And made him selfe thensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

XXXVII

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

XXXIX

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of love with wings displayed wide
Whom mortally he hated evermore,

Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake:
'Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And justifie my cause on yonder knight.'
'Ah! Sir,' (said Paridell) 'do not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.'

XLI

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed:
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes.
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
'False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day to wreake the dammage by thee donne.
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.'

XLV

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

XLVI

'Ah gentle knight!' then false Duessa sayd,
'Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore
That she, your love, list love another knight,
Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For Love is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.'

XLVII

So false Duessa; but vile Atè thus:
'Both foolish knights! I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

XLVIII

'Vile hag!' (sayd Scudamour) why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?'
'Fond knight,' (sayd she) 'the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?'
'Then tell,' (quoth Blandamour) 'and feare no blame:
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it heares.'
'I saw' (quoth she) 'a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

XLIX

'I saw him have your Amoret at will;
saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
ll manie nights; and manie by in place
hat present were to testifie the case.'
Vhich when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Vas thrild with inward griefe: as when in chace
he Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
he beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

L

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ve word had he to speake for great dismay,
ut lookt on Glaucè grim; who woxe afeard
f outrage for the words which she heard say,
lbee untrue she wist them by assay.
ut Blandamour, whenas he did espie [wray,
is chaunge of cheere that anguish did be-
e woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
nd gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI

'Lo! recreant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse end
f thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten, [shend,
Vhereby the name of knight-hood thou dost
nd all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
ll things not rooted well will soone be rotten.'
Fy, fy! false knight,' (then false Duessa cryde) [gotten;
Unworthy life, that love with guile hast
e thou, where ever thou do go or ryde,
oathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!'

LII

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine:
'False traitour squire! false squire of falsest knight! [abstaine,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule despight? [might?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my

LIII

'Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.'

LIV

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse, as neede required,
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last forbeare.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I

FIREBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
y thousand furies, and from thence out throwen
nto this world to worke confusion,
nd set it all on fire by force unknowen,
s wicked discord; whose small sparkes once blowen
one but a God or godlike man can slake;
uch as was Orpheus, that, when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:

II

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas
The outrage of his furious fit relented.

Such Musicke is wise words, with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent:
'Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment?'

VI

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall:
'Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better gaine!'
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

VII

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
'Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie pray!
So fortune friends the bold:' whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

VIII

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things dooe,
That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

X

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtile slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

XI

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Atè soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And ever when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches;
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

XIII

'Too boastfull Blandamoure! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard betwixt us tway.
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight.'

XIV

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make:
'Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.'
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

XV

Their firie steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd in which their lives were set.

XVI

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

XVII

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew;
And, drawing both their swords, with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

XVIII

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release:
With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,

That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.

XXI

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

XXII

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
'Ah gentle Knights!' (quoth he) 'how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?'
'Fond Squire,' full angry then sayd Paridell,
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?'
He looked backe, and, her avizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight:
'Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell.
Long may you live in health and happie state!'
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew:
'And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.'

XXV

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
'Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!'
'Not one,' (quoth he) 'but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

XXVI

'But, when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring:

XXVII

'And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights, who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines
Against all those that chalenge it to gard
And save her honour with your ventrous paines!
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines.'

XXVIII

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather;
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure;
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

XXX

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights that lincked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,

Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

XXXI

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond,
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

XXXII

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed Poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

XXXIII

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

XXXIV

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And being dead in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

XXXV

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes;
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.

XXXVI

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd,

XXXVII

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour, in this wise.

XXXVIII

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring-dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

XXXIX

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament·
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

XL

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof and his redoubted might

Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight ·
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

XLI

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

XLIII

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature:
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

XLV

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold.

XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie; least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

XLVII

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abysse,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and heavens bliss,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

XLVIII

There she them found all sitting round about,
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine.
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

XLIX

She, them saluting, there by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos: 'Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Jove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!'

L

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall fate:
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

LI

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd; 'Fond dame, that deem'st of things divine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine!
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him self can free!'

LII

'Then since' (quoth she) 'the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next:
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.'

LIII

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, what ever them befell.

LIV

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall,
Which much augmented all their other praise;
And now, t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joyned all:
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small,
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

I

O! WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

II

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

III

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight.
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:

That day, the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.

IV

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day:
And on the other side, in fresh aray,
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

V

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

VII

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare:
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

VIII

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce.
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

IX

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

X

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake.

XI

'Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet.
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det.'
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

XII

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft.
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

XIII

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,
His foe was soone addrest: the trompets freshly blew.

XV

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, where as their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were like rotten wood asunder;
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake.

XVII

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

XVIII

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent:
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent;
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did slyde.

XIX

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recovereth flight.

XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII

It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt
Streight entring into Triamond him fild
With double life and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild

With point of steele that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest.

XXIII

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight:
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

XXIV

All was through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

XXV

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

XXVI

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to retrate.

XXVII

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' Ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse;
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soveraine.

XXVIII

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both them selves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarisht;
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

XXX

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight;
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the living spright.
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe: who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till, having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

XXXII

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Him selfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Him selfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

XXXIV

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV

Which when as all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarted light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

XXXVII

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theatres oftimes annoyes.

XXXVIII

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving, like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

XXXIX

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie, passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

XL

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other:
Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly smart.

XLI

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,

For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould:
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound:
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

XLIV

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

XLV

Much more of price and of more gratious powre,
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

XLVII

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine,
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare, did them beseeke.

XLVIII

But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught;

XLIX

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended:
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,

Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people and much glorifide.

LII

Where making joyous feast theire daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their dayes such lovers were not found elswhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

II

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who having those two other Knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

III

Who backe returning told, as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name,
And those two Ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vainglorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late locklesse fight.

IV

Yet nigh approching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont: so weening way to make
To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

V

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

VI

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply:
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have represt.

VII

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance:
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some-wher tofore had eide.

VIII

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne:
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;

IX

And said, 'Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right:
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.'

X

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight;
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

XI

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize:
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

XII

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest:
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the Turneiment which is not long,
When who so list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still.'

XIII

They all agreed: so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way.
And all that while, where so they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length, upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame,
Assembled for to get the honour of that game.

XIV

There this faire crewe arriving did divide
Them selves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowsnip to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.

XV

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke:
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

XVI

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie knight,

Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

XVII

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

XVIII

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine;
As two fierce Buls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

XIX

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

XX

Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
'o hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
lbee his turne were next; but stood there still,
s one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
ut Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
ternly stept forth and raught away his speare,
Vith which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
hat horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
hat neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.

XXI

Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
ut with no better fortune then the rest:
or him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
nd after him Sir Douglas him addrest,
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest:
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left uppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad a stead.

XXIII

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found;
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

XXIV

With that, at him his beam-like speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarse he him upheld from falling in a swound.

XXV

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine;
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine:
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the bell.

XXVI

The morrow next the Turney gan anew:
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe
he found.

XXVII

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not
salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the
same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne; and so went
forth to fight.

XXVIII

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and jolity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on
ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together
went.

XXIX

They up againe them selves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords them selves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous
marvels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his
fo.

XXX

So as they courst, and turneyd here and
theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein
feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-
feete fell.

XXXI

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge strokes on him did
pound, [on ground
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood

XXXII

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd:
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve
him sore.

XXXIII

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought, for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got.
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

XXXIV

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was be-
tweene,
Caried with fervent zeale: ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thral two other Knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes,
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely
takes.

XXXV

With that he drives at them with dreadfull
might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight;
So both together give a new allarme,

s if but now the battell wexed warme.
s when two greedy Wolves doe breake by force
nto an heard, farre from the husband farme,
hey spoile and ravine without all remorse;
o did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

XXXVI

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
ill trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
hen all with one consent did yeeld the prize
o Triamond and Cambell as the best.
ut Triamond to Cambell it relest,
nd Cambell it to Triamond transferd,
ach labouring t' advance the others gest,
nd make his praise before his owne preferd:
o that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
ssembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
ull many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
ut Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
is wondrous worth declared in all mens view,
or from the first he to the last endured:
nd though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
et evermore his honour he recured,
nd with unwearied powre his party still assured.

XXXVIII

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of armes,
ut that his utmost prowesse there made knowen;
hat, by their many wounds and carelesse harmes,
y shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
y scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
here might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Vhose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen;
nd squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordonne.
ut still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne:

XXXIX

Till that there entered on the other side
straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
n quyent disguise, full hard to be descride:
or all his armour was like salvage weed
Vith woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
Vith oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
or salvage wight; and thereto well agreed
is word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
alvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore that none him life behote.

XLI

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe what ever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

XLII

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

XLIII

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe:
Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde,

And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder, for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew what ever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

XLVII

Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro mea
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they ma lie,
And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomfortet againe.

XLVIII

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that da
Which else was like to have bene lost, an bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and lon toyle
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that pretiou spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also res a whyle.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

I

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath joyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitie,
For either doth on other much relie.
For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controverse of beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for t obtaine.

III

That girdle gave the vertue of chast love,
And wivehood true, to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside when so she usd her looser sport

IV

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemno with unquenched fire

d afterwards did for her loves first hire
ve it to her, for ever to remaine,
erewith to bind lascivious desire,
d loose affections streightly to restraine ;
hich vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V

he same one day, when she her selfe disposd
visite her beloved Paramoure,
e God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
d left behind her in her secret bowre
Acidalian mount, where many an howre
e with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
ere Florimell, in her first ages flowre,
as fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
d brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

VI

hat goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
d as her life by her esteemed deare.
o wonder then, if that to winne the same
many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
r pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
d now by this their feast all being ended,
he judges, which thereto selected were,
to the Martian field adowne descended
deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

VII

ut first was question made, which of those Knights
hat lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
here was it judged, by those worthie wights,
hat Satyrane the first day best had donne:
or he last ended, having first begonne.
he second was to Triamond behight,
or that he sav'd the victour from fordonne:
or Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
ill by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

VIII

he third dayes prize unto that straunger Knight,
hom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
Britomart was given by good right;
r that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
e Salvage Knight that victour was whileare.
d all the rest which had the best afore,
d to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
r last is deemed best. To her therefore
e fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore.

IX

ut thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
d much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

X

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding light.

XI

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

XII

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face:
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have sought

XIII

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display,
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

XIV

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,

Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

XV

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

XVII

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

XVIII

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
'Alas! for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
Fie on the man that did it first invent
To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.'

XIX

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie,
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

XX

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it:
And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne i fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light [dermen
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wo
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuou government.

XXI

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to g her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he wa gone,
In great displeasure that he could not get he
Then was she judged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none

XXII

Tho unto Satyran she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudge
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which wa decreed
To single combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to mai taine.

XXIII

And eke, with these, full many oth Knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund and chalenge as their right
Deserved for their perils recompense. [tens
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pr
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne lo sens:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
nd wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
nd wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
nd at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
o all together stird up strifull stoure,
nd readie were new battell to darraine.
ach one profest to be her paramoure,
nd vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
e Judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

XXV

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
Ie gan to cast how to appease the same,
nd to accord them all this meanes deviz'd:
irst in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
o whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
nd he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
hen, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
Ie should without disturbance her possesse:
weete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

XXVI

They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
Vas in the middest plast among them all;
ll on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
nd to the Queene of beautie close did call,
hat she unto their portion might befall.
hen, when she long had lookt upon each one,
s though she wished to have pleasd them all,
t last to Braggadochio selfe alone
he came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

XXVII

Which when they all beheld they chaft, and rag'd,
nd woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
hat from revenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
ome thought from him her to have reft by might;
ome proffer made with him for her to fight.
ut he nought car'd for all that they could say,
or he their words as wind esteemed light.
et not fit place he thought it there to stay,
ut secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
hat she was gone, departed thence with speed,
nd follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
rom wight unworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

XXX

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle·
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent:

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glaucè could or doe or say.
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

XXXII

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

XXXIV

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

XXXV

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

XXXVI

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the Andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore:
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

XXXVII

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northern winde, that none could heare:
Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sighes the bellows weare.

XXXIX

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him down to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

XL

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

XLI

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest,
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest;

Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

XLII

And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite, opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

XLIV

With that the wicked carle, the maister Smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see,
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

XLV

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose, like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

XLVI

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared;
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I

What equall torment to the griefe of mind
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.

II

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th' other thus can say:
'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.'

IV

Whereto thus Scudamour: 'Small harme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?'
'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright,
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use.'

V

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth he) 'areede:
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.'
'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or night.'

VI

'Shame be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?'
'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne by name.
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld.'

VII

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd: 'Now, by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread:

VIII

'For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle when so ye shall it need.'
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

IX

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom, when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour: 'Sir Salvage knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite;
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.'

X

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

XI

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire.
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

XIII

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

XIV

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
And, casting from her that enchaunted launce,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

XV

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He, through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah, cruell hand! and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou dearest art!

XVII

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature;
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

XVIII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

XXI

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had sence,
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

XXIII

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie.

XXIV

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide:
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV

But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

XXVI

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

XXVII

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd.

XXVIII

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Him thus bespake: 'Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.'

XXIX

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX

When Glaucè thus gan wisely all upknit:
'Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo:
Feared in vaine, sith meanes, ye see, there wants theretoo.

XXXI

'And you, Sir Artegall, the salvage knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand

Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquerd sea and land,
And heaven it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

XXXII

'And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him empart:
For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.'
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart,
But Artegall close smyling joy'd in secret hart.

XXXIII

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.

XXXIV

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake: 'But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove.'

XXXV

To whom thus Britomart: 'Certes, Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not unto you aread a right:
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

XXXVI

'Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.'

XXXVII

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare,
Till Glaucè thus: 'Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.'

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight:
'Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave.'

XXXIX

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was:
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
How ever she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive.

XLI

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

XLII

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his congee came to take;
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII

Yet he with strong perswasions her aswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early in the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

XLV

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind:
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore, I here will stay
Untill another tyde that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His dayes in dole doth lead.

I

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

II

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With Beares and Tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

V

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

VI

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of Elephants by Indus flood.

VII

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,
But certes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed.

VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to-rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound,
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: 'Ah, wretched wight!
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight.'

XI

'Aye me!' (said she) 'where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread?'
'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she), 'whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII

'This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive;
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, when ever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwardes themselves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their works, have past through heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone:
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.'

XIV

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,'
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?'
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!

XV

'But what I was it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine,

XVI

'But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

XVII

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

XVIII

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind:
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia.'

XIX

'Ah, sad Æmylia!' (then sayd Amoret)
'Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?'
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne;
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.'

XX

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloody banket should beginne.

XXI

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:

'ull fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ie feeles the thornes and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
ut overleapes them all, like Robucke light,
nd through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
nd evermore, when with regardfull sight
he looking backe espies that griesly wight
pproching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
nd makes her feare a spur to hast her flight:
Iore swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
r any of the Thracian Nimphes in salvage chase.

XXIII

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
e living aide for her on earth appeares,
ut-if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Ioved with pity of her plenteous teares.
fortuned Belphebe with her peares,
he woody Nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Vas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
n these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
o banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
hat each of them from other sundred were;
nd that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Vhere this same cursed caytive did appeare
ursuing that faire Lady full of feare:
nd now he her quite overtaken had;
nd now he her away with him did beare
nder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
hat by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV

Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying
oth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
ed with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
nd him assailes with all the might he may;
et will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
ut with his craggy club in his right hand
efends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray:
et had it bene right hard him to withstand,
ut that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
or, ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
Ie held the Lady forth before him right,
nd with her body, as a buckler, broke
he puissance of his intended stroke:
nd if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Vhilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

XXVIII

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarse the Squire his hand could once upreare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

XXIX

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
With winged feete as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde.
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

XXXII

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

XXXIII

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

XXXIV

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

XXXVI

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kild;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
'Is this the faith?' she said—and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII

He seeing her depart arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast; but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

XXXVIII

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

XL

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.

XLI

'here he continued in this carefull plight,
'retchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
hrough wilfull penury consumed quight,
hat like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
or other food then that wilde forrest beares,
e other drinke there did he ever tast
hen running water tempred with his teares,
he more his weakened body so to wast,
hat out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

XLII

'or on a day, by fortune as it fell,
is owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came that way,
eking adventures where he mote heare tell;
nd, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
aving espide this Cabin far away,
e to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
'eening therein some holy Hermit lay,
hat did resort of sinfull people shonne,
r else some woodman shrowded there from scorching sunne.

XLIII

rriving there he found this wretched man
pending his daies in dolour and despaire,
nd through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
ll overgrowen with rude and rugged haire;
hat albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
et he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
ut like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
luting him gan into speach to fall,
nd pitty much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

XLIV

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
ut stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
e signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
s one with griefe and anguishe overcum,
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake.

XLV

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

XLVI

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad.
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

XLVII

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I

VELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
'hich to this gentle Squire did happen late,
hat the displeasure of the mighty is
hen death it selfe more dread and desperate;
or naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
ill time the tempest doe thereof delay
'ith sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,

He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:

III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Dove
To come where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and of Beares.

V

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew:
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long did mark which way she straid.

VIII

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his juell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belpheb faire.

IX

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure di pertake.

X

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribband drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away;
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay

XI

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the Dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide

XII

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made her understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:

Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
he knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII

He her beholding at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames procead;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:
Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

XV

'If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne:
f wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise:
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.'

XVI

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake:
Then have they all themselves against me bent:
For heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

XVII

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displesure, through misdeeming bred:
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Be may redresse, and me restore to light!'
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride.

XIX

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate:
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that hapless wound
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound.

XX

Whom wnen the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew,
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone anew.

XXI

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those
signes he fond.

XXII

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what Virgin did them thence unbind,
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
No service lothsome to a gentle kind, [reare,
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them
from feare.

XXIII

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And entring in found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse;
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite: Her name men
Sclaunder call.

XXV

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due
praise deprive.

XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are
ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind
Which passing through the eares would pierce
the hart, [kind
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe un-
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with
smart, [inner part
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the

XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such
guests, [fayne:
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

XXVIII

Then all that evening (welcommed with cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde.

XXIX

Here, well I weene, when as these rimes be
red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from
pleasant lare.

XXX

But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

XXXI

The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort,
And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons side;

Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride: [old,
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre
(Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII

Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
sight; [man,
And that, which wont to vanquish God and
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and
wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

XXXIII

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But-if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly
ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre pro-
ceed, [straine,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
seed.

XXXIV

Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their journey dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast em-
braced.

XXXV

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much
did vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson
spent.

XXXVI

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to
heare.
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him
threw:
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting which in her tongs
end grew.

XXXVII

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore
annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to
guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was
his care.

XXXVIII

At length they spide where towards them
with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen
skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull
face to vew:

XXXIX

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did
breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XL

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire;
But none of them (so fast away he flew)

Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

XLI

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt:

XLII

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV

But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might;
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it avoyded aright.

XLV

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God that did him so confound:
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII

'This mightie man,' (quoth he) 'whom you have slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred,
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

XLVIII

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

XLIX

'Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie;

Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pœana, who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L

'So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Ladie of high parentage;
But, for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmely following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

LI

'So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaunst: instead of his Æmylia faire,
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

LII

'This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII

'He, though affide unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV

'Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV

'Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee,
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI

'Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

LVII

'There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie,
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII

'But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and misthought
Of our like persons, eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX

'The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre:
Insteed of whom forth came I, Placidas,

And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pœana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

LX

'Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI

'Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

LXII

'Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away.'
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding, said; 'And lives yet Amyas?'
'He lives,' (quoth he) 'and his Æmylia loves.'
'Then lesse,' (said she) 'by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves:
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe removes?'

LXIV

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd; as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet:
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.

II

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame:
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

III

All which who list by tryall to assay
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these Squires true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,

Or love of fairest Ladie could constraine;
For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she her selfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

IV

Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

V

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare;
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together far'd.

VI

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a Rote
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote;
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide;
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him senceless by the Squire upstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine: her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

VIII

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

IX

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Pœana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth.

X

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

XI

And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne, seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he;
So did the other Knights and Squires which them did see.

XII

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure:
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

XIII

And, for more joy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frollicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

XIV

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life.
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

XVII

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde,
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest;
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond:
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

XIX

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither showed to other their hearts privity.

XX

At length they came whereas a troupe of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove;
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII

But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;

Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

XXIII

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together, where, through lewd upbraide
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

XXV

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on his foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI

Then gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

XXVII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.

XXVIII

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from them selves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot bloud,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

XXX

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove

From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, how ever loth to rest;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

XXXIII

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

XXXV

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat:

XXXVI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied:
'Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have wielded.'

XXXVIII

'And yet' (quoth she) 'a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!'
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide:
'Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

XXXIX

'For from the first that her I love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never joyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo.'

XL

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake:
'Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils well apay.'

XLI

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd:
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
  Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
  And lovers life forth set.

I

'True he it said, what ever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound;
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound:
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never joyed howre, but still with care was moved.

II

'And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their setled mindes remove,
But seeme, gainst common sence, to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III

'Long were to tell the travell and long toile
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

IV

'What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

V

'So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt.

VI

'And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious Corbes and pendants graven faire,
And, arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guize.

VII

'And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

VIII

'Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

IX

'Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

X

'Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine:
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine.

XI

'So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame:
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII

'That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backeward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

XIII

'On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly:
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

XIV

'Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate:
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

XV

'But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I recken may:
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans will.

XVI

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

XVII

'His name was Daunger, dreaded over-all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

XVIII

' Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
n greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
gaine, some other, that in hard assaies
Vere cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
rept in by stouping low, or stealing of the
kaies.

XIX

' But I, though meanest man of many moe,
et much disdaining unto him to lout,
r creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
esolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
nd either beat him in, or drive him out.
ftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
Vith all my might I gan to lay about :
Vhich when he saw, the glaive which he did
wield
e gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me
yield.

XX

So, as I entred, I did backeward looke,
or feare of harme that might lie hidden there;
nd loe ! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
uch more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
hen all his former parts did earst appere :
or hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
Vith many moe lay in ambushment there,
wayting to entrap the warelesse wight
Vhich did not them prevent with vigilant
foresight.

XXI

Thus having past all perill, I was come
Vithin the compasse of that Islands space ;
ho which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
he onely pleasant and delightfull place
hat ever troden was of footings trace:
or all that nature by her mother-wit
ould frame in earth, and forme of substance
base,
Vas there ; and all that nature did omit,
rt, playing second natures part, supplyed it.

XXII

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
rom lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,
o flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
nd deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
ut there was planted, or grew naturall:
or sense of man so coy and curious nice,
ut there mote find to please it selfe withall ;
or hart could wish for any queint device,
ut there it present was, and did fraile sense
entice.

XXIII

' In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joy-
ance free.

XXIV

' Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs
did play ;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common
gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe a-
maze.

XXV

' And all without were walkes and alleyes
dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes :
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yeelding him great
thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI

' All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-
tent.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore
aspire.

XXVII

' Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare
Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
Pylades and Orestes by his syde ;

Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII

'Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through paines and perlous jeopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

XXIX

'Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX

'Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almighties see;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

XXXI

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

XXXII

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

XXXIII

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to joyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV

'Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew:
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV

'By her the heaven is in his course contained.
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI

'By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;

And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

XXXVII

'Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

XXXVIII

'An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX

'Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

XL

'But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

XLI

'The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

XLIII

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill

XLIV

'"Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous cheare.

XLV

'"Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI

'"Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:

The Lyons rore; the Tygres loudly bray;
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire.
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII

‘“So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!”

XLVIII

‘So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

XLIX

‘The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

L

‘And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

LI

‘And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

LII

‘Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues grace.

LIII

‘Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be donne;
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare
Which Ladies love, I heard, had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

LIV

‘Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus: “Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.”

LV

‘With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when Cupid, with his killing bow
And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held,

Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

LVI

'And evermore upon the Goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

LVII

'She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles; but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe:
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII

'No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure:
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.'
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the Sea-gods all.

I

But ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well-away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which, unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

III

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no houres divide.

V

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII

So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall:
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made:
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X

Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of Jove
The noursling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI

First came great Neptune, with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.

XII

These marched farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

XIII

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

XIV

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx: and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

XV

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations which the world possest,

Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
And Inachus renowmd above the rest;
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine Islands
hold:

XVI

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who, for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse
might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine: but that which is th' immortall
spright [was dight.
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed

XVII

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed age:
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their
parentage.

XVIII

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more up-
right,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle de-
spight, [right.
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe

XIX

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
Through which, when Paris brought his fa-
mous prise,
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
That her all Greece with many a champion
bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to
sport and toy.

XX

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
frame; [skie;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie·
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
be withstood;

XXI

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge River, which doth beare his
name [same.
Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the

XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men! which boast your
strong [bold,
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse
gaines.

XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas ftom Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome
came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient
Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;

Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

XXV

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which pained
Them selves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway.

XXVI

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double noursery
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

XXVII

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like Christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

XXX

Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout:
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

XXXI

There was the speedy Tamar, which devides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

XXXII

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
His way still under ground, till Thamis he overtake.

XXXIII

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins call.

XXXIV

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne.

And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

XXXV

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That, if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

XXXVI

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over-all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

XXXVII

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII

But past not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

XXXIX

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

XL

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which they pace.

XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nimph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

XLIII

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord

To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood,
With many more whose names no tongue can tell:
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine:
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her way.

XLVIII

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are,
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto, milde Eucratè, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galenè glad:

XLIX

White hand Eunica, proud Dynamenè,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Lightfoote Cymothoë, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agavè, Poris, and Nesæa,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa,
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Galathæa:

L

Speedy Hippothoë, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagorè, and light Pontoporea,
And she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè, and stout Autonoë,
And Neso, and Eionè well in age,
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconomè,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynomè;

LI

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praisd for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo, Eupompè, and Themistè just;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna, and Menippè true in trust,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet, besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,

Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

I

O! WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky:
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

II

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
For that the seas by her are most augmented:
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred;
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

III

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

IV

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall Gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disaventrous case.

V

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

VI

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to heare,
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

VII

'Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares:
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII

'And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest.'
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;

And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

IX

'Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe alone.

X

'But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
And if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

XI

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee.'
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

XII

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.

XIV

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge.
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine;
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know:
But all in vaine, for-why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow:
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI

At last, when as no meanes he could invent,
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife,
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

XVII

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
And still bemoning her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:

Vhich seeing, Marinell was sore offended
hat his departure thence should be so short,
nd leave his love in that sea-walled fort.
et durst he not his mother disobay,
ut her attending in full seemly sort,
id march amongst the many all the way,
nd all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

XIX

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
n solitary silence, far from wight,
e gan record the lamentable stowre,
n which his wretched love lay day and night
or his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
he thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
hat of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
e dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
ut pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe.

XX

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
an fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
is cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
nd brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
hat nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
re long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
e woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
ut to his bed was brought, and layd above,
ike ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or move.

XXI

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Vas troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
e could by search nor any meanes out find
he secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
ut weeping day and night did him attend,
nd mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
o see an helplesse evill double griefe doth lend.

XXII

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
e weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
lost did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
hat that same former fatall wound of his
Vhyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
ut closely rankled under th' orifis:
east did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
hat love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale; who still her answered, there was nought.

XXV

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieve;
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not care,

But promist him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

XXX

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus:
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Soveraine.
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine,
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.'

XXXI

To whom she answer'd: 'Then, it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive.
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.'

XXXII

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall;
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

XXXIII

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell:
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

XXXIV

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Ahorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection:
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

XXXV

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

I

So oft as I with state of present time
he image of the antique world compare,
Vhen as mans age was in his freshest prime,
nd the first blossome of faire vertue bare;
uch oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
s that, through long continuance of his course,
e seemes the world is runne quite out of square
rom the first point of his appointed sourse;
nd being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse:

II

For from the golden age, that first was named,
t's now at earst become a stonie one;
nd men themselves, the which at first were framed
f earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
re now transformed into hardest stone;
uch as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Vere throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
nd if then those may any worse be red,
hey into that ere long will be degendered.

III

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
f vertue and of civill uses lore,
doe not forme them to the common line
f present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
ut to the antique use which was of yore,
Vhen good was onely for it selfe desyred,
nd all men sought their owne, and none no more;
Vhen Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,
ut simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

V

For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

VI

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,

And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres:
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright:
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts:

X

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI

Dread Soverayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of judgement in th' Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awful dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, praysed over-all,
The instrument whereof loe! here thy Artegall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Justice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed;
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies blood embrewed.

I

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitful rancknes did deface.

II

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' East, before untam'd, did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
There Justice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed:
The club of Justice dread with kingly powre endewed

III

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Justice, Artegall:
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to succour a distressed Dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.

IV

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse.
That soveraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

V

For Artegall in justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie:
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.

VI

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which she noursled him till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of justice there him taught.

VII

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

VIII

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath lift up his steely brand,

IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven: Chryasor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those Gyants quelled:

X

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame;
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.

XI

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

XII

But when she parted hence she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend

Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did
truth unfould.

XIII

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so fouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other
wight?

XV

'Ah! woe is me, and well-away!' (quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a
banke),
'That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with
shame.'

XVI

'Who was it then,' (sayd Artegall) 'that
wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew.'
'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may be
thought
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth
headlesse lie.

XVII

'He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me, but I did it denye,
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe
throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of
sight.

XVIII

'Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with
scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne love
to morne.'

XIX

'Aread' (sayd he) 'which way then did he
make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?'
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soone to overtake
That hence so long departed, is but vaine;
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And, as I marked, bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same
did wield.'

XX

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went;
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield
he tooke.

XXI

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire,
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo,
And streight at him with all his force did go;
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a
rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw

But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

XXII

But, ere he could him selfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag: Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

XXIII

When to the place they came, where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide:
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

XXIV

Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield:
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Didst cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

XXV

And sayd; 'Now sure this doubtfull causes
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride, [right
Or else by ordele, or by bloddy fight,
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side;
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.'
Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

XXVI

'Sith then,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright:
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head,
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead.'

XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine;
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head:
True love despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but thine I deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved,
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame,
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.'

XXIX

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast,
Until that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great justice, held in high regard,
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

I

Nought is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes.

II

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

III

For this was Dony, Florimels owne Dwarfe,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV

'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service so as I am bond:
But in my way, a little here beyond,
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.'

V

'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?'
'He is' (said he) 'a man of great defence,
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

VI

'And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way
Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he him selfe uppon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII

'His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

VIII

'And underneath the same a river flowes
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom so he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;

But he him selfe through practise usuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

IX

'Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby;
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
The coffers of her wicked threasury, [till
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many Princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

X

'Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many Lords have her to wife desired,
But she them all despiseth for great pride.'
'Now by my life,' (sayd he) 'and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead.' No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
When as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law: [hire;'
To whom he aunswerd wroth, 'Loe! there thy
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

XII

Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight him selfe unto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall;
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.

XIV

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long
Either the other from his steede to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his griple strong [hong.
For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore.
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side;
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind, and throughly tride:
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,

He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

XIX

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen.

XX

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Uppon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII

But, when as yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall:
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

XXIV

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile;
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre them selves to reare.
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them selves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

XXV

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

XXVI

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and justice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high that all might them behold.

XXVII

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the durty mud;
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it downe the brooke.

XXVIII

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge refourmed;
Which done, unto his former journey he retourned:

XXIX

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

XXX

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether:
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe:

XXXII

For-why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire,
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare.

XXXIV

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to trow.

XXXV

'For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

XXXVI

'Such heavenly justice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found;
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.'

XXXVII

'Thou foolishe Elfe,' (said then the Gyant wroth)
'Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be.

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

XXXVIII

'Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.'

XXXIX

'Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,'
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
'Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

XL

'Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
How ever gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

XLI

'They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away,
For all we have is his: what he list doe, he may.

XLII

'What ever thing is done by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

XLIII

'For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.'

XLIV

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
'Which is' (sayd he) 'more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?'
He answered that he would try it streight;
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

XLV

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
'Well then,' sayd Artegall, 'let it be tride:
First in one ballance set the true aside.'
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd;
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI

'Now take the right likewise,' sayd Artegale,
'And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.'
So first the right he put into one scale,
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,

And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII

Which when he saw he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken;
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, 'Be not upon thy balance wroken,
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee:
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

XLVIII

'But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share,
And then together doe them both compare;
For truth is one, and right is ever one.'
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone;
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

XLIX

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right which he did seeke,
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke;
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And, down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

L

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doe:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

LIV

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

I

After long stormes and tempests overblowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftimes despeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes;
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight;
All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

VI

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust
The trompets sound, then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew,

And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryving plates asonder,
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

IX

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

X

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy Dame:
Where when he understood by common fame
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

XII

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.

XIV

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,

With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

XX

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said; 'Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

XXI

'That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell.
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day;
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII

'But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs' (so shewed forth his wounds)
'By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.'
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lilies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

XXIV

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streight-way, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

XXV

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

XXVI

Which when as all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment

So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

XXVII

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell,
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

XXVIII

Full many Ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

XXIX

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

XXX

Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse;
For Braggadochio would not let him pas,
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved?

XXXI

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet, further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
'If that' (said Guyon) 'may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.'

XXXIII

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hed-stall tooke;
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
'Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd,
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned.'
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned.

XXXVI

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, 'Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see.'

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie;
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame;
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the fore-side of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

XL

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time fore-past,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

I

Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,
Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

III

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Strond

To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government.

IV

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzells stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires;
Now with faire words, but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats, but threats the more increast their mood.

V

And there before them stood a Coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them selves their cruell hands;
But evermore those Damzells did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

VI

But firmely fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would justify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To joyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegall, arriving happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame:
'Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree,
Yet was as great and wide, ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

VIII

'But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

IX

'Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way,
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

X

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved:
Bnt see how much her purpose was deceaved!
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light uppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine Isle did rest.

XII

'Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then, in recompence of that great favour
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,

Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

XIII

'Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained,
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought;
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

XIV

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.'

XV

So having sayd, the younger did ensew:
'Full true it is what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.'

XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight began:
'Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.'
'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our word,
To bide that judgement ye shall us afford.'
'Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand.'
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd:
'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?'
'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?'
'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.'

XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd:
'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?'
'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?'
'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.

XIX

'For equall right in equall things doth stand;
For what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight;
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.'

XX

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that judgement seased,
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

XXI

So as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many peeple farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready for to fight.

XXII

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow-tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

XXIV

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though him selfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale.

XXV

But that same wretched man, ordayned to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for Knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight:

XXVI

'Sir Turpine! haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost your selfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you by heavens hard direction
That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne decay?'

XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus: 'Most haplesse well ye may
Me justly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day:
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine thought.'

XXVIII

'Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?'
'Then sith ye needs' (quoth he) 'will know my shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX

'Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

XXX

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And, wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights; which now she doth fulfill.

XXXI

'For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes; And then with threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII

'But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a Knight.'

XXXIII

'How hight that Amazon?' (sayd Artegall)
'And where and how far hence does she abide?'
'Her name' (quoth he) 'they Radigund doe call,
A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed:
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prieved.'

XXXIV

'Now sure,' (said he) 'and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empaire.'

XXXV

With that, like one that hopelesse was depryv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

XXXVI

Where they arriving by the watchman were
Descried streight; who all the city warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array began.

XXXVII

And now the Knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin:
Which when as Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin,
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepard.

XXXVIII

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

XXXIX

But Radigund her selfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

XL

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke

Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake
And his contempt, that did her judg'ment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

XLI

Whom when as Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her;
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

XLII

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

XLIII

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But ere she could joyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast;
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

XLIV

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and overran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of jeopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disaventerous sight.

XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd:
'Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thy selfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yeester day drove us to such distresse:
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX

'But these conditions doe to him propound:
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,

What ever he shall like to doe or say.
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse [it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.'

L

The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would emparlaunce make.

LI

So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their [feete;
But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

I

So soone as day forth dawning from the East
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens [withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selves thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight.

II

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele; and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV

So forth she came out of the citty gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battells utmost triall to adventer.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that daungerous dout.

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.

he at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every side.

VII

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew;
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene;
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded;
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

IX

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

X

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell:
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII

But, when as he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

XVI

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre:
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII

So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lowre,
She caused to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obay.

XX

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron white,
Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was sield
With moniments of many Knights decay,
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII

There entred in he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew;
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

XXIII

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

XXV

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand.

hat then all rule and reason they withstand
› purchase a licentious libertie:
ut vertuous women wisely understand,
hat they were borne to base humilitie,
nlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

XXVI

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
erving proud Radigund with true subjection,
ow ever it his noble heart did gall
' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
hat might have had of life or death election:
ut, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
uring which time the warlike Amazon,
Those wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
an cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

XXVII

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
ne chaw'd the cud of lover's carefull plight;
et could it not so thoroughly digest,
eing fast fixed in her wounded spright,
ut it tormented her both day and night:
et would she not thereto yeeld free accord
o serve the lowly vassall of her might,
nd of her servant make her soverayne Lord:
› great her pride that she such basenesse much abhord.

XXVIII

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
hrough stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
nd still the more she strove it to subdew.
he more she still augmented her owne smart,
nd wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
t last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
he gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
o meeke obeysance of loves mightie raine,
nd him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

XXIX

Unto her selfe in secret she did call
er nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
nd to her said: 'Clarinda, whom of all
trust alive, sith I thee fostred first,
ow is the time that I untimely must
hereof make tryall in my greatest need.
is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
pighting my happie freedome, have agreed
o thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.'

XXX

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
o hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning thus began againe:
'This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.'

XXXI

'Ah! my deare dread,' (said then the faithfull Mayd)
'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?'
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

XXXII

'Clarin,' (said she) 'thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might.
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

XXXIII

'Bound unto me but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

XXXIV

'Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,

That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Jove himselfe to love entise.'

XXXV

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endevour
Give her great comfort and some harts content.
So, from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved:
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him proved.

XXXVI

'Unhappie Knight! upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.'

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave.
Both which to barre he with this answere met her:
'Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceave)
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

XXXVIII

'Yet, weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.'

XXXIX

'But what so stonie minde,' (she then replyde)
'But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?'
'Unworthy sure' (quoth he) 'of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.'
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

XL

'Then why doest not, thou ill advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who, though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded:
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base love hath blynded.'

XLI

'Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,'
(Sayd he) 'nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
For well I may this weene by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

XLII

'But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
And readie to deserve what grace I found.'
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope fit leasure to awayt.

XLIII

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the hooke
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion:
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,

Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLIV

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge gayned;
But to her selfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest,
The more thereby her tender hart was payned;
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLV

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne:

XLVI

But sayd that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe:
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine.
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

XLVII

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

XLVIII

'What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

XLIX

'Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with harme.

L

'Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let what ever he desires be him denide.

LI

'When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use;
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.'
So she departed full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;

Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

LIV

For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade;
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve such grace.

LVI

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freedome did denye.

LVII

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned:
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens snare.

II

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved,
That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

III

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

IV

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest:

But most she did her troubled myud molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possest:
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbeare.

V

One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew;
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were, [more few;
She told but moneths, to make them seeme
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

VI

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight:
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did spight.

VII

One day when as she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest:
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede.
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede;
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome:
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede,
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings somme.

IX

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun:
'And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or wun?'
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe it spake.

X

Till she againe thus sayd: 'Talus, be bold,
And tell what ever it be, good or bad, [hold.'
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth
To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.'
'Ay me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?'

XI

'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)
'That him captived hath in haplesse woe.'
'Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide:
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.'
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

XIII

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last.
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment. [threw
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she
Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singults few

XIV

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.

XV

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

XVI

'Ah wellaway!' (sayd then the yron man)
'That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo.'
'Sayd I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?'

XVII

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide.
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

XIX

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine:
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant that no evill ment.

XX

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease; so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

XXI

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee:
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.

XXII

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest:
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
For he, their host, them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

XXIII

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest;
But she ne would undressed be for ought,

Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

XXIV

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her he did depart.
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,
Nor suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved:

XXV

'Ye guilty eyes,' (sayd she) 'the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe.'

XXVI

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease:
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment;
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

XXIX

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay:
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile:
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

XXXIV

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

XXXV

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond.
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond.

XXXVI

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needes fall over the lidge.

XXXVII

There they did thinke them selves on her to wreake;
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake:
'Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and murdred by thy slight.'

XXXVIII

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared;
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Likes coles that through a silver Censer sparkle bright.

XXXIX

She stayd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

XL

As when the flashing Levin haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Commonweale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveale.

II

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive and truest did appeare.

III

His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Justice which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose temple when as Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall justice runne.

V

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddesse; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke;

Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure them selves to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

XI

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the Gods againe.
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

XII

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

XV

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

XVII

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was:

XVIII

But by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceive she was not well in plight,

Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake: 'Sir Knight, it seemes to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.'

XIX

'Certes,' (sayd she) 'sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of errour blind.'
'Say on' (quoth he) 'the secret of your hart
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adjur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart.'

XX

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

XXI

'Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguized hood,
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th' immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood,
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see.

XXII

'The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dreame discover;
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all just endever:
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of his.

XXIII

'That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme;
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame!'

XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

XXVI

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)
She caused her Pavilion be pight;
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest

Did forth issue all ready for the fight:
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

XXVIII

But ere they reared hand the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound;
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated.

XXX

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have where ever she it fond.

XXXI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

XXXII

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said: 'This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest.'
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd: 'Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest.'

XXXIII

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,
Could scarse uphold: yet soone she it requit;
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

XXXIV

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

XXXV

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

XXXVI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where, though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart 'gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII

At last when as to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

XL

'Ah, my deare Lord! what sight is this?' quoth she,
'What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then, farewell fleshly force! I see thy pride is nought.'

XLI

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

XLII

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence her anguish to appease.
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward bent.

V

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

VI

But th'other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall; to whom she straight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

VII

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: So mischiefe overmatcht the wronger.

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane-while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

IX

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest;
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a tempest quooke.

X

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence:
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both doe heare what she to them will say.

XI

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake:
‘Ah gentle Knights! what meane ye thus unwise
Upon your selves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
Which was the roote of all: end your revenge on mee.’

XII

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

XIII

Saying, ‘Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
Shat all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red.’
To whom the Prince: ‘Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

XIV

‘But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.’
So can they both them selves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

XV

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?
‘Certes I wote not well,’ (the Prince then sayd)
‘But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd:
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.’

XVI

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie:
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus: ‘Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

XVII

‘Her name Mercilla most men use to call
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII

'Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which so brave a band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX

'Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves: so let his Idols serve the Elfe!

XX

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

XXI

'Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII

'All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII

'And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their owne folly payd.'
So said this Damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

XXIV

But they now having throughly heard and seene
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proud dame which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat; and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong.

XXV

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt them selves devise:
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her had sent.

XXVI

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way.

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarme the Knight:
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,

Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That Damsell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

XXVIII

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred,)

XXIX

So forth he came, all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well-beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene:
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He should his flale to final execution bend.

XXX

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan, with presumpteous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

XXXI

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharp wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

XXXII

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

XXXIII

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI

Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound

For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

XXXVIII

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deare dismayfully they flew.

XXXIX

Fast did they fly as them their feete could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they have forlore.

XL

As when the firie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law:
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

XLII

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.

XLIII

Like as the cursed son of Theseüs,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-brusd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles hight

Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe: And, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that Damzell there.

XLVIII

But Artegall, being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LI

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I

What Tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled;
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

IV

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen:
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure, which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over-all.

VI

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth; how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:
And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

VII

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan earne
To understand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
'Were not' (sayd she) 'that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence, by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.'
'Then let not that' (said they) 'stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent.'

VIII

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villains won:
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX

With noyse whereof when as the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
Having her selfe in wretched wize abjected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

X

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have.
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders shagged;
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-worne and ragged,
And underneath, his breech was all to-torne and jagged.

XI

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,

Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

XII

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and, with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her self unwares he might her steale the whyle.

XIII

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away;
For he in slights and jugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud: But when as ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

XV

But Artegall him after did pursew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still.
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill;
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

XVI

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chace.
He him pursewd where ever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Where so he fled, he followd him apace;
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
There he him courst a-fresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX

But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past:
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle.
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their [repast.

XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approched, thus she sayd:
'Loe! now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beene.'

XXI

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold;

And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

XXII

There they alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftimes of fayned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance:

XXIII

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome:
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceasse.

XXIV

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

XXV

There, as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

XXVI

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Font; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

XXVII

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

XXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle Angels through the glittering gleames.

XXIX

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate,—
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

XXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,

Maugre so many foes which did withstand:
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

XXXI

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those, they say,
Upon Joves judgement-seat wayt day and night;
And, when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

XXXII

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

XXXIII

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
Who, bowing low before her Majestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some majestie imperiall.

XXXV

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

XXXVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing with Justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard;
But at the sight of these those were awhile debard.

XXXVII

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe:
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

XXXVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his speach
To all assayes; his name was called Zele.
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

XL

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did dryve.

XLII

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought that no man could refute:
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead;
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

XLVI

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent

For zeale of Justice, was against her bent:
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the thrall.

L

But she, whose Princely brest was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let just vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

I

Some Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

II

For if that Vertue be of so great might
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right
Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
So much more, then, is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart,
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those Nations farre thy justice doe adore;
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

IV

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome a-rights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V

During all which, those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

VII

Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

VIII

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

IX

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combynd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

XII

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right oppose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

XIII

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies gieft;
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

XV

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI

She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,

And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did Artigall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII

It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe, through sudden strange affright
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

XX

And, running unto them with greedy joyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares, 'Ah! my sweet boyes,'
(Sayd she) 'yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your joyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.'

XXI

Then turning unto him; 'And you, Sir knight,'
(Said she) 'that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee.'

XXII

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs.'

XXIV

'Nathlesse,' (said he) 'deare Ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field;
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.'
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;

But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?

XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

XXVIII

To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone.
What else they have is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Where as so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

XXXI

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard,
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine
That seem'd their soules they wold have ryven quight
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberjeon and eke his corse;
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

XXXIV

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culverings for battrie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment :

XXXV

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder,
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There, whilest they entring th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto her shewed :

XXXIX

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night them selves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight :
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

I

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage and take better cheare.

III

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, He there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand.

V

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

VI

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII

Which uncouth use when as the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

VIII

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

IX

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' Adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay

That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto him selfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

XIII

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire;
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke.

XIV

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.

XV

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast her selfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people, both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

XVI

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some wo,
Him thus bespake: 'O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine still to remaine?'

XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; 'Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed, then, need me to requight,,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.'

XVIII

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd: 'Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace.
'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout.'

XIX

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his blouddy guize.

XX

'And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifize unto that cursed feend;

Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd: for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire decay.'

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne;
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay:
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' Altars smooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing ill.

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength:
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds where so it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save her selfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

XXVII

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast:
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast,
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

XXIX

As when the Mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands, as stonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He jointed it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,

And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

XXXI

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke.
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

XXXII

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make:
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

XXXIII

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

XXXIV

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Come dauncing forth, and joyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV

There he with Belgæ did awhile remaine
Making great feast and joyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assuraunce and establishment:
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan:
'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?'
To whom he thus: 'She liveth sure and sound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

XXXIX

'For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

XL

'And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare

Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby.' Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI

Then thus replide: 'Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

XLII

'But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?'
'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste.'

XLIII

'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegall then sayd)
'For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend.'
So backeward he attone with him did wend:
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

XLV

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence;
But all in vaine: their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with endles shame.

XLVII

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred chaffe the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire:
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

XLIX

To whom he thus: 'My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,

Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L

'But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

LI

'And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay;
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may,
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedilesse.'

LII

'But why have ye' (said Artegall) 'forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display.'
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame:
'That shall I unto you' (quoth he) 'bewray,
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

LIII

'True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV

'But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more,
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin, being battered sore,
I layd aside, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned;
Yet can I not my love have nathemore,
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-trayned.'

LV

To whom thus Artegall: 'Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour yield.'

LVI

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.'
'Fie on such forgerie!' (sayd Artegall)
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, fouly may befall!'

LVII

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed.'
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might.

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster,
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre;
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquyre.

LIX

But, when as overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:

The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

LX

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abrode.
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But she backstarting with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII

Sayd Artegall: 'What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine more cleare?

LXIII

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold.'

LXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
But, hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpitied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

I

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

II

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the bands
Which may a Knight assure had surely bound,
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound:

nd witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Vho for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
nd right and wrong most cruelly confound:
nd so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
hen all the rest burst out to all outragious-
nesse.

III

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since
aken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
ppointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
reat Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,)
hrough other great adventures hethertoo
Iad it forslackt: But now time drawing ny
o him assynd her high beheast to doo,
o the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
o weete if shipping readie he mote there
descry.

IV

Tho when they came to the sea coast they
found
ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
o put to sea, with whom they did compound
o passe them over where them list to tell.
he winde and weather served them so well,
hat in one day they with the coast did fall;
Vhereas they readie found, them to repell,
reat hostes of men in order martiall,
Vhich them forbad to land, and footing did
forstall.

V

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
ut, when as nigh unto the shore they drew
hat foot of man might sound the bottome
plaine,
alus into the sea did forth issew [him threw;
hough darts from shore and stones they at
nd wading through the waves with stedfast
sway,
Iaugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
id win the shore; whence he them chast away,
nd made to fly like doves whom the Eagle
doth affray.

VI

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
id forth descend, there being none them neare,
nd forward marched to a towne in sight.
y this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
y those which earst did fly away for feare,
f their arrival: wherewith troubled sore
Ie all his forces streight to him did reare,
nd forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Ieant them to have encountred ere they left
the shore:

VII

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
nd fiercely charged them with all his force:
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land, [hand:
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers

VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did a while asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full
fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke
away.

X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine;
Which none durst breake, though many would
right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to ap-
peare, [full weare.
He all things did purvay which for them need-

XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
see.

XII

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;

And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day.

XIV

Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare;
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his wrong:

XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;
That whether man or monster one could scarse discerne.

XVI

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

XVII

The trompets sound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage where as most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

XVIII

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainsheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade.

XX

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;

But, byting deepe therein did sticke so fast
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

XXII

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe;
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

XXIV

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And, running all with greedie joyfulnesse
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded over-all.

XXV

Who streight her leading with meete majestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne:
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heavie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

XXVI

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true Justice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

XXVII

But, ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

XXVIII

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set;
Two griesly creatures: and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red:
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse she sed.

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so that makes her eat her gall;
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dyeat:

XXXII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

XXXIII

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
But in bad maner they did disagree,
For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what ever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

XXXIV

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

XXXV

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for her selfe she onely vext,
But this same both her selfe and others eke perplext.

XXXVI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and short,
Appear'd like Aspis sting that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others had disprad.

XXXVII

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

XXXVIII

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and, with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest and forhead knockes.

XXXIX

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully:
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead
But that some life remayned secretly;

And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL

Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And fouly rayle with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

XLI

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags them selves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE.

I

The waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse.

III

Revele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine;
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds it selfe through all civilitie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme.

V

But, in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame.

VII

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,

And to your selfe doe it returne againe.
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A Damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I

Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

II

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight
Then Calidore, beloved over-all,
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

III

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace:
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase;
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew them selves, and both their persons rad;
When Calidore thus first: 'Haile, noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

V

'Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize.'
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
'Now, happy man,' (sayd then Sir Calidore)
'Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

VI

'But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.'
'What is that quest,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
'That you into such perils presently doth call?'

VII

'The Blattant Beast' (quoth he) 'I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.'
'What is that Blattant Beast?' (then he replide.)
'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'
(Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

VIII

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimera, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,

Till he to perfect ripenesse grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.'

IX

'Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,'
Sayd Artegall, 'I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree;
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure:
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.'

X

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)
'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had;
Yet now some hope your words unto me add.'
'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
'And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
For ye have much adoe to deale withall.'
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

XII

'Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?'
To whom he answered thus: 'My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII

'Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among)
But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,
And that knights berd, for toll which they for passage pay.'

XIV

'A shamefull use as ever I did heare,'
Sayd Calidore, 'and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell, if thou have it knowne.'
Sayd then that Squire; 'The Lady, which doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

XV

'His name is Crudor; who, through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd:
Which to provide she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

XVI

'He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set upon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond.'

XVII

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand unblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,

And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so injurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde:
'Leave, faytor, quickely that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better justifyde,
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde.'

XIX

Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe upreard,
And seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake:
'Art thou the caytive that defyest me?
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.'

XX

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course,
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore:
When once he felt his foeman to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
Who as he still decayd so he encreased more.

XXII

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV

With that the rest the which the Castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

XXV

'False traytor Knight!' (said she) 'no Knight at all,
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight.'

XXVI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word
Yet answer'd thus: 'Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe: That shall you glory gaine

More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine.'
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde:
'Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.'

XXVIII

'To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.'
'Cowherd!' (quoth she) 'were not that thou wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.'
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.'

XXIX

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might:

XXX

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight;
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

XXXII

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore:
And having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

XXXIII

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

XXXIV

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse swound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might;
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

XXXVI

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight;
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;

Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

XXXVII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe:
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

XXXVIII

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie:

XXXIX

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He, following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out; 'Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.'

XL

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd:
'And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

XLI

'For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new:
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

XLII

'Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew;
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound.'

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine;

Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

XLVII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong.
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I

What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
As Curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend;
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

III

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares
And both the eyes did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

IV

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay:
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

VI

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed
At length bespake; 'What meanes this, gentle Swaine.

Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?'
'Certes,' (said he) 'loth were I to have broken
The law of armes: yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII

'For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were; [strong
But he me first through pride and puissance
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.'
'Perdie great blame' (then said Sir Calidore)
'For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore.'

IX

'That shall I, sooth,' (said he) 'to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it, [slaine,
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

X

'The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

XI

'Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind;
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe, [pertaine.
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld

XII

'Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned, [twaine;
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.'

XIII

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

XIV

Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; 'Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse shame;
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV

'But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead.'
'Certes, Sir knight,' (sayd she) 'full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

XVI

'This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes.
Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content

An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII

'Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe from his steed me throw'th
And with presumpteous powre against that knight streight go'th.

XVIII

'Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

XIX

'Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

XX

'Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

XXI

'But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII

'Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

XXIII

'So passed we till this young man us met;
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.'
'Now sure,' (then said Sir Calidore) 'and right,
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.'

XXIV

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good:

XXV

'Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,

Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly-head.

XXVI

But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
I would thy selfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale;
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare.'

XXVII

To whom then thus the noble Youth: 'May be,
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, (how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by right adorne,)

XXVIII

'And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

XXIX

'The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

XXX

'So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

XXXI

'All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

XXXII

'Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy.

XXXIII

'Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight.'

XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earst he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide: 'Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.'

XXXV

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

XXXVII

'Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde:
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

XXXVIII

'But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.'
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight;
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde:
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

XLI

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning,
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said:
'Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight.'
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sight:

XLIII

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight,
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow found
Joying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.

She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd; to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said: 'Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight:
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your loved knight.

XLVI

'Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd.' She thankt him deare
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit, [place;
How thence she might convay him to some
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
'Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.'

XLVIII

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare, [donne.
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

I

True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

II

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need, [brought
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him
Unto the Castle where they had decreed:
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought, [besought.
To make abode that night he greatly was

III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.

IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth: 'Ah, sory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

V

'Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.'

VI

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare.
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:

VII

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.

VIII

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

IX

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

XI

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save hole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were past.

XIII

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.

Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

XIV

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to overpasse:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

XV

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

XVI

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devize this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

XVII

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by just avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

XVIII

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

XIX

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

XX

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

XXIII

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

XXIV

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore blond there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

XXX

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

XXXI

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

XXXII

'But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,

And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne.'
With which rude speach his Lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased,
For pitty of his Dame whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand stayd him selfe upright,
With th' other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

XXXIV

And all the while that same discourteous Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim:
But when as Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell:

XXXV

'Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.'

XXXVI

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won: ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford?'

XL

'His name,' (quoth he) 'if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to every errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight.'
'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight

In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne.'

XLII

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message which that Knight did move;
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV

But all in vaine; for-why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still her selfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornefull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought!
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright:

II

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

V

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize,
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

VIII

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,

Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

X

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore her selfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none, nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

XII

And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

XIV

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests;
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed:
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast;
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first beheast.

XV

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freëd from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI

During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endevour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend:
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore.

XVIII

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

XIX

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

XX

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

XXI

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

XXII

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to traine.

XXIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

XXIV

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

XXV

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went a-while,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With weary travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end,
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

XXVI

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

XXVII

To whom approching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:

'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent.'

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'What need me, Sir, to tell
That which your selfe have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!'
'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.'

XXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
'Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow.

XXXI

'For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end

XXXII

'But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be fordonne.

XXXIII

'Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow; who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares.'

XXXIV

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe;
And, having cheared her, thus said: 'Faire Dame,
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

XXXV

'If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or noursle up in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

XXXVI

'And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene
(As their victorious deedes have often showen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap:
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were sowen
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so hight t' all honorable hap.'

XXXVII

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seisin;
And, having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought,
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which els where are showne.

XXXIX

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend;

XL

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his Squyre,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

I

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How ever by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know when time shall be to tell the same.

III

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or what so else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

IV

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament:
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

V

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast, new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

VII

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

VIII

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX

So forth they traveld, an uneven payre
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed;
And in his homely wize began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

XI

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion that here needs forth be set.

XII

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjust detraction him did beard,
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore

XIII

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto.

XIV

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound:
Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.

The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

XV

Upon a day, as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest, wylde or tame,
Met him in chase but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight:
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

XIX

Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

XX

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI

Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
When as unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get.
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew.

XXIII

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: 'My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?'

XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.

There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd:
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

XXVII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or in band?

XXVIII

To whom she thus: 'I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX

'In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX

'Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake.'
With such faire words she did their heat asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

XXXII

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

XXXIII

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,

Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud
That soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shamefull Knight of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

XXXV

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode,
Which being all with Yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over-hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

XXXVI

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas:
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

XXXVII

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene.
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

XL

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore, their feete were lame.

XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge; whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
  Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
  For his late villanies.

I

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish paine.

II

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.

III

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene;
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the weaker spright.

IV

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

V

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

VI

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd: 'Faire daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

VII

'For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale your selves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

VIII

'For from those outward sences, ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be supprest with little thing;
But being growen strong it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering

Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX

'For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That where they bite it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought,
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X

'Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse.

XI

'To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

XII

'Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

XIII

'In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salves that may augment it more.'
'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
'What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine
If that no salves may us to health restore?'
'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd the swaine)
'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine.'

XIV

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.'

XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course. I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

XVIII

The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode:
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for-why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

XXII

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilest many underneath him fell.

XXIV

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where, when as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

XXV

'Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her.'
With that him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent

To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde:
But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Where so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

XXX

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

XXXI

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shrieke aloud;
And with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

XXXII

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize;
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd:
'Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

XXXIV

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment [illegible] hey weare;
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV

'And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

XXXVI

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne:
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.'
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII

There whilest he thus was setling things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

XXXIX

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought by making signes him to asswage;
Who them perceiving streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent:
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

XLIII

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace:
Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse:

XLIV

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

I

Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

III

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew;
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; 'Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?'

VI

'He rides' (said Turpine) 'there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.'
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

VIII

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

IX

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight;
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he: 'There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.'

XIII

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd: 'Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.'
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him where so he were would seeke.

XIV

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore;
Yet thus at length he said: 'How now, Sir knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?'

XV

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme.'

XVI

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
'Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?'
'He lyes' (said he) 'upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.'

XVII

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde

That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII

Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

XIX

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing that seemed to him best;
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead:
Whereat, much griev'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

XXI

But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where so he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

XXIII

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine:
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe.

XXVIII

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

XXIX

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment:
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

XXX

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

XXXI

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make report;

XXXIII

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red
In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled:
Which when as Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

XXXIV

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd?
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe-errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He which doth summon lovers to loves judgement hall.

XXXVI

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned;
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride which her restrayned.
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me! how could her love make half amends therefore?

XXXIX

And now she was uppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make: And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

XL

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

XLI

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine.

XLII

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie:
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne; who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

XLV

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

XLVI

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,

That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advauntage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke
And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip, him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And other-whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

L

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

II

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify,
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

IV

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

VI

And to the Prince thus sayd: 'See you, Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe?
See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.'

VII

The Prince assented; and then he, streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching thus he gan to say:
'Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
And now your crime with cruelty pursew!
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
Or else abide the death that hard before you stands.'

VIII

The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved him selfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

X

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

XI

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy.

XIII

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
'Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine,
For more on him doth then him selfe depend:
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

XVIII

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens them selves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

XIX

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd:
'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched mayd,
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX

'In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight,
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

XXI

'But let them love that list, or live or die,
Me list not die for any lovers doole;
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole;
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine;
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

XXII

'For loe! the winged God that woundeth harts
Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay.'

XXIII

'Certes,' (sayd then the Prince) 'the God is just.
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile;
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?'

XXIV

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sory Mayd)
'I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn.'

XXV

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake him selfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

XXVI

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

XXVII

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say:
'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list have liberty ye may;
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose.'

XXX

'Ah! nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.'
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

XXXII

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

XXXIII

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest:
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd her decay.

XXXV

In these wylde deserts where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

XXXVI

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

XXXVII

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selves; but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

XXXVIII

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then when she wakt they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their God they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would present;
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

XXXIX

So round about her they them selves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

XLI

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,

And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest envyes:—

XLII

Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

XLIII

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins view'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in measure.

XLIV

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV

Tho, when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to the noise forth past.

XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

L

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind;

But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him awhit
thereto.

LI

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood
So all that night to him unknowen she past;
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I

Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not
cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past: that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall
name.

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests,
and through plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes
he scorsed.

IV

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their
neat, [fed)
And shepherds singing to their flockes (that
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull
heat:
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night do
seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie

V

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
Playing on pipes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budde
broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thethe
brought.

VI

They answer'd him that no such beast they
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend [saw
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them t
send.
Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII

The knight was nothing nice, where was n
need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home made greene that her owne hands
had dyde.

VIII

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

IX

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

XI

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

XII

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

XIII

By this the moystie night approching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

XIV

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

XVI

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with him did go.

XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And supper readie dight they to it fell

With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

XIX

'How much' (sayd he) 'more happie is the state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.'

XX

'Surely, my sonne,' (then answer'd he againe)
'If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI

'Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

XXII

'To them that list the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

XXIII

'Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay:
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my throte doth boyle.

XXIV

'The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

XXV

'With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here.'

XXVI

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was rapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

XXVII

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde: 'Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

XXVIII

'That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree.'

XXIX

'In vaine' (said then old Melibœ) 'doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them;
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use:
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

XXX

'It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise;
For wisedome is most riches: fooles therefore
They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.'

XXXI

'Since then in each mans self' (said Calidore)
'It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

XXXII

'Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live.'
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake: 'Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.'

XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such queint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: love so much could.

XXXVIII

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were:
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

XXXIX

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace:
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

XLIII

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,

Vhich having got, he used without crime
)r blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Vas favoured and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Vhilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Jnmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Vhich by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
'rom chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
Ie mindeth more how he may be relieved
Vith grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore engrieved.

II

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
Iis former quest, so full of toile and paine:
nother quest, another game in vew
Ie hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
Vith whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
nd set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
)f courtly favour, fed with light report
)f every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

III

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
'rom so high step to stoupe unto so low;
'or who had tasted once (as oft did he)
'he happy peace which there doth overflow,
nd prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
mongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Vould never more delight in painted show
)f such false blisse, as there is set for stales
' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
ike to one sight which Calidore did vew?
'he glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
'hat never more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures skill
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

VI

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre:

VII

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale,
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

X

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

XI

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde'
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

XII

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

XIII

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell;
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme: And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But most of all those three did her with gifts endew.

XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout:
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

XVII

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;

And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake:
'Haile, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou that mayst them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?'

XX

'Not I so happy,' answerd then that swaine,
'As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them selves list so to grace.'
'Right sory I,' (saide then Sir Calidore)
'That my ill fortune did them hence displace;
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so sore?'

XXI

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate:
'Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her attend.

XXII

'They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry!

XXIII

'These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

XXIV

'Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true, from covert malice free;
And eeke them selves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.

XXV

'Such were those Goddesses which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

XXVI

'So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;

Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare:
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!'

XXIX

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore: 'Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.'
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

XXX

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

XXXI

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the maine.

XXXII

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with jealousie did frize.

XXXIV

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

XXXVI

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;

With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence, ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And, hewing off his head, he it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

XXXVII

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity,
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

XXXIX

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoyld their houses, and them selves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

XL

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

XLII

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade—
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I

THE joyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse [cast,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet, [meet.
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is

II

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who so heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed, [mote;
And sought her love by all the meanes he
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

VI

At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine:
But when she saw through that small favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approch to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,

And seeking all things meete for remedy;
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickenesse was not of the body, but the myndе.

IX

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves at the instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

X

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage, not to be forstalled.

XI

Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
All which he to the marchants sale did showe:
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

XII

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the mayd of whom they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make:
Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still; his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold.

XV

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, how ever it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

XVI

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candlelight
Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

XVII

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

XVIII

But first of all their captives they doe kill,
Least they should joyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibœ is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie swound.

XX

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

XXI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

XXII

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

XXIII

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that, having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

XXV

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

XXVI

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,

That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approched nye,
He mote perceive by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

XXVIII

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest?
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew:
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

XXIX

'Ah, well-away!' (sayd he, then sighing sore)
'That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye.'
'Die? out alas!' then Calidore did cry,
'How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.'

XXX

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began: 'Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

XXXI

'In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

XXXII

'But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot: needs mote she die at last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.'

XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

XXXIV

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

XXXV

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;

But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho, to the place when they approched nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The selfe same flocks the which those theeves had reft
From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept.
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

XXXIX

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were:
To whom they aunswer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre elswhere.

XL

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe;
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

XLI

Tho, when as towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most possest.

XLII

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest.
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they found it fast;
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountring him with small resistence slew,
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of-new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

XLV

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought.
Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

XLVI

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout:
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII

How many flyes, in whottest sommers day,
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make:
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene missayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast:
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

III

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:

IV

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

V

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought:
Which she streightway, (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought,)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

VII

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight:
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she did her hyde,
To weet what mortall hand. or heavens grace

Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where, when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst (and named) evermore.

X

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

XI

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field: Als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

XII

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reprochfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

XIII

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

XVI

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.

XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
'My liefe,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save.'

XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight, how she it knew?
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me it teach;

For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live.'

XIX

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
'And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?'

XX

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

XXI

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers joy descrive;
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXII

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile.

XXIII

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare:
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

XXV

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approched neare.

XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim:

XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of Beares, that groynd continually;
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:

But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where
nor when.

XXVIII

And them amongst were mingled here and
there [stings,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And spake licentious words and hatefull
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie, [things
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

XXIX

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody jawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell
clawes:

XXX

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe
held:
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly
queld.

XXXI

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with
might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the
Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

XXXII

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they
faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his
powre increast.

XXXIII

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought
availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt
him neare.

XXXIV

At last, when as he found his force to shrincke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his
own despight.

XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian
swaine [hell,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth
shonne:
So led this Knight his captyve with like con-
quest wonne.

XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never
Ne ever any durst till then impose; [bore,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with-
stand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through
the land.

XXXVII

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons as he earst did wrong
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the Knight.

XXXVIII

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed.
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF

MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Soveraine.

I

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought from them to beare.

II

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

III

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principalitie,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where shee such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from our Nurse!

VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

VIII

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Time,) she entred, were he liefe or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend;
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

X

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glory raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

XI

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most condigne.

XII

But she, that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

XIII

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand:
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

XIV

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaid of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine.

XV

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;

And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her doings to discharge.

XVIII

And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Where-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower;
Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

XIX

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;

XX

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers!
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

XXI

'Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire.
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as ye can devise.'

XXII

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh she nought did reck
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

XXIII

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the Gods
(After returne of Hermes Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads good end.

XXIV

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:

But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

XXV

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake:
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?'

XXVI

She, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child;
But by the fathers, (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

XXVII

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!'

XXVIII

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus bespake:
'Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine.

XXX

'But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?' With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He staid his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began:
'But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can.

XXXII

'But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to showe.

XXXIII

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right:

For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternal doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

XXXIV

'Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell:
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soveraine.'
So having said, she thus to him replide:
'Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

XXXV

'But thee, O Jove! no equall Judge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.'
There-at Jove wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation seale.

XXXVI

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father Mole, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

XXXVII

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane-while, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,
But none of all there-in more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground:

XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and sport.

XL

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee;
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

XLI

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth drowne.

XLII

In her sweet streames Diana used oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity.

XLIII

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betrayd
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

XLIV

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV

The simple mayd did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.

XLVI

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: A foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine;
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind.

XLIX

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said, what ever he did heare,
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

L

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe save how hee might.

LI

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

LIII

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed:
So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river spred.

LIV

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

LV

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and, parting from the place,
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around:
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have found.

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous Doome areads.

I

Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,
And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger notes to sing
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?

II

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and Plaine;
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

VI

That, some do say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

VII

That well may seemen true; for well I weene,
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

VIII

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did showe.

IX

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

X

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire;
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee well beseene.

XII

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

XIII

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,

Before her came dame Mutability;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie:

XIV

'To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great!
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

XV

'To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

XVI

'Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse! by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knowen to thee.

XVII

'Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

XVIII

'For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
How-ever faire it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne againe unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

XIX

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

XX

'Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe;
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces them unfold.

XXI

'So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

XXII

'Next is the Ayre; which who feeles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII

'Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold:
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

XXIV

'Last is the fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

XXV

'Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI

'So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do claime the rule and soverainty;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:
For all those Rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII

'Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all.'
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

XXVIII

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

XXX

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

XXXI

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

XXXII

These, marching softly, thus in order went;
And after them the Monthes all riding came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

XXXIII

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves delight.

XXXIV

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

XXXV

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

XXXVI

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

XXXVIII

Next him September marched, eeke on foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

XL

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem:
In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd;

And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

XLII

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.

XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight;
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with beames bright.

XLV

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse:
'Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest sway;
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
But Times do change and move continually:
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?'

XLVIII

Then thus gan Jove: 'Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move, and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

XLIX

To whom thus Mutability: 'The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd
Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto mee?

L

'And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry formes partake,

Now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne and gray;
So that 'as changefull as the Moone' men use to say.

LI

'Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And Phœbus selfe, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

LII

'Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall spheere to fare;
That even these Star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

LIII

'But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
Then, let me aske you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others other-where;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other can appeare.

LIV

'Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change; for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV

'Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still move,
And even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards saine:
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

LVI

'Then, since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse trew)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.'

LVII

So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the sovcraine place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few.

LVIII

'I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their states maintaine.

LIX

'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shal see.'
So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE VIII. CANTO, Unperfite.

I

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutabilitie, and well it way!
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

II

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE

SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE

TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of
all titles both of learning and chevalrie,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree:
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITÔ

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,

MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POETE.

Uncouthe, unkiste, sayde the old famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language: and whom our Colin Clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus, Virgile. Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete it served well Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is uncouthe (as said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his dewe observing of Decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach; and generally, in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words: the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the words them selves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authors, and most famous Poetes. In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importaunce. For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were *reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certein religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that, as in old buildings, it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde our selves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning; for, not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one special prayse of many, whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both. Which default whenas some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine; not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufray, or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some, not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streightway, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in old time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge, to be counted straungers and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they streight way deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be understode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that, being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede · whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet conne I them thanke that they refrain from byting.*

Now, for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the joynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnes, such indeede as may be perceived of the leaste, understoode of the moste, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters useth to be loose, and as it were ungyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly ravished them above the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being, in the middest of all theyr bravery, sodenly, eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traveiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her: 'Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.'

Nethelesse, let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth,

'Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.

And

'Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.'

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it semeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly then, *rofessing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Æglogues then ther wise to write, doubting perhaps his habi-itie, which he little needed, or mynding to urnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it aulteth; or following the example of the best nd most auncient Poetes, which devised this ind of wryting, being both so base for the natter, and homely for the manner, at the first o trye theyr habilities; and as young birdes, hat be newly crept out of the nest, by little irst to prove theyr tender wyngs, before they nake a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as ou may perceive he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his vinges. So flew Mantuane, as not being full omd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also divers other xcellent both Italian and French Poetes, vhose foting this Author every where follow-th; yet so as few, but they be wel sented, can race him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete as a birde whose principals be scarce rowen out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.*

Now, as touching the generall dryft and urpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say nuch, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely his appeareth, that his unstayed yougth had ong wandred in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the eate of his passion, or els to warne (as he ayth) the young shepheards, s. his equalls nd companions, of his unfortunate folly, he ompiled these xij Æglogues, which, for that hey be proportioned to the state of the xij nonethes, he termeth the Shepheards Calendar, *pplying an olde name to a new worke. Here-nto have I added a certain Glosse, or scho-ion, for thexposition of old wordes, and arder phrases; which maner of glosing and ommenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge nd rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I new many excellent and proper devises, both n wordes and matter, would passe in the peedy course of reading, either as unknowen, r as not marked, and that in this kind, as in ther, we might be equal to the learned of ther nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I was made privie o his counsell and secret meaning in them, as lso in sundry other works of his, which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promul-ate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his rendship, him selfe being for long time furre straunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence; as his* Dreames, *his* Legendes, *his* Court of Cupide, *and sondry others, whose commendations to set out were verye vaine, the thinges though worthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good maister Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse upon some particular and special considerations, voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our common frends Poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, yf Envie shall stur up any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mighty Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wil be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good frend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuicion of the Greatest.*

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Post scr.

NOW I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for envie of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse those so many excellent English poemes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne; and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserved prayses; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already doen of your Latine Poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and Elocution are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Mayster Harvey: from my lodging at London thys 10. *of Aprill,* 1579.

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the word Æglogues, I know, is unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were αἰγὼν, or αἰγονόμων λόγοι, that is, Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and welspring, the whole Invencion of these Æglogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleeve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Goteheards have to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij Æglogues, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well devided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse; namely, the second, of reverence dewe to old age; the fift, of coloured deceipt; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applyed: a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these xij Æglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne; which accoumpt also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth January, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever coulde conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proofe of special judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Jewes, to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet, according to tradition of latter times, it hath bene otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Julius Cæsar who first observed the leape yeere, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called ὑπερβαίνοντες, of the Romanes *intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the termes of the learned,) the monethes have bene nombred xij, which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but ccciiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded, upon good reason, to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itselfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this fyrst Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And, lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

Colin Cloute.

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

'Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

'Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

'Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! yt is already donne.

'You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did flowre;
I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

'All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

'Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

'A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy and payne!

'It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

'I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

'Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would:
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye.'
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Anchôra speme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly used, and yet have I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons under that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and used of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great unlikelyhoode of the language.

Unnethes, scarcely.

Couthe, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know, or to have skill. As well interpreteth the same, the worthy Sir Tho. Smith, in his booke of government: wherof I have a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Harvey: as also of some other his most grave and excellent wrytings.

Sythe, time.

Neighbour towne, the next towne: expressing the Latine *Vicina*.

Stoure, a fitt.

Sere, withered.

His clownish gyfts, imitateth Virgils verse.

'Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.'

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and usuall, seemeth to be hidden he person of some his very speciall and most amiliar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinrily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be ome savour of disorderly love, which the learned all *pæderastice*; but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called *Alcybiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates opinions, may easily perceive, that such love is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it: who sayth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is *pæderastice* much to be præferred before *gynerastice*, that is, the love whiche enflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his develish disciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and unlawful fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I love, a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses; and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth *I love thilke lasse alas*, &c.

Rosalinde, is also a feigned name, which, being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys love under the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Julia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella every where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia, in her letters envelopeth her selfe under the name of Zima: and Petrona under the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

Avail, bring downe.

Overhaile, drawe over.

EMBLEME.

His embleme or *Poesye* is here under added in Italian, *Anchôra speme*: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstandeing his extreme passion and luckless love, yet, leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE. THENOT.

Cuddie.

Ah for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage
These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles,
Perke as a Peacock; but now it avales.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare;
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne:
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

Thenot.

The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe:
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come attonce;
Tho gynne you, fond flyes! the cold to scorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte:
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied:
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

Cuddie.

Ah, foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil:
I deeme thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp;
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove:
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse;
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt:

Such an one shepeheards would make full faine;
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

Thenot.

Thou art a fon of thy love to boste;
All that is lent to love wyll be lost.

Cuddie.

Seest howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
See howe he venteth into the wynd;
Weenest of love is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost.
Thy Ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags;
The rather Lambes bene starved with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely tadvaunce thy headlesse hood;
For youngth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Greevaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

Cuddie.

To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Then to heare novells of his devise;
They bene so well-thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

Thenot.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.
There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde;
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
'Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruict nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde,
With Leaves engrained in lusty greene;
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd:
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoieth:
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was overcrawed.
Yt chaunced after upon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd:
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.
'O, my liege Lord! the God of my life!
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.'
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede
(As most usen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
'Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land;
With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall:
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where-with my fresh flowretts bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greevance.'
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth; but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare;
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake:—
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce;
But all this glee had no continuaunce:
For eftsones Winter gan to approche;
The blustering Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld—

Cuddie.

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche:
My hart-blood is wel nigh frorne, I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
Hye thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene, sharpe.

Gride, perced: an olde word much used of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts, young bullockes.

Wracke, ruine or Violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not *wreake*, that is vengeaunce or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The soveraigne of Seas, is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borowed of Mimus Publianus, which used this proverb in a verse.

> 'Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.'

Heardgromes, Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond Flyes, He compareth carelesse sluggardes, or ill husbandmen, to flyes that, so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth anything warme, begin to flye abroade, when sodeinly they be overtaken with cold.

But eft when, a verye excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.

Breme, chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinckled.

Accoied, plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie, pryde.

Elde, olde age.

Sicker, sure.

Tottie, wavering.

Corbe, crooked.

Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some mayde unknowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loved. The name is usuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte, a girdle or wast-band.

A fon, a foole.

Lythe, soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flocks father, the Ramme.

Crags, neckes.

Rather lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is, a verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose he meanes Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal live, and the name of Poetrie shal endure.

Well-thewed, that is, *Bene moratæ*, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew: This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellisht, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, checke.

Why standst, The speach is scornefull and very presumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in grain.

Accloieth, encombreth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fitte for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall, Garlande.

Flourets, yong blossomes.

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre.

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say) κατ' εικασμον.

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Ay, evermore.

Wounds, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priests crewe, holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest used to sprinckle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth to have bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned, a livelye figure, which giveth sence and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: 'Saxa gemunt gravido,' &c.

Boreas, The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather.

Glee, chere and jollitie.

For scorning Eld, And minding (as shoulde seme) to have made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddie, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage, A startuppe or clownish shoe.

EMBLEME.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loveth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares unto theyre dayes, and blessing them wyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto those whome God will so blesse. And albeit that many evil men reache unto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also waxe old in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age ever the lesse blessing. For even to such evill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the rash-headed boy for despysing his gray and frostye heares.

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter proverbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally: for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not so much as younger folke; for that being rypened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of God, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and adversitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke unto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and jest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus, a great clerke, and good old father, more fatherly and favourablye to construe it, in his Adages, for his own behoofe, That by the proverbe, 'Nemo senex metuit Jovem,' is not meant, that old men have no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Jupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other plesaunce which to spring time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Poets God of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrow.

Willye. Thomalin.

Wil. Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The joyous time now nighes fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.
Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well;
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.
Wil. Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,
That newe is upryst from bedde:
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
Tho. Willye, I wene thou bee assot;
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
Wil. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made previe to the same?
Tho. No: but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The previe marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For als at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.
Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischiefe:
For sithens is but the third morowe
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorowe
And waked againe with griefe;
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene joynted attones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell;
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good,)
She mought ne gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When sheepheardes groomes han leave to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within an Yvie todde.
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling:
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.

With that sprong forth a naked swayne
With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I levelde againe
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent
And threwe; but nought availed:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd, I ranne away;
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore encreased;
And now it rauthor ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight;
I know him by a token;
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he wil be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set
That in our Peere-tree haunted:
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had,
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
Yts time to hast us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is graunted scarce to Gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store;
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned to beware of mischiefe to come.

Overwent, overgone.

Alegge, to lessen or asswage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the skie.

The swallow, which bird useth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the forerunner, of springe.

Flora, the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which, with the abuse of her body having gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who, in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, *Andronica*, but *Flora;* making her the Goddesse of floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bower, that is, the pleasaunt field, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddesse, and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice, the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce. askewe, or asquint.

For-thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by love sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare oute of minde.

Assotte, to dote.

His slomber, To breake Loves slomber is to exercise the delightes of Love, and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple, so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als, he imitateth Virgils verse.

> 'Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverca, &c.'

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they used often to say over every thing that they would have preserved, as the Nightspel for theeves, and the woodspell. And herehence, I thinke, is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell, or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goe.

An Yvie todde, a thicke bush.

Swaine, a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes to be a boye, s. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages: wyth divers coloured winges, s. ful of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is, with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to have shafts, some leaden, some golden : that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loved, and sorow for the lover that is disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of *winged love*, being now most excedently translated into Latine, by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus : whych worke I have seene, amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

Wimble and wighte, Quicke and deliver.

In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall judgement. For I remember that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles, being newely borne, and, holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al over, save onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable : therfore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying of Polyxena in the Temple of Apollo : which mysticall fable Eustathius unfolding sayth : that by wounding in the hele is meant lustfull love. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the previe partes there passe certaine veines and slender synewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares : so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut asonder, the partie straighte becommeth cold and unfruiteful. Which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be wounded by Love in the heele.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once : In this tale is sette out the simplicitye of shepheards opinion of Love.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Love it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with unrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we cannot have, and fynding that we would not have : even the selfe things which best before us lyked, in course of time, and chaung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothsome, and breede us annoyaunce, when yougthes flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodyes and wits aunswere not to suche vayne jollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two sheepheardes : the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Love ; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

The. Tell me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete ?
What ? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne ?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete ?
Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne ?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne ?
Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

Hob. Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne .
He, plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare ;
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a Ladde you so lament ?
Ys love such pinching payne to them that prove ?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle love ?

Hob. Colin thou kenst, the Southerne sheppheardes boye;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

The. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hob. Contented I: then, will I singe his laye
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

'Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
At my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

'Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins: may shee florish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

'See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

'Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

'I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze:
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did spredde,
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

'Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O, how art thou dasht!
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede:
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

'Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone;
And Syrinx rejoyse that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

'I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches which they do beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

'Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:
She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

'And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

'Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

'Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

'Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall aray;
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And if you come hether
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.'

The. And was thilk same song of Colins owne making?
Ah, foolish Boy! that is with love yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.

Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLS EMBLEME.

O dea certe!

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weepe and complain.

Forlorne, left and forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare, agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde, Colin Clout.

The Lasse, Rosalinda.

Tressed locks, wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde? a straunge manner of speaking, s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make, to rime and versifye. For in this word, *making*, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιεῖν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *As lythe as lasse of Kent.*

The Widowes, He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greved, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stersichorus hys idol; upon whom he is sayd so much to have doted, that, in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a straunger. The word, I thinke, was first poetically put, and afterwarde used in common custome of speach for forene.

Dight, adorned.

Laye, a songe, as Roundelayes and Virelayes.

In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheard witte, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name; and a shepheards daughter, it being very unfit, that a shepheards boy, brought up in the shepefold, should know, or ever seme to have heard of, a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie, is, as it were, an Exordium *ad præparandos animos.*

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that, when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which fro thenceforth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus ἀργύριον μέλος.

Syrinx is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love pursued, she, flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes, in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard, (for he was almost out of wind,) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype; which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in remembraunce of his lost love, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be divine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres saying,

> ' Θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστι διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
> ' Τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς,')

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye, K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet, he deviseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes use to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish, beautifye and set out.

Phebe, the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister unto Phœbus, that is, the Sunne.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and Yorke: by whose longe discord and deadly debate this realm many yeares was sore traveiled, and almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the first union of the Whyte rose and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to whome they assigne the honor of all Poeticall Invention, and the firste glorye of the Heroical verse. Other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rethorick; but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there, in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying,

> ' Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia
> gestu.'

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and elocution, both special partes of Rethorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part: but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of mighty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

> ' Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
> ' Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti,' &c.

The Graces be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne; and Homer onely added a fourth, s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is, thankes: whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of all bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finelye and nimbly.

Soote, sweete.

Meriment, mirth.

Bevie, a beavie of ladyes, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe: the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soveraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great, and such like, who tell many an unlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke, signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight, called or named.

Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse; of whome is sayd, that Zephyrus, the Westerne wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chiefedome and soveraigntye of al flowres, and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Olives bene. The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or els for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares, and other instruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your, spoken rudely, and according to sheppeardes simplicitye.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. *Flowre delice*, that which they use to misterme flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitiarum*.

A Bellibone, or a bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse.

Forswonck, and forswatt, overlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phœbus, the sunne. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call παρουσια.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cynthus* a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede, Was Apollo and Diana. Whom, when as Niobe the Wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona, being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes to be turned into a stone, upon the sepulchre of her children: for which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like misfortune.

Now rise, is the conclusion. For, having so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Majestie.

When Damsins, A base reward of a clownish giver.

Yblent, Y is a poeticall addition; *blent*, blinded.

EMBLEME.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being, through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise unhable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced *O dea certe*.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fyfte Æglogue, under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom having shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

Palinode. Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveryes bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May bus-kets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sitten as drownd in a dreme.
Piers. For Younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.
Pal. Sicker this morrowe, no lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such jovysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare!)
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

Piers. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the Devils stedde,
That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
Well is it seene theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone:
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make;
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And thother for leaving his Lords taske,
When great Pan account of shepeherdes shall aske.
Pal. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorne at me:
For pittied is mishappe that nas remedie,
But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then, sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liven at ease and leasure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.
Piers. Ah! Palinodie, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde;
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire.
They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce:
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he mislive in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce;
All will be soone wasted with misgovernaunce;
But through this, and other their miscreaunce
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them overflowe
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne)
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe;
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
The shepheards God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states.
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho, under colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and guile,
That often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did hem keepe:
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.
Pal. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare is outragious:
Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thristie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.

Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground :
Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes live, if not so ?
What ! should they pynen in payne and woe ?
Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill live in sorrowe.
  Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie ;
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres ;
And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended :
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.
  Piers. Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard that does the right way forsake :
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe then my freend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam ?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe ?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.
  Pal. Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying :
For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from straying.
  Piers. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise ;
For on a tyme, in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good :
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout :
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
'My Sonne,' (quoth she and with that gan weepe,
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
'God blesse thee, poore Orphane ! as he mought me,
And send thee joy of thy jollitee.
Thy father,' (that word she spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
'Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he have joyed at this sweete sight !
But ah ! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I, a waylfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age have this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty-head :
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.'
  Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
And interrupted all her other speache
With some old sorowe that made a newe breache :
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe-budded beard to stroke.
'Kiddie, (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state :
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion :
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For-thy, my Kiddie, be ruld by mee,
And never give trust to his trecheree :
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude :
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.'
  So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed
(For such, as signes of ill luck, bene dispraised ;)
Yet forth shee yode, thereat halfe aghast :
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone :
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne :
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, 'Alack ! Alack !
Ah, deare Lord ! and sweete Saint Charitee !
That some good body woulde once pitie mee !'

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho, creeping close behind the Wickets clink,
Prevelie he peeped out through a chinck,
Yet not so previlie but the Foxe him spyed;
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
'Ah, good young maister!' (then gan he crye)
'Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds.'
The Kidd, pittying hys heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
'Sicke, sicke, alas! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
For with long traveile I am brent in the sonne:
And, if that my Grandsire me sayd be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and favour, then, I you pray
With your ayd to fore-stall my neere decay.'
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell:
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame:
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this and that,
And how he could shewe many a fine knack:
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to fynd:
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde; but he nould answere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.
Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our Sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.
Piers, Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount;
And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μεν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selves with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liveries, gray coates.

Yclad, arrayed, Y redoundeth, as before.

In every where, a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets, a diminutive, s. little bushes of hauthorne.

Kirke, church.

Queme, please.

A shole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some, going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode, went.

Jovyssaunce, Joye.

Swinck, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate, and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinkes) applyed to him; for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius, in his fifte booke *De Preparat. Evang.*, who thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles: and of Lavetere translated, in his booke of walking sprightes; who sayth, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus! (now Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship) who, giving eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes, and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be understoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the commen proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes, quàm miserescere.*

Nas is a syncope, for *ne has*, or *has not:* as *nould* for *would not.*

Tho with them doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

'Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
'Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.'

Which may thus be turned into English.

'All that I eate did I joye, and all that I greedily gorged:
'As for those many goodly matters left I for others.'

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Devonshire, which though much more wisedome bewraieth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse: the rymes be these:

'Ho, ho! who lies here?
'I the good Earle of Devonshere,
'And Maulde my wife that was ful deare:
'We lived together lv. yeare.
'That we spent, we had:
'That we gave, we have:
'That we lefte, we lost.'

Algrind, the name of a shepheard.

Men of the lay, Laymen.

Enaunter, least that.

Sovenaunce, remembraunce.

Miscreaunce, despeire, or misbeliefe.

Chevisaunce, sometime of Chaucer used for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe, God: according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That, in division of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Levie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which usurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes open a wide gate to al wickednesse and insolent government. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governaunce (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as, in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.

Sourse, welspring and originall.

Borrowe, pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte is the greate Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heaven on his shoulders: being indeede a merveilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which, to mans seeming, perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heavens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye, (of whome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus, who (as the Greekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination: wherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders: Many other conjectures needelesse be told hereof.

Warke, worke.

Encheason, cause, occasion.

Deare borow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is unseemely.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, theyr, as useth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be understoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie with carefull watchewords (as heere doth the gote) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be given, nor felowshippe to be used.

The Gate, the Gote: Northernely spoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went: afforesayd.

She set, a figure called *Fictio*, which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to unreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust, be the yong and mossie heares, which then beginne to sproute and shoote foorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical παθος.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and governour.

That word, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull hyperbaton.

The braunch, of the fathers body, is the child.

For even so, Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

'Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.'

A thrilling throb, a percing sighe.

Liggen, lye.

Maister of collusion, s. coloured guile, because the Foxe, of al beasts, is most wily and crafty.

Sperre the yate, shut the dore.

For such, the gotes stombling is here noted as an evill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in King Rycharde the third his dayes. For, beside his daungerous dreame (whiche was a shrewde prophecie of his mishap that folowed) it is sayd, that in the morning, ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte uppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the way: which, of some, that ryding with him in his company were privie to his neere destenie, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap that ensewed. For being then as merye as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was, within two howres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles, by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles, and Babies, s. Idoles, and glasses, s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce, as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie, The Catholiques common othe, and onely speache, to have charitye alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke, a keyhole. Whose diminutive is clicket, used of Chaucer for a Key.

Stounds, fittes: aforesayde.

His lere, his lesson.

Medled, mingled.

Bestlihead, agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, of kinne.

Newell, a newe thing.

To forestall, to prævent.

Glee, chere: afforesayde.

Deare a price, his lyfe which he lost for those toyes.

Such ende, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestaunt beware, how he giveth credit to the unfaythfull Catholique; wherof we have dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all practised of late yeares in Fraunce, by Charles the nynth.

Fayne, gladde or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn, a Popishe priest. A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte unlearned Priestes.

Dismount, descende or set.

Nye, draweth nere.

EMBLEME.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falshod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking no lesse guile to lurke in others then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece of the same verse, saying, as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse? For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they dayly false, what hold is then there of theyr religion? And thys is all that they saye.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL. COLIN CLOUT.

Hob. Lo! Collin, here the place whose plesaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde:
Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.
Col. O happy Hobbinoll! I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde whych Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.

But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd to shroude my lucklesse pate.
Hob. Then, if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch:
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then pitche,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

Col. And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies move
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind; and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype,

Hob. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepheard to see them in theyr art outgoe.

Col. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I conne no skill,
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill:
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove,
I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,
But, pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not followe flying fame,
But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fytter they my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make;
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bredd,
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O! why should Death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But, if on me some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree

Didst underfong my lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O, carefull Colin! I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes that by you trace.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden, wherein Adam in his first creation was placed: which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile pleasaunte country in the world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the historie of Alexanders conquest thereof,) lying betweene the two famous Ryvers, (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poetical fiction, but unfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affayres, (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the Northparts, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately.

Those hylles, that is in the North countrye, where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The Dales. The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and therefore so called, for *Kantsh* in the Saxons tongue signifieth woodie,) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Ravens, &c. By such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying every where.

Frendly faeries. The opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knavish shavelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the common people in ignoraunce, least, being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme smell out the untruth of theyr packed pelfe, and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious, or rather dreadfull, in the peoples eares, that, if theyr children at any time were frowarde and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from them (as many things els) be come into our usage, and, for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen used to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrewsbury, whose noblesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times even great armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the French wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the utmost but foure, yet, in respect of many gyftes of bounty there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sat a hundred Graces. And, by that authoritye, thys same Poete, in his Pageaunts, saith 'An hundred Graces on her eyelidde sate,' &c.

Heydeguies, A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce unto the Muses and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres. Equalles, and felow shepheards.

Quene-apples unripe, imitating Virgils verse.

> 'Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.'

Neighbour groves, a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, afforesayde. Thys staffe is full of verie poetical invention.

Tamburines, an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus, the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their judge. Who, being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gave the victorye to Pan undeserved: for which Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares upon hys head, &c.

Tityrus, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde; and by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales, whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie; so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*, s. the God of hys life.

To make, to versifie.

O why, A pretye Epanorthosis, or correction.

Discurtesie: he meaneth the falsenesse of his lover Rosalinde, who forsaking hym hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite, the pricke of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person unknowne and secrete, against whome he often bitterly invayeth.

Underfonge, undermyne, and deceive by fals suggestion.

EMBLEME.

You remember that in the fyrst Æglogue Colins Poesie was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turne into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort, and hop of goodnesse to come: which is all the meaning o thys Embleme.

JULYE.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame an dispraysе of proude and ambitious Pastours: Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Tho. Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Emong the bushes rancke?
Mor. What, ho! thou jollye shepheards [swayne,
Come up the hyll to me;
Better is then the lowly playne,
Als for thy flocke and thee.
Thom. Ah! God shield, man, that I should [clime,
And learne to looke alofte;
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared up
His fyerie-footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe
And golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heate,
Where hast thou coverture?
The wastefull hylls unto his threate
Is a playne overture.
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.
Mor. Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
And rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and witlesse words,
To blere mine eyes doest thinke.
In evill houre thou hentest in hond
Thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han theyr name.
St. Michels Mount who does not know,
That wardes the Westerne coste?
And of St. Brigets bowre, I trow,
All Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
Which dyd himselfe beget?
Thom. O blessed sheepe! O shepheard great
That bought his flocke so deare,
And them did save with bloudy sweat
From Wolves that would them teare.
Mor. Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
There is a hyllye place,
Where Titan ryseth from the mayne
To renne hys dayly race,

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
And all the skie doth leane;
There is the cave where Phœbe layed
The shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there used shepheards all
To feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his foly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And, sithens shepheardes bene forsayd
From places of delight,
For-thy I weene thou be affrayd
To clime this hilles height.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes bowre;
But little needes to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe;
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
Adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waves be meynt.
Here growes Melampode every where,
And Teribinth, good for Gotes:
The one my madding kiddes to smere,
The next to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heven,
And thence the passage ethe;
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That seeldome falles bynethe.
Thom. Syker, thou speakes lyke a lewde [lorrell,
Of Heaven to demen so;
How be I am but rude and borrell,
Yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
Has bene an old-sayd sawe,
And he, that strives to touch a starre,
Oft stombles at a strawe.
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye
That leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd, that, sitting hye,
Upon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
They neede not Melampode:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
And liken theyr abode;
But, if they with thy Gotes should yede,
They soone myght be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls where dwelled holy saints
I reverence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the saynets
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,
Theyr good is with them goe:
Theyr sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
And lived in lowlye leas:
And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
And lived with little gayne:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
Simple as simple sheepe;
Humble, and like in eche degree
The flocke which he did keepe.
Often he used of hys keepe
A sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
The Altars hallowing.
So lowted he unto hys Lord,
Such favour couth he fynd,
That sithens never was abhord
The simple shepheards kynd.
And such, I weene, the brethren were
That came from Canaän:
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
The flockes of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilk shephearde was
Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
Whose love he bought to deare;
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(No such mought shepheards bee)
And with lewde lust was overlayd:
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
Well-eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follyes undefyled,
And stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
That sawe hys makers face,
His face, more cleare then Christall glasse,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knewe)
The first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe and lief,
And loved their flocks to feede;
They never stroven to be chiefe,
And simple was theyr weede:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore;
Such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
So hath theyr god them blist;
They reigne and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list:

Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good sheepeheards bene?)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some have seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
He saw thilke misusage;
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
As Lordes done other where;
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread;
The chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O, seely sheepe, the while!)
The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
Their handes they may not file.
They han great stores and thriftye stockes,
Great freendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks,
Theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards welter in welths waves,
Pampred in pleasures deepe:
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
They heapen hylles of wrath;
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
They keepen all the path.

Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
Lost for lacke of telling:
Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
Harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
To wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
It is a signe of helth.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?
Thom. He is a shepheard great in gree,
But hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat upon a hyll,
(As now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
To love the lowe degree);
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
An Eagle sored hye,
That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,
But therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
He lyes in lingring payne.
Mor. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time.
Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll
Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.
In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.
In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard: by Gotes, in scrypture, be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck, is the seate of honor.

Straying heard, which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als, for also.

Clymbe, spoken of Ambition.

Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verse. 'Decidunt celsa, graviore lapsus.' *Mickle*, much.

The sonne, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe, be two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion, Thys is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate heate, causing pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Overture, an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, and used in good writers.

To holden chatt, to talke and prate.

A loorde was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time usurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytaine, were called, for more dread then dignitie, Lurdanes, s. *Lord Danes.* At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote upon the same, he muste retorne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterwarde expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious unto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that even at this daye they use, for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Fever Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck, counts much of thy paynes.

Weetelesse, not understoode.

S. Michels mount, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus afforesayd.

Pan, Christ.

Dan, one trybe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the Sonne. Which story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence, he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan.

The Shepheard is Endymion, whom the Poets fayne to have bene so beloved of Phœbe. s. the Moone, that he was by her kept asleepe in a cave by the space of xxx yeares, for to enjoye his companye.

There, that is, in Paradise, where, through errour of the shepheards understanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did use to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam,) by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys ofspring be debarred and shutte out from thence.

Synah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre, a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes, or Sylvanes be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

Medway, the name of a Ryver in Kent, which, running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt, mingled.

Melampode and Terebinth be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes: of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

Τερμίνθου τράγων εἴκατον ἀκρέμονα.

Nigher heaven: Note the shepheards simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heaven.

Levin, lightning, which he taketh for an argument to prove the nighnes to heaven, because the lightning doth commonly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete:

> 'Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.'

Lorrell, a losell.

A borrell, a playne fellowe.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Yede, goe.

Frowye, mustye or mossie.

Of yore, long agoe.

Forewente, gone afore.

The firste shepheard, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe, hys charge, s. his flocke.

Lowted, did honour and reverence.

The brethren, the twelve sonnes of Jacob, which were shepe-maisters, and lyved onelye thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which, being with childe of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A lasse, Helena, the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden Aple to her geven, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, because that, in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron, whose name, for more Decorum, the shepehearde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true, for Aaron, in the absence of Moses, started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Belts, Girdles.

Glitterand, glittering, a participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Gower.

Theyr Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, a shepheards, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

Wisards, greate learned heads.

Welter, wallowe.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, suche kinde of men.

Surly, stately and prowde.

Melling, medling.

Bett, better.

Bynempte, named.

Gree, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a shepheard afforesayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayned with a shell-fishe.

EMBLEME

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proved; for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without daunger; according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being environed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie: for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye, out of a great doctour. 'Suorum Christus humillimus:' which saying a gentle man in the companie taking at the rebownd, beate backe againe with a lyke saying of another doctoure, as he sayde 'Suorum Deus altissimus.'

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They choose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie, a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin, he sayth, was Authour.

Willie. Perigot. Cuddie.

Wil. Tell me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?
Per. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apayd?
Wil. What the foule evill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladde,
With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest.
Per. Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe daunce;
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.
Wil. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our meriment.
But reede me what payne doth thee so appall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?
Per. Love hath misled both my younglings and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.
Wil. Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:
But, and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight
Per. That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.
Wil. Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
And here with his shepe-hooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene?
Well mought it beseme any harvest Queene.
Per. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the Dambe:
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.
Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother.
But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost?
Per. That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which over the pousse hetheward doth post.
Wil. But, for the Sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
Were not better to shunne the scortching heate?
Per. Well agreed, Willie: then, sitte thee downe, swayne:
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.
Cud. Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.
Per. 'It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, hollidaye!
Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve;
Wil. Now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so hye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hyll!
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
Wil. The while the shepheard selfe did spill.
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonibell!
Per. Tripping over the dale alone,
Wil. She can trippe it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greete!
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. The greene is for maydens meete.
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter then the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!

Per. And gazd on her as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonilasse!
Per. She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. As cleare as the christall glasse;
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Sunne-beame!
Per. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Thonder!
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
Wil. So cleaves thy soule asonder:
Per. Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
Wil. Hey, ho, the Moonelight!
Per. Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
Wil. Such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide;
Wil. Hey, ho, the glyder!
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. Such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!
Per. I left the head in my hart-roote,
Wil. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth, ay more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrowe!
Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore:
Wil. Love is a curelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought,
Wil. So you may buye golde to deere.
Per. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching payne!
Per. Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil. Hey, ho, gracelesse griefe!
Per. Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye,
Wil. Let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. And mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I love on a holye eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holidaye!
Per. That ever since my hart did greve,
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay.'
Cud. Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I [none:
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
And Willye is not greatly overgone,
So weren his under-songs well addrest.
Wil. Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint eye:
Areede uprightly who has the victorye
Cud. Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have gayned:
For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:
And for Perigot, so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroome.
Wil. Never dempt more right of beautye, I weene,
The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties [Queene.
Cud. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.
Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud. Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may.

'Ye wastefull Woodes! beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luld me oft asleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

'Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes:
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.

'Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle [my woe
Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

'Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

'Most ruthfully to tune: And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound

'She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe.
And you that feele no woe,
When as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes
Ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe,
And pitie augment.'

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepheards joye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse!
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse!

Cud. Then blowe your pypes, shepheards, til you be at home;
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, ordered.

Peregall, equall.

Whilome, once.

Rafte, bereft, deprived.

Miswent, gon a straye.

Ill may, according to Virgile.

'Infelix o semper ovis pecus.'

A mazer: So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraved. Such pretie descriptions every where useth Theocritus to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause, indede, he by that name termeth his Æglogues; for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thynge, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I have heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, wrought betwene.

Harvest Queene, The manner of country folke in harvest tyme.

Pousse, Pease.

It fell upon: Perigot maketh all hys song in prayse of his love, to whom Willy answereth every underverse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not uprightly say: but if it be who is supposed, his love, shee deserveth no lesse prayse then he giveth her.

Greete, weeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garlond lyke a crowne.

Leven, Lightning.

Cynthia, was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde, perced.

But if, not unlesse.

Squint eye, partiall judgement.

Ech have, so saith Virgile,

'Et vitula tu dignus, et hic,' &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome, judgement.

Dempt, for deemed, judged.

Wite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.

The shepherd of Ida, was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris adjudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

EMBLEME.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his dew, saying, that he is happy which can, so abruptly ending: but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leave of with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

Hob. DIGGON DAVIE! I bidde her god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.
Dig. Her was her, while it was daye-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.
Hob. Diggon, areede who has thee so dight?
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischiefe dead?
Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old griefe:
Sike question ripeth up cause of newe woe,
For one, opened, mote unfolde many moe.
Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart,
I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart:
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe, sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred, I wene, about the world round,
So as thou can many thinges relate;
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.
Dig. My sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me therefore!)
The jolly shepheard that was of yore
Is nowe nor jollye, nor shepeheard more.
In forrein costes men sayd was plentye;
And so there is, but all of miserye:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countryes, whereas I have bene,
No being for those that truely mene;
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye as there to remaine;
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name:
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepheards throte.
The shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.
Hob. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stounde
That ever I cast to have lorne this grounde:
Wel-away the while I was so fonde
To leave the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better that was uncouth!
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe!)
That here by there I whilome usd to keepe,
All were they lustye as thou didst see,
Bene all sterved with pyne and penuree:
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.
Hob. Ah fon! now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.
Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht;
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire;

Which when they thinken agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heaven the high-way,
But, by my soule, I dare undersaye
They never sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe,
For-thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.
Hob. Diggon, I praye thee, speake not so dirke;
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.
Dig. Then, playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best; (this English is flatt.)
Their ill haviour garres men missay
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote:
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue!)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre;
For such encheason, if you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye:
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads;
But they that shooten neerest the pricke
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute;
But the leane soules treaden under foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like foule wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leave of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.
Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine;
Better it were a little to feyne,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured:
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?
Dig. Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
But-if he call hem at theyr good choyce;
They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes yeed at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their cal;
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.
Hob. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leasing!
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king
Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sayne)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.
Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.
Hob. Or prive or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.
Dig. Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre:
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face;
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene so grave and full of mayntenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?
Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable.
Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe boye,
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my ioye!)
Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.
Dig. Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke,
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke;
Never had shepheard so kene a kurre,
That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man used to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call,)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe:
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
This Wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast;
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he used this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
And when at even he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.
Hob. Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
To take his owne where ever it laye?
For, had his wesand bene a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.
Dig. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse!
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call,
And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene:
The dog his maisters voice did it wene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy renne to the steven,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same even.
Hob. God shield, man, he should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoyr belive!
If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?
Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
For-thy with shepheards sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.
Hob. Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite;
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.
Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.
Hob. Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth ever availe:
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I wil thee comfort;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.
Dig. Ah, Hobbinoll! God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache, in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, who, being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forrain countryes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades, s. to saye his prayers.

Wightly, quicklye, or sodenlye.

Chaffred, solde.

Dead at mischiefe, an unusuall speache, but much usurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, deare.

Ethe, easie.

Thrise three moones, nine monethes.

Measured, for traveled.

Wae, woe, Northernly.

Eeked, encreased.

Carven, cutte.

Kenne, know.

Cragge, neck.

State, stoutely.

Stanck, wearie or fainte.

And nowe: he applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of harvest, which they call the fall of the leafe; at which tyme the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, '*Debes ludibrium ventis.*'

Lorne, lefte.

Soote, swete.

Uncouthe, unknowen.

Hereby there, here and there.

As the brighte, translated out of Mantuane.

Emprise, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Contek, strife.

Trode, path.

Marrie that, that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes and practices they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell.

Gange, goe.

Mister, maner.

Mirke, obscure.

Warre, worse.

Crumenall, purse.

Brace, compasse.

Encheson, occasion.

Overgrast, overgrowen with grasse.

Galage, shoe.

The grosse, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King, King Edgare that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lord [957–975] which king caused all the Wolves, whereof then was store in this countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as never since that time there have ben Wolves here founde, unlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be Wolves in England.

Nor in Christendome: this saying seemeth to be strange and unreasonable; but indede it was wont to be an olde proverbe and common phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in mysbeliefe and unchristened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iustice.

Enaunter, least that.

Inly, inwardly: afforesayde.

Prively or pert, openly, sayth Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. Whome he here commendeth for greate care and wise governaunce of his flock.

Colin cloute: Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Authour selfe, whose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth hee is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Harvey: of whose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we have lately had a sufficient tryall in divers his workes, but specially in his *Musarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*, which boke, in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majestie, afterward presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and very notable writings, partely under unknown tytles, and partly under counterfayt names, as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Ode Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and esspecially that parte of *Philomusus*, his divine *Anticosmopolita*, and divers other of lyke importance. As also, by the name of other shepheardes, he covereth the persons of divers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinlye know not.

Wonned, haunted.

Welkin, skie: afforesaid.

A weanell waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder, he and she, Male and Female.

Steven, noyse.

Belive, quickly.

What ever, Ovids verse translated.

'Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est.'

Forehaile, drawe or distresse.

Vetchie, of Pease strawe.

EMBLEME.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid. For when the foolishe boy, by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in love with his owne likenesse, and not hable to content him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon useth it to other purpose, as who that, by tryall of many wayes, had founde the worst, and through greate plentye was fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowe to have bene much used of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular accoumpt and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain 'Ενθουσιασμὸς *and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called* The English Poete, *which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.*

PIERCE. CUDDIE.

Piers. CUDDIE, for shame! hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base;
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the bett for-thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise;
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price.
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O! what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave;
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye;
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

Piers. Abandon, then, the base and viler clowne;
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
Turne thee to those that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West;
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

Cud. Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace emong the learned troupe:
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye;
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierlesse Poesye! where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt,)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:

Such immortal mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of Poet stands;
For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wise;
And, when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage,
O! if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme:
For-thy content us in thys humble shade,
Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
Here we our slender pypes may safely charme.
Piers. And, when my Gates shall han their bellies layd,
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein he reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie. I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime.

Oaten reedes, Avena.

Ligge so layde, lye so faynt and unlustye.

Dapper, pretye.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine: This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they used every five yeere to hold, some learned man, being more hable then the rest for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory, or of immortality, or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft al men being astonied, and as it were ravished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical, and so diversely eke affect the mynds of men,) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth love, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures: and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereave: what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes of men, as well appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers, for the great compassion, and likenes of affection in thone and in the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melody, it is said, that he was distraught with such unwonted fury, that, streightway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre, (for that musick is very warlike.) And immediatly when as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick: wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arcadian Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogither on the fyft and vii tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereave the soule of sence.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes: of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury, wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno, for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle; for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour, unwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display, A poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list showe his skill n matter of more dignitie then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument in the person of our most gratious soveraign, whom (as before) ne calleth Elisa. Or if matter of knighthoode and chevalrie please him better, that there he many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of nis payne in theyr deserved prayses, and also favourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most nonorable and renowmed the Erle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clowne.

Slack, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from tately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce nd delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce.

Ring, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, wel knowen to be Virgile, who by Mæcenas means was brought into the avour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him noved to write in loftier kinde then he erst had doen.

Whereon, in these three verses are the three everall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching is flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In abouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing f warrs and deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis gured.

In derring doe, In manhood and chevalrie.

For ever: He sheweth the cause why Poetes were vont to be had in such honor of noble men, that s, that by them their worthines and valor shold hrough theyr famous Poesies be commended to al osterities. Wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles had ever bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres nmortal verses, which is the only advantage vhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander he great, comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with aturall teares blessed him, that ever was his hap be honoured with so excellent a Poets work, as renowmed and ennobled onely by hys meanes. Vhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration f Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthely sette orth in a sonet.

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille, sospirando disse:
O fortunato, che si chiara tromba. Trouasti,' &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made f Poetes, as well sheweth this, that the worthy cipio, in all his warres against Carthage and Nuantia, had evermore in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good olde poet Ennius; as so that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he as enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindais was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should, upon payne of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of a Poete, which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewels and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after, He sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse, and basenesse of mynd.

Pent, shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper, an ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pineons, unperfect skil: Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne: The comparison seemeth to be strange, for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing: but it is sayd of the learned, that the swan, a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As well sayth the Poete elsewhere in one of his sonetts.

'The silver swanne doth sing before her dying
day,
'As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in
death,' &c.

Immortall myrrhour, Beautie, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

'Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,
'A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.'

A caytive corage, a base and abject minde.

For lofty love, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes saying, 'vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit.'

Lavish cups, Resembleth the comen verse, 'Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.'

O if my, he seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild yvie, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

In buskin, it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to use stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile, 'Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.'

And the like in Horace, 'Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.'

Queint, strange. Bellona, the goddesse of battaile, that is, Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head: Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred he some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shake her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her

Æquipage, order.

Tydes, seasons.

Charme, temper and order; for Charmes wer wont to be made by verses, as Ovid sayth, 'Aut s carminibus.

EMBLEME.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos, as admitting the excellencye of the skyll, whereof i Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a taste.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. T personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. Th Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the Frenc Queene; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

The. COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.
Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.
The. The Nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee;
And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well;
The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tre
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chil
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quil
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment
For deade is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the greate shepehearde his daughte sheene.
The fayrest May she was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene:
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,
I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy payne
And, if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou sha gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayn
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.
Col. Thenot, to that I choose thou does me tempt;
But ah! to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkemp
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Mus of nyne,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;

Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!
Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
O heavie herse!
Let streaming teares be poured out in store;
O carefull verse!

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke;
Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde;
Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke;
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavie herse!
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke;
O carefull verse!

Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heavie herse!
Nowe is time to dye: Nay, time was long ygoe:
O carefull verse!

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale;
Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavie herse!
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile;
O carefull verse!

She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne!)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere;
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne
With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere:
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
For she would cal him often heame,
And give him curds and clouted Creame.
O heavie herse!
Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;
O carefull verse!

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct;
The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrave.
O heavie herse!
Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint;
O carefull verse!

'O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse!
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;
O carefull verse!

'Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse:
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heavie herse!
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
O carefull verse!

'The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads as they would learne to weepe;
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:
The Turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wound that death did launch.
O heavie herse!
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

'The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen advaunce;
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;

The fatall sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heavie herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy
O carefull verse! [cheare,

'O! trustlesse state of earthly things, and
slipper hope [nought,
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked
scope;
Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought;
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

'But maugre death, and dreaded sisters
deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happye herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes
O joyfull verse! [sourse;

'Why wayle we then? why weary we the
Gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards
light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happy herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!
O joyfull verse!

'Unwise and wretched men, to weete what
good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe we, fooles, what it us bringes unti
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!
No daunger there the shepheard can astert;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene.
O happy herse!
Make hast, ye shepheards, thether to revert:
O joyfull verse!

'Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be th
next?)
There lives shee with the blessed Gods in bliss
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mix
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe miss
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse!
Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is
O joyfull verse!'

The. Ay, francke shepheard, how bene th
verses meint
With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constraint
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gott
Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned hast;
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fas

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Jouisaunce, myrth.

Sovenaunce, remembrance.

Herie, honour.

Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske, the sonne reigneth, that is, in the signe Pisces all November: a haske is a wicker pad, wherein they use to cary fish.

Virelaies, a light kind of song.

Bee watred, for it is a saying of Poetes, that they have dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment, dreery and heavy cheere.

The great shepheard, is some man of high degre and not, as some vainely suppose, God Pan. Th person both of the shephearde and of Dido is un knowen, and closely buried in the Authors conceip But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, a some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her als

Shene, fayre and shining.

May, for mayde.

Tene, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequethed.

Cossel, a lambe brought up without the dam.

Unkempt, Incompti. Not comed, that is, ru and unhansome.

Melpomene, The sadde and waylefull Muse, used of Poets in honor of Tragedies : as saith Virgile, 'Melpomene tragico proclamat mœsta boatu.'

Up griesly gosts, The maner of Tragicall Poetes, o call for helpe of Furies, and damned ghostes : so s Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

Wast of, decay of so beautifull a peece.

Carke, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone fter : nay, time was long ago.

Flouret, a diminutive for a little floure. This is notable and sententious comparison, '*A minore d majus*.'

Reliven not, live not againe, s. not in theyr earthly bodies : for in heaven they enjoy their due reward.

The braunch, He meaneth Dido, who being as it were the mayne braunch now withered, the buddes, hat is, beautie (as he sayd afore) can no more lourish.

With cakes, fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the northerne pronouning.

Tinct, dyed or stayned.

The gaudie: the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her lyfe are made the honor f her funerall, as is used in burialls.

Lobbin, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth o have bene the lover and deere frende of Dido.

Rushrings, agreeable for such base gyftes.

Faded lockes, dryed leaves. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse, spring.

Mantled medowes, for the sondry flowres are like Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale : whome the Poetes aine once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty, ill, being ravished by hir sisters husbande, she esired to be turned into a byrde of her name, whose complaintes be very wel set forth of Ma. George Gascoin, a wittie gentleman, and the very hefe of our late rymers, who, and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he ltogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym aboundantly.

Cypresse, used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorow and heavinesse.

The fatall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre and timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is sayde to have cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

> 'Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos
> occat.'

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamation, moralized with great wisedom, and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare, a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead corse.

Furies, of Poetes are feyned to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are sayd to be the Authours of all evill and mischiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, a lively Icon or representation, as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fieldes, be devised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert, befall unwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods : Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye upon the Dreames of the same Authour.

Meynt, mingled.

EMBLEME.

Which is as much to say, *as death biteth not*. For lthough by course of nature we be borne to dye, nd being ripened with age, as with a timely harest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our elves we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree : et death is not to be counted for evill, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to life. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

HIS *Æglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a Comet or blasing* *starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unseasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.*

The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:
There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

'O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischiefe the unwary sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warde;

'I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

'Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

'I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste.

'How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

'And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleeved my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good old shephearde, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepheards swayne what ever fedde in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield:
For, if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

'But, ah! such pryde at length was ill repayde:
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide;
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

'Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

'Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye,
But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

'Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
The grieslie Tode-stoole growne there mought I se,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same:
And where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

'Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde;
Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

'To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?

I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
How Phœbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

'And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges;
The sodain rysing of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

'But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.
Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde?

'Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe;
The eare that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe:
Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

'My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

'The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spil the flowres that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike follies nowe have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

'And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

'So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harveste hasts to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blustring blast eche coste dooth scoure.

'The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright:
Delight is layd abedde; and pleasure past;
No sonne now shines; cloudes han all overcast.

'Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree:
Was never pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

'Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

'Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.'

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath bene oft sayd.

Lambkins, young lambes.

Als of their, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse.

'Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.'

Deigne, voutchsafe.

Cabinet, *Colinet*, diminutives.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.

Peres, felowes and companions.

Musick, that is Poetry, as Terence sayth, 'Qui artem tractant musicam,' speking of Poetes.

Derring doe, aforesayd.

Lions house: he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in the middest of somer; a prettie allegory; whereof the meaning is, that love in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray, which is Cupides beame or flames of Love.

A comete, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his whote love.

Venus, the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietnes in love.

Where I was: a fine description of the chaunge of his lyfe and liking, for all things nowe seemed to him to have altered their kindly course.

Lording: Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting, which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aside, unlesse they be sturred.

Then as: The second part, that is, his manhoode.

Cotes, Sheepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale, or sallow, a kinde of woodde like Wyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phœbe fayles, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heaven.

Venus, s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being convenient for sheppheardes to knowe, Theocritus and the rest use.

Raging seas: The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes, A kind of soothsaying used in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds: First (as is sayd) invented by the Thuscanes, and from them derived to the Romanes who, as it is sayd in Livie, were so supersticiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought up in that knowledge.

Of herbes: That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchauntments and sorceries that have bene wrought by them, insomuch that it is sayde that Circe, a famous sorceresse, turned men into sondry kinds of beastes and Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth,

'Dea sæva potentibus herbis, &c.'

Kidst, knewest.

Eare, of corne.

Scathe, losse, hinderaunce.

The fragrant flowres, sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein our Poet is seene, be they witnesse which are privie to this study.

Ever among, Ever and anone.

Thus is my. The thyrde part wherein is set forth his ripe yeeres as an untimely harvest that bringeth little fruite.

So now my yeere: The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold, for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee, mirth.

Hoary frost, a metaphore of hoary heares scattered lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme, sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a conclusion of all: where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally: In the second, the love of Rosalind: In the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all the Æglogues: In the fourth, his complaints: And in the last two, his professed frendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

EMBLEME.

The meaning whereof is, that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though ful indede of great wit and learning yet of no so great weight and importaunce, boldly sayth,

'Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
'Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo vorax.' &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth, he hath made a Calendar that shall endure as long as time, &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ovid in the like.

'Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis,
'Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas,' &c.

Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle;
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore:
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

1. *The Ruines of Time.*
2. *The Teares of the Muses.*
3. *Virgils Gnat.*
4. *Prosopopoia,* or *Mother Hubberds Tale.*
5. *The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.*
6. *Muiopotmos,* or *The Tale of the Butterflie.*
7. *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.*
8. *Bellayes Visions.*
9. *Petrarches Visions.*

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.

Since my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endevoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered togeather these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum canticorum* translated, *A senights slumber, The hell of lovers, his Purgatorie,* being all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad: as *The dying Pellican, The howers of the Lord, The sacrifice of a sinner, The seven Psalmes,* &c. which when I can, either by himselfe or otherwise, attaine too, I meane likewise for your favour sake to set foorth. In the meane time, praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciouslie to entertaine the new Poet, *I take leave.*

THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time some what to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring; And would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses, togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse; and so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships ever
humblie at commaund.
E. S.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
'This once was she,' may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting, sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing:
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Rivers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent:
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

'Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.'

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
'Name have I none (quoth she) nor anie being,
Bereft of both by Fates unjust decreeing.

'I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see,
Verlame I was: what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

'O vaine worlds glorie! and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one hower of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

'Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

'Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine?

'What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Persian Beares outragiousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares,
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,
That overran the East with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

'And where is that same great seven-headded beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her owne weight down pressed now shee lies,
And by her heaps her hugenesse testifies.

'O Rome! thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heavens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

'To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with purest golde and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleeve,
And with rehearsing would me more agreeve.

'High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All those (O pitie!) now are turnd to dust,
And overgrowen with blacke oblivions rust.

'Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full sore;
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee:
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt.

'But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed;
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

'And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall,
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And prizde with slaughter of their Generall;

The moniment of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought through spoyle of time is wasted.

'Wasted it is, as if it never were;
And all the rest, that me so honord made
And of the world admired ev'rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

'Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull Lovers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining Plovers.

'And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene.

'Seemes, that that gentle River for great griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained,
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led.

'There also, where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
And thousand Fishers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

'They all are gone, and all with them is gone;
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

'But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie;
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Save One that, maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

'Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

'But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

'It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

'I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

'O! trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

'All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie:
Therefore, what ever man bearst worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

'He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men, now dead, his deeds upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

'He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

'Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame.
Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for shame!

'And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

'He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilste he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame!
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame.

'He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

'Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever;
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live:
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

'Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whose great good deeds, in countrey and in towne,
Have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne,
Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t' ensue those steps of his.

'He, noble bud, his Grandsires livelie hayre,
Under the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre
In learned artes, and goodlie governaunce,
That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
Brave Impe of Bedford! grow apace in bountie,
And count of wisedome more than of thy Countie.

'Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

'Most gentle spirite, breathed from above
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

'His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled back too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

'Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven went
Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifise;
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

'O noble spirite! live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy!
But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

'Yet, whilest the fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:

Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

'Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy:
O sad joy, made of mourning and anoy!

'Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,
That, whilest thou livedst, madest the forrests ring,
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
O, happie were those dayes, thrice happie were!

'But now, more happie thou, and wretched wee
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou, now in Elisian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoice,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

'So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenlie Poets and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desart.

'But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentiond be with infamie.

'What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust, dead and inglorious,
Like beast whose breath but in his nostrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

'How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did florish;
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Jove, the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

'The sevenfold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which els would die
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

'So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

'So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when th' one diës, th' other then beginnes
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

'So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove;
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

'For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

'In vaine doo earthly Princes, then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge Colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen Pillours never to be fired,
Or Shrines made of the mettall most desired,

To make their memories for ever live;
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

'Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine:
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

'But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay, [skie,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound!

'Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spight of envie that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

'Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities,
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight:
But now his wisedome is disprooved quite;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

'O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

'O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewitcht, and overkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion.
O vainesse! to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward griefe infest:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

'And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee.'

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I, through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say;
But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
My thought returned greeved home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine;
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frosen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning brest,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull speach,
Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,
Being above my slender reasons reach;
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

I

I SAW an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.

But th' Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pitie! built of brickle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With showres of heaven and tempests worne away;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd

For tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle!
I saw this Towre fall sodainelie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

III

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devize,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights:
Not that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphœbe, could this gardine staine.

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting paine!
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes withholde.

IV

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast;

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean overstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Over the Sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche, which Trajan edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

VI

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I

Upon that famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,

And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe,
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the Lee
I sawe an Harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whylome seemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.

At length out of the River it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side,
A curious Coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldës good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight.
With that she started up with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed;
The same that bred was of Medusaes blood,
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atcheivements from his enemies;
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Enclosde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him above the skie,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven where happines is rife:
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' Envoy.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilome wast the worldës chiefst riches,
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse

And ye, faire Ladie, th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world your high thoughts scorne,
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire!

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Ladie, the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the verie Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.
ED. SP.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver Springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Joves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames, which wont in chanels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft,
Now, forst to overflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure cf their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

Clio.

Heare, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou, our Syre, that raignst in Castalie
And mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne,

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce,
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doome unjust
Didst to the type of honour earst advaunce:
They now, puft up with sdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote up still,
And grow to height of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their spredding armes
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wisedome to sustaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine;
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee,
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme:
Base minded they that want intelligence;
For God himselfe for wisedome most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised.

But they doo onely strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie:
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Auncestrie,
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first give
To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchive.

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told;
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time;
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could have made a stonie heart to weep;
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee; and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensew.

Melpomine.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that never may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayër wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah, wretched world! the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah, wretched world! the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie;
Ah, wretched world! and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely joy shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts:
She solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts:
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappiness.

My part it is and my professed skill
The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons to misfortune borne;
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophees;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Persephone;
But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her Sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.

So rested she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure
That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguize.

All places they with follie have possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,

Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne;
Not honored nor cared for of anie,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culvers, doo sit wayling now,

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
And monstrous error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black Abysse,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced
And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasaunce mard,
That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

Instead of them, fowle Goblins and Shriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose joy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft:
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands cround
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The schooles they fill with fond new fanglenesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine:
Faire Ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call;
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none living pittieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes and groanes and grievous agonie.
So ended shee; and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew.

Erato.

Ye gentle Spirits, breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie;
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of Lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighties bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall brests.

Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;

Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole:
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

Calliope.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Joves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the Starris seaven.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew.

Urania.

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkenesse without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceipt of sin.

In this wide world in which they, wretches, stray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But hell, and darkenesse, and the grislie grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,
And looke into the Christall firmament:
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift movĕment,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almighties chayre.

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th' eternall Makers majestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more than mortall men can vew.
O soveraigne Lord! O soveraigne happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse have they that doo embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they that scorne the schoole of arts divine,
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To makė men heavenly wise through humbled will.

How ever yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisedom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed;
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee; and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which have no skill to rule them right.
Have now quite lost their naturall delight,

Heapes of huge wordes uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill;
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers majestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie;
Ne onelie favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peereles Poëtresse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!
Live she for ever, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Somė few beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake:
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto yourselfe, that onely privie are:
  But if that any Oedipus unware
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text;
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
  But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde (Augustus) wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small Poeme, that th' whole history
Is but a jest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Joves progenie,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on yvorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Astery abide;
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie Pales,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Have care for to pursue his footing light
Throgh the wide woods and groves, with green leaves dight.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou, most dread (Octavius), which oft
To learned wits givest courage worthily,
O come, (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously;
For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants bloud did staine Phlegræan ground.

Nor how th' halfe-horsy people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord:
Nor how the East with tyranous despight
Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with sword,
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The Pontick sea by their huge Navy cast,
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horses feete,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou, (dread sacred child) to thee alway,
Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many yeares remembered be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Live thou for ever in all happinesse!
But let us turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And fayre Auróra, with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;
When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feede abroad where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills.
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills,
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O! the great happines, which shepheards have,
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of Bætus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away;
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay:
There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pales, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead, then, a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,

That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeless head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
Of Tempe! where the countrey Nymphs are rife, [sings
Through whose not costly care each shepheard
As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
As that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian Goddesse!) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood
Which she with cursed hands had shed before
There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus represse
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
Staied thee, (O Peneus!) powring foorth to thee
From cheerefull lookes great mirth and gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high Palme trees, with braunches
Out of the lowly vallies did arise, [faire
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
Of Phaeton, whose limbs, with lightening rent,
They, gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one;
The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly signe;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment;

And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale;
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;
And under them a silver Spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around;
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place this Shepheards flocke
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the Shepheard self, tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd;
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creste above, spotted with purple die,
On everie side did shine like scalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and most trustie guide
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent:
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepie Shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on, (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard)
Yet when he saw him slaine himselfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seeing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And unto rest his wearie joynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe,
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, 'What have I, wretch, deserv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

'So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

'And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

'Ay me! that thankes so much should faile of meed;
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed!
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

'I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

'I carried am into waste wildernesse,
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades,
Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide

'And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull ye
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire!
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

'There next the utmost brinck doth he abide
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride
His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

Go ye with them, go, cursed damosells,
Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde;
And Hymen, at your Spousalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes t
slay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay

'There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis! evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

'But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood
Whilst each does for the Soveraignty contend
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend

His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

'Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee;
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elisian plaine:
There grim Persephone, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

'There chast Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo! there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A rulesse rout of yongmen which her woo'd,
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

'And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleeve that anie thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease:

'Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horrour and fowle fashion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
And judgement seates, whose Judge is deadlie dred,
A judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults which life hath trespassed before.

'But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde;
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

'And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie;
And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

'She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

'Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës doo in order stand.

'There be the two stout sonnes of Aeacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyöus
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

'For th' one was ravisht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ships with furious yre
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fyre.

'O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft behelde?
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde,
And wide Sigean shores were spred with corses,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilst Hector raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have tynde.

'For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,

And all the Rhetæan shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships which they did seeke to burne.

'Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder which doth ryve
The ratling heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

'So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Aeacide did his fame extend;
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

'Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
And efte in Dolons subtile surprysall.

'Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs which her gird about:
Then doo the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie.

'There also goodly Agamemnon bosts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous,
To thee, O Troy! paid penaunce for thy fall;
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

'Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none whom fortune freely doth advaunce
Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate;
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of envies dart, is downe in dust prostrate,
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

'Th' Argolicke power returning home againe,
Enricht with spoyles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

'Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heavens on everie side enclowded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens striving them for to impeach.

'And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful showres,
That death on everie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

'Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;
Some on th' Euboick Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the Hercæan shores unknowne;
And manie lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrigian pray,
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

'Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie,
And doth all Nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

'And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prduent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

'And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest;
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

'Live they for ever through their lasting praise!
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne;
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which just Minos righteous soules doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

'Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Judge compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and just complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

'Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde:
But doo thou haunt he soft downe-rolling river,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde;
And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever.'
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have smarted.

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest,
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe:
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie;
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe;
The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie;
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence;
And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour;
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;
ED. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA: OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE

It was the month in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason,
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight there came to visite mee
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise:
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,

They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And, sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres.
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;
And some of Giaunts, hard to be beleeved;
That the delight thereof me much releeved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided;
The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heavie and deseased,
Ile write in termes as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall.
  Whilome (said she) before the world was civill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill
And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke,
For both were craftie and unhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
'Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)
To whom may I more trustely complaine
The evill plight that doth me sore constraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare, then, my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Dooing my Countrey service as I might,
No lesse, I dare saie, than the prowdest wight;
And still I hoped to be up advaunced,
For my good parts; but still it has mischaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke:
Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip privie first to make.'
'Ah! my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched neare:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head.'
'Certes (said he) I meane me to disguize
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize;
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,
And so to wander to the worldës ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
Continuallie subject unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice.'
'Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull jeopardie:
For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse
Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse;
Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee.'
  The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended journey to proceede;
And over night whatso theretoo did neede
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise.
'Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill,
Or shall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occasion appeares?
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares
To anie service, or to anie place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.'
'Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season;
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,

Nor anie man, we should our selves applie;
For why should he that is at libertie
Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free [borne,
Let us all servile base subjection scorne;
And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creture,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold;
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot:
We will not be of anie occupation;
Let such vile vassals, borne to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease our treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee;
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed th other,
Who live like Lords of that which they doo [gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free
Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.'
  Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,
And afterwards with grave advizement said:
'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best:
And they, that thinke themselves the best of [all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into great daunger, like to bee undone,
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
Withouten pasport or good warrantye,
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted.
Therefore, I read that we our counsells call,
How to prevent this mischiefe ere it fall,
And how we may, with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie.'
'Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt wil
For ere we farther passe I will devise [save
A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
And by the names of Souldiers us protect:
That now is thought a civile begging sect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same wil fashion.'
  The pasport ended, both they forward went
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the use of his right arme bereaved.
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare;
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare:
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working set;
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed,
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good is good hearts greatest [loathing.
The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe! he was in sight

That (if he er'd not,) should them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good service he were fit to doo;
But little thrift for him he did it too:
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became.
  When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T' enquire of custome, what and whence they [were?
To whom the Ape, 'I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good;
And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
driven am to seeke some meanes to live:
Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull service all my dayes.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state;
For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.'
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine;
And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe?
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd,
For husbands life is labourous and hard?
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have slipt the coller handsomly,
And to him said: 'Good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie living wight;
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly services as needeth.
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure:
But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father.'
  With that the husbandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
'Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine;
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
(Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their Belwether.'
The Husbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endevourment;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giving accompt of th' annuall increce [fleece.
Both of their lambes, and of their woolly
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe his dog (God give them paine!)
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run,
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with wingës swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answere unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile theeverie:
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed;
For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives they reft;
That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answere his desire;
For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all should readie be:
But they more subtill meaning had than he;
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
And that same evening, when all shrowded were
In careles sleep, they without care or feare

Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde.
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse:
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile,
That at the last they gan to be descryed
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte:
Yet would they take no paines to get their [living,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For manie beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell,
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to [meete,
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straightway his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile;
And askt what license, or what Pas they had?
'Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib:
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee.'
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill;
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controversies vaine;
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes;
When that was done, he might attend hi playes:
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boa
Had wayes enough for all therein to live;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Foxe: 'Who hath the worl not tride,
From the right way full eath may wande [wide
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on us taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.
Therefore might please you, which the worl have proved,
Us to advise, which forth but lately moved,
Of some good course that we might unde take;
Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make.'
The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;
'It seemes (said he) right well that ye Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werk
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize;
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissarie
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
All jolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie: yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt, then, but that ye lik [wi
Might unto some of those in time arise?
In the meane-time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that hat
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with little in condition sicker.
'Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wo drous great,
To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threa
'To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in ma
For they must feed themselves, doo what we ca
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more
But God it is that feedes them with his grac
The bread of life powr'd downe from heaven place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding ro
Did rule the Jewes, *All shalbe taught of Go*

hat same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
y whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
e is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
'e but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
herefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
e is the paines so great, but beare ye may,
or not so great, as it was wont of yore,
's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.
hey whilome used duly everie day
heir service and their holie things to say,
t morne and even, besides their Anthemes sweete,
heir penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
heir Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
heir memories, their singings, and their gifts.
ow all those needlesse works are laid away;
ow once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
is enough to doo our small devotion,
nd then to follow any merrie motion.
e are we tyde to fast, but when we list;
e to weare garments base of wollen twist,
ut with the finest silkes us to aray,
hat before God we may appeare more gay,
esembling Aarons glorie in his place:
or farre unfit it is, that person bace
hould with vile cloaths approach Gods majestie,
Vhom no uncleannes may approachen nie;
r that all men, which anie master serve,
ood garments for their service should deserve;
ut he that serves the Lord of hoasts most high,
nd that in highest place, t' approach him nigh,
nd all the peoples prayers to present
efore his throne, as on ambassage sent
oth too and fro, should not deserve to weare
garment better than of wooll or heare.
eside, we may have lying by our sides
ur lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
Ve be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
ut have the Gospell of free libertie.'
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
he Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson,
nd of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
Iow to a Benefice he might aspire?
Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed:
Iuch good deep learning one thereout may reed;
or that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
Iow to obtaine a Beneficiall.
irst, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
our selfe attyred, as you can devise,
hen to some Noble-man your selfe applye,
r other great one in the worldës eye,
hat hath a zealous disposition
o God, and so to his religion.
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as Saintlike as Saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock.
So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parsonage:
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in privitie.
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more private persons seeke elswhere,
Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the living yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne:
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift,
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning sake to living them to raise;
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven.
How saist thou (friend) have I not well discourst
Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not wourst?)
Better a short tale than a bad long shriving:
Needes anie more to learne to get a living?'
'Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree:

Great thankes I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.'
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
And throgh their owne faire handling wisely wroght,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained,
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they revell route and goodly glee;
But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
That Pursivants he often for them sent;
But they neglected his commaundëment.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather.
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
  So passing through the Countrey in disguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize;
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere,
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But almost sterv'd did much lament and mourne.
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said; 'Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give.'
'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretche need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed:
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarse thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.'
'Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare.'
'From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heavens portracture.
But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall.'
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We make seeke favour of the best of all?'
'Marie, (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie joyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde.
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth.
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply;
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few which follow them, I see,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.'
  'But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seeke to win?'
'How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,

That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves theretoo, according to occasion.
So fare ye well; good Courtiers may ye bee!'
So, proudlie neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
How for the Court themselves they might aguize;
For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big lookes basen wide,
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint devises, never seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene;
Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas.
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree;
That all which did such strangenesse in him see
By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
  Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts.
Besides, he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him served to good stead;
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well.
But he so light was at legierdemaine,
That what he toucht came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Javell so good men to nip;
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite:
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo:
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes:
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise:
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde:
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descrie his lewd conditions;
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games that may be found;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne).
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for shame,
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Ne with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The Sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession.
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could devise:
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce; yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
Besides, he usde another slipprie slight,
n taking on himselfe, in common sight,
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
n gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett·
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same.
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a secret fee,
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while;
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his Master hastely,
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
n Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
n case his paines were recompenst with reason.
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is Suters state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
That curse God send unto mine enemie!
For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride
At length by such as sate in justice seate,
Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenance in those his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then, closely as he might, he cast to leave
The Court, not asking any passe or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy stound,
At last againe with him in travell joynd,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe,
Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:

For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake ;
Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe
Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show?
'Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all
Subject unto that powre imperiall.'
'Ah! but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?'
'Fond Ape! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous howre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.'
  The Ape, that earst did nought bnt chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise :
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?
'Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo ;
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, my owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part.'
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly,
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To everie sound that under heaven blew ;
Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyde
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespide.
Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords :
For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous ;
That neither pleased was to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone;
For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.
'I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in jeopardie :
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne.'
'Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray :
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you to rule; for government of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appease our jarre ;
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee ;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe :
And hereupon an oath unto me plight.'
  The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore; for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare ?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;

But it dissembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then, when he was all dight, he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first whome he encountred were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, striken both with feare,
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly, naythles, were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there disswaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte,
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad; ne would his majestye
Use them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both fast and true.
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion:
But, soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was.
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streightway,
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the mean-time upon the King t' attend.
The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the Beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palaice hye;
Where taking Congé, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight which late they sawe.
The Ape, thus seized of the Regall throne,
Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger have endurance.
First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill;
And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce:
Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.
But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part;
For whatsoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leases by him lept,
And of them all whatso he likte he kept.
Justice he solde injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was;
But, so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices:
He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.

And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilest the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over-all,
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment:
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne.
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace;
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisdome he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared,
For not so common was his bountie shared:
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie.
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine,
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse,
For all that els did come were sure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for availe;
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
'Soft, Gooddie Sheepe! (then said the Foxe) not soe:
Unto the King so rash ye may not goe;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot;
For there was cause, els doo it he would not:
Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart.'
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart:
So many moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high Jove, in whose almightie hand
The care of Kings and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines,
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed:
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never should be quit, nor stal'd.
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never-resting speed
Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce happen to the Lyon stearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought?
And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
Of wronges, and spoyles, by salvage beasts committed?
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
Unto the place where his prescript did showe,
There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame;
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the Gods immortall crew

And beautefie the shinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So, standing by the gates in strange disguize,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
And evermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine;
Which yet to prove more true he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision.
Through power of that he runnes through enemies swerds;
Through power of that he passeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
Through power of that his cunning theeveries
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies;
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus, his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And feare the harts of all his enemyes;
And, when him list, an universall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;
As when his Syre with Alcumena lay.
  Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which never him descride,
And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle injuries,
And fild with treasure rackt with robberies;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts:
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawlesnes raigning with riotize;
Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seeke the Lion where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this shame
On those two caytives, which had bred him blame.
And, seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did ly.
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him; for fantasie is strong.
'Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
Arise, and doo thyself redeeme from shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame.'
  Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
And, rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach, but no where it espide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right sore:
But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted,
Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left:
And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Apes confusion.
Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleeving,
But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.
  Then, when he saw no entraunce to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe
Those warders strange, and all that els he
met. [get:
But th' Ape still flying he no where might
From rowme to rowme, from beam to beame
he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almost ded;
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
And forth with shame unto his judgement
brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.
The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
He did uncase, and then away let flie:
But th' Apes long taile (which then he had)
he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which all Apes but halfe their eares
have left,
And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.
So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end,
Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly
tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell.
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over-all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

II

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed;
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced:
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie:
But I will sing above all moniments
Seven Romane Hils, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

III

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here
seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou
seest,
Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what
wast, [powre
And how that she, which with her mightie
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at
last; [devowre
The pray of time, which all things doth
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all. O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV

She, whose high top above the starres did sore
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;
Jove fearing, least if she should greater growe
The Giants old should once again uprise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hils, which
be nowe [skies
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminall and Aventine doo meete.

V

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte, [see
And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him

In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night.
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite, rejoyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
  In spight of time out of the dust doth reare,
  Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

VI

Such as the Berecynthian Goddesse bright,
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see.
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:
So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
  Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
  And did her courage to the heavens ad- [vaunce.

VII

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
Triumphant Arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall;
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate;
  For if that time make ende of things so sure,
  It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
That one would weene that one sole Cities [strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had survew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth join'd to the heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be [quight;
And that though time doth Commonwealths devowre,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
  That her head, earth'd in her foundations deep,
  Should not her name and endles honour keep.

IX

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long sithence traveiled
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no less firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone have [being
Are temporall, and subject to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
  With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
  That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

X

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheived the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nourslings praise
The firie sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to represse,
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercilesse;
  Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
  Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

XI

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to advaunce;

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire,

XII

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall, [grone,
That th' earth under her childrens weight did
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, (Rome) their conquest
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable, [made;
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left, [reft.
Makes the world wonder what they from thee

XIV

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboord [vaine:
The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble Lion after his lives end, [hardise
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine fool-
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greeke
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde;
So those, which whilome wont with palli cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold, [vain
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldness
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour di daine.

XV

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which, joying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth those signes of your presump tuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye spirits, (sith the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane works, built with you hands,
Now to become nought els but heaped sands

XVI

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre
In a great mountaine heap't with hideou noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narr
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfu poyse:
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
Tossing huge tempests through the trouble skie,
Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily,
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre,
As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII

So long as Joves great Bird did make his fligh
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuou might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay
But all so soone as scortching Sunne had bren
His wings which wont the earth to overspred
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sen
That antique horror, which made heave adredd.
Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,

And towards heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to pouder; [lightning,
In which the foule, that serves to beare the
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle;
And these brave Pallaces, which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;
Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her
Her power to Peters successor betooke; [might,
Who, shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

XIX

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies,
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store.
But destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evill was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed;
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plonge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire;
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last, not able to beare so great weight,
Her power, disperst through all the world did vade; [fade.
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall

XXI

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
Sustein'd the shocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
But, when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

XXII

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize;
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Harten against her selfe her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII

O! warie wisedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overworne:
He well foresaw how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires;
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes)) your hard destinie,
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
  Upon your walls, that God might not endure
  Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie joynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
  To builde, with levell of my loftie style,
  That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
  For th' auncient Plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
  The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Judge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outworne
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne
Then also marke how Rome, from day to day
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay
That one would judge, that the Romaine Dæmon
  Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
  Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

XXVIII

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke, all rotten and unsound,
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes
And, though she owe her fall to the firs
Yet of the devout people is ador'd, [winde
And manie yong plants spring out of he rinde:
Who such an Oke hath seene, let him record
  That such this Cities honour was of yore,
  And mongst all Cities florished much more

XXIX

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
All that which Greece their temples to embrave
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne, [fill
And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonder
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise
All that which Afrike ever brought forth
All that which Asie ever had of prise, [strange
Was here to see. O mervelous great change
  Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament
  And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment

XXX

Like as the seeded field greene grasse firs showes, [spring
Then from greene grasse into a stalke dot
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes

The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
Which, bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
Upon the naked fields in stackes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill:
  As they which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
  Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to scater

XXXI

That same is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne Souldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou onely cause, O Civill furie! art,
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight,
  To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
  Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

XXXII

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deignd to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities;
For if that time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
  That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
  Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Excelling all that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightie to adore.
  Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
  And fill the world with never dying fame!

MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE LADIE CAREY.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE LA : CAREY.

Most brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaves, as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I beare unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the mouths of al men: with which I have also presumed to grace m verses, and under your name to commend t the world this small Poëme, the which be seeching your La: to take in worth, and all things therein according to your wonte graciousnes to make a milde construction, humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humbly;
E. S.

MUIOPOTMOS: OR THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hart-swelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small jarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne!
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll; and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed,
Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to stie
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineo
To mount aloft unto the Cristall skie, [ligh
To view the workmanship of heavens hight:
Whence, down descending, he along would fli
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublou winde.

So on a Summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperions fierie childe
Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creature smilde,
Yong Clarion, with vauntfull lustie-head,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare:
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pur
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound
For it by arte was framed to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse than that which Vulcane made to sheil
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom he
In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, spredding all his backe, with dread full view
Made all that him so horrible did see
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin,
When the Næmean Conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous devic
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet
Nor costly Oricalche from strange Phœnice,

But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre;
Nor Junoes Bird in her ey-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken?)
The Archer God, the sonne of Cytheree,
That joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah, my liege Lord! forgive it unto mee.
If ought against thine honour I have tolde;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft
And golden faire, her Love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is, that dame Venus, on a day
In spring, when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres her forhead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous usage and unstained hewe;

Who, beeing nimbler joynted than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour than the others best;
Which they in secret harts envying sore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
She praisd', that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering jealous feare,
Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight.
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champain o're he soared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicefull sense with every change doth flit:
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excell the naturall with made delights:
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete;
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise;
The wholesome Saulge, and Lavender still gray,
Ranke-smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime
Sweet Marjoram, and Daysies decking prime:

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Verven, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Savorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state,
Or who can him assure of happie day,
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night
And th' armies of their creatures all and sou
Do serve to them, and with importune might
Warre against us, the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now
Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miserie,
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' alta sprent:
Nought may thee save from heavens avenge ment.

It fortuned (as heavens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spigh
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing too and fro,
Fearles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie.
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagio helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore an bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on groun
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended
That wrought her shame, and sorrow nev ended.

For the Tritonian goddesse, having hard
Her blazed fame which all the world had fil'
Came downe to prove the truth, and du reward
For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and wit quill.

Minerva did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare; so lively seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would [weene.

She seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare;
But (Lord!) how she in everie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring
A burning Teade about his head did move,
As in their Syres new love both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie Tritons which their hornes did [sound.

And round about her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwoven with an Yvie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
Such as Dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth devowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse [bright
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve Gods doo sit around in royall state,
And Jove in midst with awfull Majestie,
To judge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the Gods, by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowen; but Jove above them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right.
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous [might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldome seene, forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,
And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth [did yield
A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd: then, all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe empted;
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a net with manie a fold
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,

Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish Flie, without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe t show?
Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse! me to devise
Notes sad enough t' expresse this bitter throw
For loe! the drerie stownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine, perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap, and howre unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, strugled long
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine:
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wingës twain
In lymie snares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce mig
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing stroke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

I.

One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodness disgraced!
On which when as my thought was throgh [place
Unto my eyes strange showes presented wer
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in wort
That when time serves may bring thing
better forth.

II

In summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe, [beaten,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did
threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him
pleased:
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

III

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
n monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way, [pride.
Thought all things lesse than his disdainful
saw a little Bird cal'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The griesly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his jawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least
disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

IV

The kingly Bird, that beares Joves thunder-
clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other Foules his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But drove in Joves owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Foule was wroth,
said Jove,
'Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove.'

V

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to
sweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide Abysse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder.
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of
speare [golde,
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which, through his entrailes spredding di-
versly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O! how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft
forlorne!

VII

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A litle wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-
mayed
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained. [glorie,
  Let therefore nought, that great is, therein
  Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men called Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele, [away.
That winde nor tide could move her thence
  Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
  Should able be so great an one to wring.

X

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his
And all his glory in his cruell clawes. [pride,
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his jawes:
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire:
  That dead himselfe he wisheth for despigh
  So weakest may anoy the most of might!

XI

What time the Romaine Empire bore the rai
Of all the world and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdain
And cast to quitt them from their bonda
    quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde;
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine stayd
And Jove himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserved from being to his foes betrayde;
Why do vaine men mean things so much defac
  And in their might repose their most assu
    ance,
  Sith nought on earth can chalenge lo
    endurance?

XII

When these sad sights were overpast and gon
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
Learne by their losse to love the low degree
And, if that fortune chaunce you up to call
To honours seat, forget not what you be:
  For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
  Shall finde his state most fickle and u
    sure.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come, [hee)
And crying lowd, Loe! now beholde (quoth
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
  Sith onely God surmounts all times decay
  In God alone my confidence do stay.

II

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize, [sam
With hundreth pillours fronting faire th
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining Christall, which from top to bas
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw
On hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase:
Golde was the parget; and the seeling brigh
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold
The floore of Jasp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behol

An earthquake shocke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square appeare to mee,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as Archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour:
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas, this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Jove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew;
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T'embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII

I saw the Bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight;
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight;
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule, that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

IX

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Satúrnlike awe
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood

And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: His left the palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull olive wield;
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
‘Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour up did raise?
Suffisd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?’

XI

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On everie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames;
That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld

XII

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphes away.

XIII

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship to which none other might compare
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the maine
But I the ship saw after raisd' againe.

XIV

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a Citie like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sur
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if aught under heaven might firme endure
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this citie faire.

XV

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus
I saw Typhœus sister comming neare;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hidd
Did seeme to match the Gods in Majestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd
Over all the world did raise a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap o thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudde wonder

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I

EING one day at my window all alone,
o manie strange things happened me to see,
s much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
t my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
o faire as mote the greatest god delite;
wo eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
f which the one was blacke, the other white:
Vith deadly force so in their cruell race
hey pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
hat at the last, and in short time, I spide,
nder a Rocke, where she, alas, opprest,
ell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II

fter, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Iade all of Heben and white Yvorie;
he sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were:
Iilde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
he skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire:
Vith rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
ut sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
nd tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
trake on a rock, that under water lay,
nd perished past all recoverie.
), how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
)oth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
So great riches as like cannot be found!

III

he heavenly branches did I see arise
)ut of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,
midst the yong greene wood; of Paradise
ome noble plant I thought myselfe to see:
uch store of birds therein yshrowded were,
haunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
hat with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
Vhile on this Laurell fixed was mine eie,
he skie gan everie where to overcast,
nd darkned was the welkin all about,
Vhen sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
nd rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Wherto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall:
That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide,
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet Love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snowe and golde together had been wrought:
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable!

VII

When I behold this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye, these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens [blis
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle you goodly features.

DAPHNAÏDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON,
AND WIFE OF ARTHURE GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

By ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY
HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH-HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from th Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Si Edward, and grandmother to Sir Willia and Sir Thomas Gorges, knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honou done to the White Lyon, but will be mos gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husban and children do so neerely participate wit the bloud of that noble family. So in al dutie I recommende this Pamphlet, and th good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first o Januarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever.
ED. SP.

DAPHNAÏDA.

WHAT-EVER man be he whose heavie minde,
With griefe of mournefull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, (I weene), the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

ut whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
r in this wretched life dooth take delight,
et him be banisht farre away from hence;
e let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
hough they of sorrowe heavilie can sing;
or even their heavie song would breede delight;
ut here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
et those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
oo weave the direfull threds of destinie,
nd in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
pproach hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene
f Darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
nd grisly Ghosts, to heare the dolefull teene.

gloomie evening, when the wearie Sun,
fter his dayes long labour drew to rest,
nd sweatie steeds, now having overrun
he compast skie, gan water in the west,
walkt abroade to breath the freshing ayre
open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
ith early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

here came unto my minde a troublous thought,
hich dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
e lets it rest untill it forth have brought
er long borne Infant, fruit of heavinesse,
hich she conceived hath through meditation
f this worlds vainnesse and lifes wretchednesse,
hat yet my soule it deepely doth empassion.

as I muzed on the miserie
which men live, and I of many most
ost miserable man; I did espie
here towards me a sory wight did cost,
lad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
nd Jaakob staffe in hand devoutlie crost,
ike to some Pilgrim come from farre away.

is carelesse locks uncombed and unshorne,
ong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
hat well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne;
owne to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
s loathing light; and ever as he went
e sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
s if his heart in peeces would have rent.

pproaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
nd by the semblant of his countenaunce
e seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
ost like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
lcyon he, the jollie Shepheard swaine
hat wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
nd fill with pleasaunce every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
I softlie sayd, Alcyon! There-with-all
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call: [sound,
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow
'Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treades this day on ground?'

'One, whome like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and weepe; [beare.
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.'

'Cease, foolish man!' (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
'To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde,
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplye
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.'

'Then be it so,' (quoth I) 'that thou are bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee theretoo constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.'

'Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,' quoth he, [ground,
'Nought cares at all what they, that live on
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

'Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe, [nought,
And carest for one that for himselfe cares
(Signe of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heavie case relate:
Then harken well till it to ende bee brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

'Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,

And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

'It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

'Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene;
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

'And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

'For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day·
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch or sleepe
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

'Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe;
My lovelie Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

'Oft did the Shepeheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

'Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would have no en
But oh, fond man! that in worlds ficklenes
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels be
To make new matter fit for Tragedies;

'For whilest I was thus without dread or do
A cruell Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadlie smart,
And reft fro me my sweete companion,
And reft fro me my love, my life, my hart:
My Lyonesse (ah, woe is mee!) is gon!

'Out of the world thus was she reft awaie,
Out of the world, unworthie such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pra
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyl
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soy
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weep
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares steepe;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe;
'Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

'Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds r possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse; [cas
Therefore more plaine areade this doubtf

Then sighing sore, 'Daphne thou knewe quoth he,
'She now is dead;' ne more endured to say
But fell to ground for great extreamitie;
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and, lightlie him uprearin
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through griefe, in dea dreering.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigat
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate;
As stubborne steed, that is with curb strained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gat
And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearne plained:

I

What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre
Vill honour heaven, or heavenlie powers adore,
Vhich so unjustlie doe their judgments share
Iongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
he innocent, as those which do transgresse,
nd do not spare the best or fayrest, more
han worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse?

If this be right, why did they then create
he world so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
r whie be they themselves immaculate,
purest things be not by them respected?
he faire, shee pure, most faire, most pure shee was,
et was by them as thing impure rejected;
et shee in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,
hat men admire in goodlie womankinde,
he did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
iving on earth like Angell new divinde,
dorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie,
nd all the dowries of a noble mind,
Vhich did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since fayre Astræa left
he sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
nd, when she parted hence, with her she reft [quight.
reat hope, and robd her race of bountie
Vell may the shepheard lasses now lament;
or dubble losse by her hath on them light,
o loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let Elisa, royall Shepheardesse,
he praises of my parted love envy,
or she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
owr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
y her own Shepheard, Colin, her owne Shepherd,
hat her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
f rustick muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
nd mine the Primrose in the lowly shade:
ine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
ot mine, but His, which mine awhile her made;
ine to be His, with him to live for ay.
that so faire a flower so soone should fade,
nd through untimely tempest fall away!

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Vhil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde, [did bring,
nd whil st her braunch faire blossomes foorth
he fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

II

'What hart so stony hard but that would weepe,
And poure foorth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frosen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well,
I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping weares, [fell.
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome

'Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

'Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
"Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chanst some evill tourne!

'"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needes depart from thee,
And straight obay his soveraine beheast;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

'"Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remaine!
Or why should he, that loves me, sorie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!

'"I goe, and long desired have to goe;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest;
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

'"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My yong Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.

Thus, deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long."—
So having said, away she softly past:
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make mine
undersong.

III

So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding
chest,
With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endles care:

'And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad Death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearfull
brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

'How happie was I when I saw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosie garland crownd!
And when she list advance her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made as-
townd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to rejoyce.

'But now, ye Shepheard lasses! who shall
lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is
dead
That was the Lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

'Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance; but let ghastlinesse
And drery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse:

'Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drougth drie up the christall
wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring foorth no
flowres,
And th' ayre be filled with noyse of dolefull [knells,
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

'And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth
bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my und
song.

IV

'My little flocke, whom earst I lov'd so wel
And wont to feede with finest grasse that gre
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter Astrofell,
And stinking Smallage, and unsaverie Rew
And, when your mawes are with those we
corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolves; ne will I rew
That with your carkasses wild beasts be gl
ted.

'Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heavens I doo daylie call;
But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at c
Or graunt his boone that most desires to d

'The good and righteous he away doth tak
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remai
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiplie their paine;
Els surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Judge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishmen

'Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doo service day by day.

'For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other en
And in affliction wast my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes
raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fin
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

'And she, my love that was, my Saint that
When she beholds from her celestiall thron
(In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I have with sorowe satisfide
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me
seeke,
And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Vill send for me; for which I daylie long;
And will till then my painful penance eeke.
Veep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
song.

V

Hencefoorth I hate what ever Nature made,
nd in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
'or they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
o soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
'hey tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
eaving behind them nought but griefe of
minde,
nd mocking such as thinke they long will
stay.

I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
Ie from my love, and eke my love from me;
hate the earth, because it is the mold
f fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;
hate the fire, because to nought it flyes;
hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be;
hate the Sea, because it teares supplyes.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
o see all things, and not my love to see;
hate the darknesse and the drery night,
ecause they breed sad balefulnesse in mee;
hate all times, because, all times doo flye
o fast away, and may not stayed bee,
ut as a speedie post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with
crying; [eares;
hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine
hate to tast, for food withholds my dying;
hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
o all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
he one, because as I they wretched are;
he other, for because I doo not finde
ly love with them, that wont to be their
Starre:
nd life I hate, because it will not last;
nd death I hate, because it life doth marre;
nd all I hate that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
ecause it changeth ever too and fro,
nd never standeth in one certaine state,
ut still unstedfast, round about doth goe
ike a Mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
riven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
hat dying lives, and living still does dye.

'So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine!
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolor and disdaine!
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-
song,

VI

'Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

'To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye must needes be joyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

'Yet, whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for fraïltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

'But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire Eurydice, her daughter deere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie
thought;
So will I travell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne.

'Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine ey-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

'And ever as I see the starres to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
How my fair Starre (that shinde on me so
Fell sodainly and faded under ground; [bright)
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

'But soone as day doth shew his deawie face.
And calls foorth men unto their toylsome trade,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my undersong.

VII

'Hencefoorth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall moulde,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

'And ye fond men! on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away; [usance
For nought of them is yours, but th' onely
Of a small time, which none ascértaine may.

'And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my Daphnes Elegie,
Help me to wayle my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

'And ye, more happie Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

'And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

'And ye, faire Damsels! Shepheards de
delights, [ses
That with your loves do their rude hearts p
When as my hearse shall happen to yo
sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus lo

'And ye, poore Pilgrimes! that with restle
toyle
Wearie your selves in wandring desert way
Till that you come where ye your vow
assoyle,
When passing by ye read these wofull laye
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wro
And mourne for me that languish out
dayes. [so
Cease, Shepheard! cease, and end thy und

Thus when he ended had his heavie plai
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard soun
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began
faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to groun
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him ligh
Amooved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred fa
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched cas

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpas
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be plea
To turne aside unto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better ease
Of that strong stownd which him so sore be

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did go
With staggring pace and dismall lookes dism
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED. SPENCER.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

Sir,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of his simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591.

Yours very humbly.
ED. SP.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best knowen by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders [sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him: and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a jolly groome was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol;) gan thus to him areed.
'Colin, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke:
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a [sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languor did lament:
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, has made againe alive:
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.'
To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
'Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,

Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure. [awake;
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepie Muse,
Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
Harke then, ye jolly shepheards, to my song.'
With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.
'One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe,
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary.'
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake:
'And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse.'
'Nor of my love, nor of my lasse (quoth he,)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his bancks appeare.'
'Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to us that lovely lay againe: [anno
The staie whereof shall nought these ear
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine.'
'Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tal
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence ol
'Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northside of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant val
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nimph, which of that water course ha charge, [righ
That, springing out of Mole, doth run down
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at larg
It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old; [pitti
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth an
To travailers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win deligh
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbou flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre;
And wrought so well with his continuall pain
That he that river for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doon
Nath-lesse the Nymph her former liking held
For love will not be drawne, but must b ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Brego bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That, whilest the one was watcht, the othe might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames s broken
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretlv did he his love enjoy

Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy,
Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foule despight,
n great avenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought.'
Which having said, him Thestylis bespake;
Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing:
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing.'
'That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong;
Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life.
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?'
Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That Marin hight; 'Right well be sure did plaine,
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further, Colin, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade.'
'When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell;
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.'
'And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?'
'Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear:
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold! an huge great vessell to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed togither with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—
'If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?'
'These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne:

At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And, I among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd;
Where I will live or die at her beheast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne, [end.
And fold them up, when they have made an
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land: [serve
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandëment at hand.'
Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe; by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in jeopardie, [hemd,
And round about with mightie white rocks
Against the seas encroching crueltie. [fields
Those same, the shepheard told me, were the
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red:
The first, to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare;
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.
'What land is that thou meant, (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand?'
'Ah! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a fon, [worke:
That hast not seene least part of natures
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon, [lurke.
And much more that does from mens knowledge
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbag is,
And all things else that living creatures need
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies.' [here
'But if that land be there (quoth he) a
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there
Like as in this same world where we do wone?
'Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this
For there all happie peace and plenteous stor
Conspire in one to make contented blisse.
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bordrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger: [troy
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope des
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.'
'But say on further (then said Corylas)
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.'
'Foorth on our voyage we by land di passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still u guyded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought
I found much greater then the former fame,
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.

Vhy then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
resume the things so sacred to prophane?
Iore fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
he image of the heavens in shape humane.'
With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
aying; 'By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
olin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
nd her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.
3ut let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
nd how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced.'
'The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Jnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
nd to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
hat she thenceforth therein gan take delight;
nd it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
ll were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
or not by measure of her owne great mynd,
nd wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
3ut joyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Vorth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.'
'Why? (said Alexis then) what needeth shee
hat is so great a sheapheardesse her selfe,
nd hath so many shepheards in her fee,
o heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
)r be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
hat they list not their mery pipes applie?
)r be their pipes untunable and craesie,
hat they cannot her honour worthylie?'
'Ah! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so:
or better shepheards be not under skie,
Jor better hable, when they list to blow
heir pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
here is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
n faithfull service of faire Cynthia:
nd there is Corydon though meanly waged,
et hablest wit of most I know this day.
nd there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
hough fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Vhose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
weet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
h! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt
n thy sweete Eglantine of Meriflure;
ift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
hat may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
here eke is Palin worthie of great praise,
lbe he envie at my rustick quill:
nd there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
Iis tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spight
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliseïs would be redde anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver Poeme can be under Sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe Heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone:
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.'
Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida:
'Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia: [told,
But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.'
'Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserve!
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none.' [Mayd,
Then thus Melissa said; 'Thrise happie
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie: [made
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?'
'They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praise; but in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read, [dight
Whose goodly beames though they be overr-
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight,
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance;
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare
With silver deaw upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia, [traine
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiae
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her won; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthie faire Neæra is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie;
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull Charillis:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fres delight,
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodl raies.
Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest! [be
Of all the shepheards daughters which ther
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie:

he is the pride and primrose of the rest,
ade by the Maker selfe to be admired ;
nd like a goodly beacon high addrest,
hat is with sparks of hevenlie beautie fired.
ut Amaryllis, whether fortunate
r else unfortunate may I aread,
hat freëd is from Cupids yoke by fate,
ince which she doth new bands adventure dread ;—
hepheard, what ever thou hast heard to be
n this or that praysd diversly apart,
n her thou maist them all assembled see,
nd seald up in the threasure of her hart.
e thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
or thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
e thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
or thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
esides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
ight noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:
ut, if I all should praise as they deserve,
his sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended :
herefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
deeme it best to hold eternally [shrynd,
heir bounteous deeds and noble favours
hen by discourse them to indignifie.'
So having said, Aglaura him bespake:
Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
estowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
nd them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
ut of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,
inish the storie which thou hast begunne.'
'More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
ow to begin, then know how to have donne.
or everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
hich she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;
nd everie day, in which she did a deed,
emaunds a yeare it duly to display. [ing,
er words were like a streame of honny fleet-
he which doth softly trickle from the hive,
able to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
nd eke to make the dead againe alive.
er deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
hich load the braunches of the fruitfull vine ;
ffring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
nd fill the same with store of timely wine.
er lookes were like beames of the morning Sun, [East,
orth looking through the windowes of the
hen first the fleecie cattell have begun
pon the perled grasse to make their feast.
er thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
hich from a golden Censer forth doth rise,
nd throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
n rolling globes up to the vauted skies.
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.
'Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie.'
'True (answered he) but her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might:
That, being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth:
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endosse, [grow:
That, as the trees do grow, her name may
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame:
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name. [call,
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that still survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive, [shewed.'
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard
Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying: 'Why Colin, since thou foundst such
With Cynthia and all her noble crew; [grace
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.'
'Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy:

But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.'
'Shepheard, (said Thestylis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.'
'Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well-deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed toung, furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines;
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse to please it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares;
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, and fumeth soone away;
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchace highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.'
'Ah! Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in Princes Court thou vewest.
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few.'
'Blame is (quoth he) more blameless generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faulti bee;
For all the rest do most-what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drownded lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his.'

'And is Love then (said Corylas) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our God alone,
And only woond in fields and forests here:'
'Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise:
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs.
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that God, that is so greatly dred;
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples of one kynd;
For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture joynd:
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardens of Adonis nurst:
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Jove himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield.' [rage
'Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall
Of Love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee,
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.'
'Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. [t' eat,
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving-light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet;
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight.
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:

For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can
fynd
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list
shew grace, [die.
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would
So love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which thereto doth them
draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.'
So having said, Melissa spake at will;
'Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of Love and beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd,
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much com-
mend.
'That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth
heare.'
'Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire
To use him so that used her so well; [Mayd
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse femi
nine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through judgement of the gods to bee
ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'
'Ah! shepheards, (then said Colin) ye n
weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet
Of things celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew [bee
Of shepheards daughters which emongst yo
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe hav
place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe
And long affliction which I have endured:
Such grace sometimes shall give me some re
liefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
And heare the languors of my too long dying
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophé of her great conquest.'—
So, having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks t
rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

IEPHEARDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
t times to plaine your loves concealed smart;
nd with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
ompassion in a countrey lasses hart
earken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
nd place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

o you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
e mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

ASTROPHEL.

GENTLE shepheard borne in Arcady,
' gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
bout the grassie bancks of Hæmony
d keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store:
ll carefully he kept them day and night,
fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

ung Astrophel, the pride of shepheards praise,
ung Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
r passing all the pastors of his daies,
all that seemly shepheard might behove.
one thing onely fayling of the best,
at he was not so happie as the rest.

r from the time that first the Nymph his mother
m forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
sclender swaine, excelling far each other,
comely shape, like her that did him breed,
grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
d doubly faire wox both in mynd and face.
Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usuage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemed made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As Somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.

And layes of love he also could compose:
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill;
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had
Did prick him foorth with proud desire o
praise
To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame t
raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about us it doth make aboad!

It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with
paines,
That he of them great troups did soone entrap
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale
Least that his toyle should of their troups be
brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made
Now with his sharp bore-spear, now with his
blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none:)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood [stout,)
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did
That he endured not the direfull stound, [flow,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard
peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee:
And ye fayre Mayds, the matches of his yeares
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee

h! where were ye, when he of you had need,
o stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

h! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
nd sad ensample of mans suddein end:
ull litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Jnpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend:
Vhilest none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
nd kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

sort of shepheards, sewing of the chace,
s they the forest raunged on a day,
y fate or fortune came unto the place,
Vhere as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
et bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Iad not good hap those shepheards thether led.

hey stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
nd in their armes then softly did him reare:
ho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
Iis dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
he dolefulst beare that ever man did see,
Vas Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

he, when she saw her love in such a plight,
Vith crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
hat wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
nd her deare favours dearly well adorned;
Ier face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
he likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Ier yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
s Sunny beames in fairest somers day,
he fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
rom her red cheeks the roses rent away;
nd her faire brest, the threasury of joy,
he spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

Iis palled face, impictured with death,
he bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
nd with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
ut of his lips like lilies pale and soft:
nd oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
ut onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

he rest of her impatient regret,
nd piteous mone the which she for him made,
o toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
ut he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
t last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
is wasted life her wearie lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them, there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew;
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes:
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefe opprest:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

(*These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney.*)

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe!
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe!
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also il;
That which they made, who can them warne [to spill?

To men? ah! they alas! like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the fayre flowre, which them adornd, is [gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone
ashes,
Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on.
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres now
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made;
Who ever made such layes of love as hee?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quig
Hath robd of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepheards pride w
hee!
Shepheards, hope never like againe to see

Oh Death! thou hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done
What is become of him whose flowre here le
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?
Scarse like the shadow of that which he wa
Nought like, but that he like a shade d
pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace,
By soveraine choyce from th' hevenly quir
select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O! what is now of it become aread.
Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth li
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with straunge notes, of him well und
stood,
Lull him asleep in Angelick delight;

Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

ut he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
f their divine aspects, appearing plaine,
nd kindling love in him above all measure;
weet love, still joyous, never feeling paine:
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous rancor free

here liveth he in everlasting blis,
weet spirit never fearing more to die:
e dreading harme from any foes of his,
e fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

ut live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
nd give us leave thee here thus to lament!
Not thee that doest thy heavens joy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our own miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne:
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time addrest:
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

(This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodowick Bryskett.)

OME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your watry bowres,
orsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament:
elp me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
f Liffies tumbling streames: Come, let salt teares of ours
ix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
oyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound
hich fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher powres;
he dreery day in which they have from us yrent
he noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
ourne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we his wofull end,
hom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely from the tree,
hiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie frute.
Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight defend?
hat wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved thee
f such a shining light to leave us destitute?
hou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold,
hou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
nd with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.
But now thy ireful bemes have chill'd our harts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime, (I feare;)
For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful England made;
Eke Zelands piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare,
Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd:
Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade,
And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde.
Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose.
Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.
The Thames was heard to roare, the Seyne and eke the Mose,
The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance did rue,
With torment and with grief: their fountains pure and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling flouds de-
clar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with
paled hue, [and neere,
The Silvan Gods likewise, came running farre
And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast
up on hie; [to crie.
O help, O help, ye Gods, they ghastly gan
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a
wight, [out his age.
And graunt that natures course may measure
The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling
fearfully, [so fright.
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them
Out from amid the waves, by storme then
stirr'd to rage, [Ocean hoare,
This crie did cause to rise th' old father
Who grave with eld, and full of majestie in
sight, [teares and plaints,
Spake in this wise. 'Refrain (quoth he) your
Cease these, your idle words, make vaine
requests no more. [fixed stint
No humble speech, nor mone, may move the
Of destinie or death: Such is His will that
paints [with store
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies
Of starry lights: And though your teares a
hart of flint [will prevaile.'
Might tender make, yet nought herein they
Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who
gan to feele [dint
His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage
franke as steele, [exprest,
With cheerfull face, where valour lively was
But humble mynd, he said: 'O Lord, if ought
this fraile [t' advaunce;
And earthly carcasse have thy service sought
If my desire have bene still to relieve th'
opprest; [spent
If justice to maintaine that valour I have
Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I
might advaunce [if thou think best;
Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord)
Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will
be bent, [set;
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now
to be plast [blood
In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious
Thou purchase didst for us.' With that a
sigh he fet,
And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske
roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple
flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter as i
past. [veines, which wer
A trembling chilly cold ran throgh thei
With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatal
howre, [declare
Whose blustring sighes at first their sorrow di
Next, murmuring ensude; at last they no
forbeare [enviousl
Plaine outcries, all against the heav'ns tha
Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and s
rare. [hide his fac
The sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, an
For griefe, whereby the earth feard nigh
eternally: [turn'd their streame
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the river
And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fre
apace: [fierie gleame
And grisly ghosts by night were seene, an
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, tha
did seeme [beast afeard
To rent the skies, and made both man an
The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chanc
foretold, [made man deem
By dernfull noise; and dogs with howlin
Some mischief was at hand: for such they d
esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of ol
Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovei
Stella plaine [ing cheer
Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourn
While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes di
unfold. [shoulders twaine
Her haire hung lose, neglect, about he
And from those two bright starres to him some
time so deere, [foyson down
Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell i
Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hand
with paine, [pheer
And piteously gan say: 'My true and faithfu
Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortun
frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy?
What cruell envious hand hath taken the
away, [stay
And with thee my content, my comfort, and m
Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and anno
When they did me assaile; in thee my hop
did rest. [da
Alas, what now is left but grief, that night an
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continua
rage [brest
Torments ten thousand waies my miserab
O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee t
have
Enricht with such a jewell this unhappie ag
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, whe
shall [since thy grav
Mine eies see ought that may content then

y onely treasure hides, the joyes of my poore bart!
s here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall
e thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide:
nd as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
reason would that there of thy most happie state
had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
ere wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
ung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
e with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone!'
his said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
nd insteed of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
f teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro:
nd, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about her roong.
If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
ught moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
is noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
ould sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
urora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
hen, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
he blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine,
at bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
nder those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies;
nd at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely wise.
et, sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
he gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
hose lights through which his glory and his conquests shine.
he Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
long her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
ll things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
he trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so cold.
he aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine, and mist,
orbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe;
hich made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha shold
f creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds untwist.
or Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
nd with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
nd Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans guide.
On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th' aire,
So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hollow caves
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie.
His nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it craves)
With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or sport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant dantie fish to entangle or deceive.
The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving mery layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might perceive
To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect,
And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and mone.
But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure affect,
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of majestie the High Creator reignes;
In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where happie alwaies one,
Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now
Of well emploied life th' inestimable gaines,
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he sets to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that boast
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.
All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,

The flowre of Sydneyes race, the honour of thy name!
Whose worthie praise to sing, thy Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall;
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wid thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might en the same.

A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.

LYCON. COLIN.

LYCON.

Colin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? How with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead. Up jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycon! what need skill, to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us joyne our mournfull song with their
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and Eccho will our words report.

Lycon. Though my rude rymes ill with th verses frame,
That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his hig nam
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods: if ever piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull deat
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,
When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards al
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth sen
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and the
Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolonged with many yeares, happie an famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their white brests,

ccuse the direfull dart that death sent out
o give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
hat deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
he pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
hey leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
weet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
o sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
nd now the hollow caves where horror darke
oth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire, [their time
hey seeke; and there in mourning spend
Vith wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
nd seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.
Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Vhy should my toong expresse thee? who is left
ow to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
ycon, unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
Vhat lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
f thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay!
Vhere is become thy wonted happie state,
Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale,
hrough pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
long the bankes of many silver streames,
hou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
he craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
till with the Muses sporting, while those
f vertue kindled in his noble brest, [beames
Vhich after did so gloriously forth shine!
ut (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
ll suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
oe, father Neptune, with sad countenance,
Iow he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
onder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
he white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
f Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
he sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
ll for his comfort gathered there they be.
he Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
he fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
o helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
he dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
f the dead corps passing through his kingdome. [crown'd,
nd all their heads, with Cypres gyrlonds
Vith wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
ke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Varcissus, their last accents doth resownd.
Colin. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age!
widow world! O brookes and fountains cleere!
hills, O dales, O woods! that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare:
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow, [gives
And spred your sacred branch, which honor
To famous Emperors and Poets crowne,
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.
Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide. [above,
Looke down a while from where thou sitst
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned muse thou cherisht most whyleare,)
Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred; [strew;
Behold these floures which on thy grave we
Which faded, shew the givers faded state, [pure)
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure: [ay,
That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.
Colin. The sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep [showres
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

(*This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon.*)

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire;
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire;
  The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
  No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
  And what of wilde or tame are found,
  Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With love-juice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
  And Phillis philbert there away,
  Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And, for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull ebonie:
  All in a circle compast were,
  Like to an ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees;
One sort is this, another that,
  Here Philomell, that knowes full well,
  What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The skie-bred Egle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
  The Swan that sings about to dy,
  Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
  As I conjecture, by the same
  Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse;
A man or stone, I knew not that:
No stone; of man the figure was,
  And yet I could not count him one,
  More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
  Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
  To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
  So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
  And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound;
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:
  After his throbs did somewhat stay,
  Thus heavily he gan to say:

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine?
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine:
  Shine upon those possesse delight,
  And let me live in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th.
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!)
Things knowne permit me to renew;
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerfull eine;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit!

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move:
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this:
Tis likely they acquainted soone;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill!
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath love and judgement too
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be
And live by vertue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne nor blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,)
Such majestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such majestie my mart may mar;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt togither shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine.

This word (was slaine) straightway did move,
And natures inward life strings twitch;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
Shewd feeling passion of his death;
Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe,
Was never he that drew in breath
Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan, that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing:
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life; and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of each kinde,
Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde
But hardly a peere to that, I doubt;
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight
To signifie to Jove the case,
What sorrow nature doth sustaine
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke:
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove wa
gone;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright;
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright:
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollor so mine inke

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

(*The Authors of the two following poems are unknown.*)

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings
lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled
more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy time-
lesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princel
line; [gav
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that natur
The common mother that all creatures have,
Doth vertue show, and princely linage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly minde
That God thee gave, who found it now to
deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neer
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held th
youth; [nor time
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers

he fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
hy will, thy words; thy words the seales of
truth.

reat gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee
thence, [kings;
o treat from kings with those more great than
uch hope men had to lay the highest things
n thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Vhence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee
call,
hy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
f worthy men the marks, the lives, and
ends,
nd her defence, for whom we labor all.

here didst thou vanquish shame and tedious
age, [might:
riefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes
hy rising day saw never wofull night,
ut past with praise from of this worldly
stage.

ack to the campe, by thee that day was
brought, [fame;
irst thine owne death, and after thy long
eares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians
shame,
ertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath
woon? [sure
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope un-
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall
dure;
Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the
same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues
fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to
come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens
above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmed in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, be-
waile thy fall:
Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall;
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell;
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time! [rime,
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

ILENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth
rage, [the wonder of our age;
tald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost,
et quickned now with fire, though dead with
frost ere now, [quick, I know not how.
nrag'de I write, I know not what: dead,

ard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares
abound, [no fault she found;
nd envie strangely rues his end, in whom
nowledge her light hath lost, valor hath
slaine her knight; [worlds delight.
idney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the

lace pensive wailes his fall, whose presence
was her pride; [my spring tide:
ime crieth out, My ebbe is come; his life was
ame mournes in that she lost the ground of
her reports; [sundry sorts.
ch living wight laments his lacke, and all in

e was (wo worth that word!) to ech well
thinking minde [vertue ever shinde,
spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose
eclaring in his thoughts, his life, and that
he writ, [deepest works of wit.
ighest conceits, longest foresights, and

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong,
and al in vain do mone:
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the
world with cries; [ladder to the skies.
Death slue not him, but he made death his

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the
wrong; [thred is al to long,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no
reliefe, [ending griefe.
Must spend my ever dying daies in never

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and
never meet in one; [sorrowes cell,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
Shall not run out, though leake they will, fo
liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames; [thy beames!
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy; eclipsed are
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts which quiet-
nes brings foorth; [minds of woorth.
And farewel friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie assignes;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may dwell:
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content, farewell!
Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no ki to skill,
And endlese griefe, which deads my life, ye knowes not how to kill
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which if ye ha to finde,
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that hel so good a minde

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR ROBART NEEDHAM, KNIGHT.

Sir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for i Englande, nowe at the length crossing th Seas in your happy companye, (though t your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choys of you, as meetest to give her deserve countenaunce, after her retourne: entertain her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte beseeming your gentle minde, and her merit and take in worth my good will herein, wh seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours i all dutifull affection.

W. P.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Darke is the day, when Phœbus face is shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
But, when they see his glorious raies unclowded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way:
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside;
The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day;
And few do write, but (ah!) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighboures auncient pride,
That do, for poesie, challendge cheefest name:
So we that live, and ages that succeede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reede.

G. W. Senior.

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Pyping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies:
Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroick deedes of past or present daies;
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill;
Thy muse hath got such grace and power please,
With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!
O! therefore let that happy muse proceede
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honour shall be made thy meede.
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.^{e}

I

APPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Vhich hold my life in their dead-doing might,
hall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
yke captives trembling at the victors sight.
nd happy lines! on which, with starry light,
hose lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
nd reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Vritten with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
nd happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
f Helicon, whence she derived is;
Vhen ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
Iy soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II

Jnquiet thought! whom at the first I bred
f th' inward bale of my love-pined hart;
nd sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
ill greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
reake forth at length out of the inner part,
n which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;
nd seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
nd also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
ut, if in presence of that fayrest proud
hou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
nd, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
ardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish:
If not, die soone; and I with thee will perish.

III

he soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Vitnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
he light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
n my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse raysed;
hat, being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
ase thing I can no more endure to view:
ut, looking still on her, I stand amazed
t wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
o when my toung would speak her praises dew,
t stopped is with thoughts astonishment;
nd, when my pen would write her titles true,
t ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
oth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
nd, bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
ids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
nd, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warnes the Earth with divers-colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide:
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foule dishonor:
Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise; such portlinesse is honor;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies;
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chast affects that naught but death can sever;
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

VII

Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart,
Into the object of your mighty view?
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,

Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
  Such life should be the honor of your light,
  Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker neere;
No eies but joyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare;
Thrugh your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong thrugh your cause, but by your vertue weak.
  Dark is the world, where your light shined never;
  Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

IX

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright;
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;
Nor to the Lightning; for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such basenesse mought offend her.
  Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
  Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massácres which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take,
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:
  That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
  As she doth laugh at me, and makes m pain her sport.

XI

Dayly when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth;
She, cruell warriour, doth herselfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile;
But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyl
To force me live, and will not let me dy.
  All paine hath end, and every war hat peace;
  But mine, no price nor prayer may surceas

XII

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eie
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
All fearelesse then of so false enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about m throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands
Who, me captiving streight with rigorou wrong,
Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.
  So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
  Against your eies, that justice I may gaine

XIII

In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie
And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty.
For, looking on the earth whence she wa borne
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seemes t scorne
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven ma clime
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with dross slime
  Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
  Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

XIV

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.

eat shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
ynst such strong castles needeth greater
might [belay:
en those small forts which ye were wont
ch haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
isdayne to yield unto the first assay.
ring therefore all the forces that ye may,
nd lay incessant battery to her heart;
aynts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and
dismay;
hose engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before
her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.

XV

e tradefull Merchants, that, with weary
toyle, [gain;
o seeke most pretious things to make your
nd both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
hat needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
or loe, my love doth in her selfe containe
ll this worlds riches that may farre be found:
Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine;
Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound;
Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and
Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene; [round;
Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground;
Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

XVI

ne day as I unwarily did gaze [light;
n those fayre eyes, my loves immortall
he whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
hrough sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
egions of loves with little wings did fly;
arting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
t every rash beholder passing by.
ne of those archers closely I did spy,
yming his arrow at my very hart:
hen suddenly, with twincle of her eye,
he Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII

he glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
ade to amaze weake mens confused skil,
nd this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
hat pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
or though he colours could devize at will,
nd eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
east, trembling, it his workmanship should
spill;
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes
glide; [hart;
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the
The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;
Cannot expressed be by any art. [neede,
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to
heare,
Or looke with pitty on my payneful smart;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but
water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to
laughter. [vaine,
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-
mayne.

XIX

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland
crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds re-
sounded,
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back re-
bounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor
rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

XX

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,

Then either Lyon or the Lyonesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
  Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
  That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XXI

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with sterne countenance, back again doth chace
Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it streight recure;
Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.
  Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
  Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

XXII

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse!
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifise,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
  The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
  Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

XXIII

Penelope, for her Ulisses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne;
And with one word my whole years work doth rend.
  Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
  Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with lea wynd.

XXIV

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke i mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge shoul bee,
For all their faults with which they did offen
  But, since ye are my scourge, I will i treat,
  That for my faults ye will me gently beat

XXV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too well hav tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
  And wish that more and greater they migh be,
  That greater meede at last may turne to me

XXVI

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunch is rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sow enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
  Why then should I accompt of little pain
  That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine

XXVII

re Proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud,
h all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
d in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
wever now thereof ye little weene!
at goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
all doffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre,
d be forgot as it had never beene;
at many now much worship and admire!
any then shall after it inquire,
any mention shall thereof remaine,
t what this verse, that never shall expyre,
all to your purchas with her thankles paine!
'aire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish;
3ut that, which shall you make immortall, cherish.

XXVIII

e laurel-leafe, which you this day doe weare,
es me great hope of your relenting mynd:
since it is the badge which I doe beare,
bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind:
e powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
th sweet infusion, and put you in mind
that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre:
ud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
her transforme into a laurell-tree.
'hen fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,
3ut in your brest his leafe and love embrace.

XXIX

! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave
simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
l by the bay, which I unto her gave,
coumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.
e bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
lded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
l they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
sing the glory of their famous deedes.
t sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
her accept me as her faithfull thrall;
at her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
ay in trump of fame blaze over-all.
'hen would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
nd fill the world with her victorious [prayse.

XXX

love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
v comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat!
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frosen cold;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold!
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden yse;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse!
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI

Ah! why hath nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race
A dreadfull countenaunce she given hath;
That with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;
That she the better may in bloody bath
Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord

XXXII

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frosen turne!

XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead.
But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle!
Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest;
Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.

XXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
Still to behold the object of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize;
But, having, pine; and, having not, complaine.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease;
But al my dayes in pining langour spend,
Without hope of aswagement or release?
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseryes?
But, when ye have shewd all extremityes,
Then thinke how litle glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honour long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps w
mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII

What guyle is this, that those her gold
She doth attyre under a net of gold; [tress
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
That which is gold, or heare, may scarse
told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bol
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel awar
Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye d
stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

XXXVIII

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
Through the sweet musick, which his ha
did make,
Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to plea
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn wi
But in her pride she dooth persever still.
All carelesse how my life for her decayes:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pitty, but to save were prayse
Chose rather to be praysd for dooing good
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltles
blood.

XXXIX

Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene
Love,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
With which she wants to temper angry Jov
When all the gods he threats with thundri
dart:
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadness
A melting pleasance ran through every part
And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse
Whylest rapt with joy resembling heaven
madnes,
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce;
And feeling thence, no more her sorow
sadnesse,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce
More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall mea
Seemd every bit which thenceforth I did ea

XL

rk when she smiles with amiable cheare,
d tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
en on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
kest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
to the fayre sunshine in somers day;
at, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
rugh the broad world doth spred his goodly
ray;
sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
d every beast that to his den was fled,
nes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
d to the light lift up theyr drouping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
Vith that sunshine, when cloudy looks are
cleared.

XLI

t her nature, or is it her will,
be so cruell to an humbled foe?
ature; then she may it mend with skill:
vill; then she at will may will forgoe.
t if her nature and her wil be so, [most,
at she will plague the man that loves her
d take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
en all her natures goodly guifts are lost:
d that same glorious beauties ydle boast
but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
being long in her loves tempest tost,
e meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
hat so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII

e love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
at, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
e more I love and doe embrace my bane.
doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
be acquit fro my continual smart;
t joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
d yield for pledge my poore captyvëd hart;
e which, that it from her may never start,
; her, yf please her, bynd with adamant
chayne: [vart
d from all wandring loves, which mote per-
s safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
nely let her abstaine from cruelty,
nd doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII

all I then silent be, or shall I speake?
d, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
d, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
choked be with overflowing gall.
at tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
d eke my toung with proud restraint to tie;
at nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
like a stupid stock in silence die!
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought
can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe
well.

XLIV

When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
Thrugh stubborn pride, amongst themselves did
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece; [jar,
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake. [arre;
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And griefe renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle
peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increase.

XLV

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre Idea of your celestiall hew
And every part remaines immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre
beames darkned be.

XLVI

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:
But then from heaven most hideous stormes
are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obay?
The heavens know best what is the best for me.
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.
But ye high hevens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your storms; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wracke.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth
raine.

XLVII

Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have theyr guylefull traynes well tryde:
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts doe hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
  O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr bane,
  And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne.

XLVIII

Innocent paper; whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre:
And, ere she could thy cause wel understand,
Did sacrifize unto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.
Whom she, all carelesse of his griefe constrayned
To utter forth the anguish of his hart:
And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.
  Yet live for ever, though against her will,
  And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX

Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mighties jewell:
And greater glory thinke, to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes:
Let them feele the utmost of your crueltyes;
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo:
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy too.
  Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
  So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe;
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little prie
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth pleas
Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appea
The inward languor of my wounded hart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease
But such sweet cordialls passe Physitions a
  Then, my lyfes Leach! doe your skill reveal
  And, with one salve, both hart and bo heale.

LI

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ag
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?
Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more co
Sith neve rought was excellent assayde [men
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would atten
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure
  Onely my paines wil be the more to get h
  But, having her, my joy wil be the great

LII

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shie
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in langour to remaine.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vai
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment fe
  So I her absens will my penaunce make,
  That of her presens I my meed may take

LIII

The Panther, knowing that his spotted hyd
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks th fray;
Within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide
To let them gaze, whylest he on them may pr
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth pla
For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

LIV

f this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
y love, lyke the Spectator, ydly sits;
eholding me, that all the pageants play,
isguysing diversly my troubled wits.
ometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
nd mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
oone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
et she, beholding me with constant eye,
elights not in my merth, nor rues my smart:
ut, when I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
he laughes, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV

o oft as I her beauty doe behold,
nd therewith doe her cruelty compare,
marvaile of what substance was the mould,
he which her made attonce so cruell faire.
ot earth, for her high thoghts more heavenly are:
ot water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
ot ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
ot fyre: for she doth friese with faint desire.
hen needs another Element inquire
Vhereof she mote be made, that is, the skye.
or to the heaven her haughty lookes aspire:
nd eke her mind is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith so heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI

ayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
s is a Tygre, that with greedinesse
unts after bloud; when he by chance doth find
feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
ayre be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,
s is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
inding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
eats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
ayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
s is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
aynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
oth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII

weet warriour! when shall I have peace with you?
igh time it is this warre now ended were
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appeare,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds wil heale in little space.

LVIII

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde;
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assurd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
Her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance;
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath enduraunce.
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

LIX

Thrise happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and setled so in hart,
That nether will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX

They, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare:

In which her circles voyage is fulfild,
As Mars in three-score yeares doth run his spheare.
So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent:
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loves fayre Planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LXI

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels hevenly borne;
And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives amend;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray:
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.
So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy spright,
And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

LXIII

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve:
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and frau with store
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchyve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him oppr
All paines are nothing in respect of this
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall bli

LXIV

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I four
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowre
That dainty odours from them threw aroun
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowre
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red;
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamour
Her lovely eyes, lyke Pincks but newly spr
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullambyne
Her brest, lyke Lillyes, ere theyr leaves shed;
Her nipples, lyke yong blossomed Jessemyn
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odor smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

LXV

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love
That fondly feare to loose your liberty; [va
When, loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst dyd
Sweet be the bands, the which true love d
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill: [
The gentle birde feeles no captivity
Within her cage; but singes, and feeds her
There pride dare not approch, nor discord s
The league twixt them, that loyal love h bound:
But simple truth, and mutuall good-will,
Seekes with sweet peace, to salve each oth wound: [tow
There Fayth doth fearlesse dwell in bra
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sac bowre.

LXV.

To all those happy blessings, which ye hav
With plenteous hand by heaven upon y thrown;
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Yee, whose high worths surpassing parago
Could not on earth have found one fit for ma
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?

ut ye thereby much greater glory gate,
hen had ye sorted with a princes pere:
or, now your light doth more itselfe dilate,
nd, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII

yke as a huntsman after weary chace,
eeing the game from him escapt away,
its downe to rest him in some shady place,
ith panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
o, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
hen I all weary had the chace forsooke,
he gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
hinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
here she, beholding me with mylder looke,
ought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide;
ill I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
nd with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

LXVIII

ost glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
idst make thy triumph over death and sin;
nd, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
aptivity thence captive, us to win:
his joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;
nd grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,
eing with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
ay live for ever in felicity!
nd that thy love we weighing worthily,
ay likewise love thee for the same againe;
nd for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
ith love may one another entertayne!
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX

he famous warriors of anticke world
sed Trophees to erect in stately wize;
n which they would the records have enrold
f theyr great deeds and valorous emprize.
hat trophee then shall I most fit devize,
n which I may record the memory
f my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
dorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
ven this verse, vowd to eternity,
hall be thereof immortall moniment;
nd tell her prayse to all posterity,
hat may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotton at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd;
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilest it is prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.

LXXI

I joy to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmely, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all above
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII

Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thoght of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

LXXIII

Being my self captyved here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre
eye
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over-all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me
made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my sovereigne Queene most
kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent:
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his
pray. [assay
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, whenas death shall all the world
subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVI

Fayre bosome! fraught with vertues richest
trésure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that hevenly spright;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astra
Whiles diving deepe through amorous
sight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pra
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in Ma
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges displ
And there to rest themselves did boldly pla
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy re
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest

LXXVII

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest Prince with pompous roialty:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Twoo golden apples of unvalewd price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever tast
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Pa
dice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd
My thoughts the guests, which wou
thereon have fedd.

LXXVIII

Lackyng my love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost t
hynd; [fac
And seeke each where, where last I sawe h
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd
I seeke her bowre with her late presen
deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
They ydly back returne to me agayne:
And, when I hope to see theyr trew objéct,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.
Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe
see;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in me

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be, [me
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorio
But onely that is permanent and free [hev
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ense

That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al
true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath
made;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books
compile,
Give leave to rest me being halfe fordonne,
And gather to myselfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will breake anew;
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
With strong endevour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet
praise;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse,
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden
heares [marke;
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes
appeares;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth
dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
Throgh which her words so wise do make
their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of natures wonderment:
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For, had the equall hevens so much you
graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Som hevenly wit, whose verse could have
enchased
Your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortall prayses forth:
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest:
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from weltempred sprites,
Goe visit her in her chast bowre of rest
Accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most joyous
sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne;
But speake no word to her of these sad
plights,
Which her too constant stiffenesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV

The world that cannot deeme of worthy
things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
So does the Cuckow, when the Mavis sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admyre;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses
fill. [shal thunder,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV

Venemous toung, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a
spring
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst
tel,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre;

The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepard!

LXXXVI

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last;
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.

LXXXVII

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayn
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie r
mayne.
Of which beholding the Idæa playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.[1]
But, with such brightnesse whylest I f
my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blyn

LXXXVIII

Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishfull vo
For his returne that seemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournf
dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth ho
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man ca
move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light
mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively bl

EPIGRAMS.

I

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away.
And one of hers did close convay
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And sayd to her; 'All hayle, my mother!'
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
'Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.'

IV

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murr
About him flew by hap. ['rin
Whereof when he was wakened with th
And saw the beast so small; [noys
'Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great
That wakens men withall?' [voy
In angry wize he flyes about,
And threatens all with corage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and twixt game:

'See! thou thyselfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty.
Or give like leave unto the fly.'

Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore:
'Now out alasse, he cryde, and wel-away!
I wounded am full sore:
The Fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.'

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his griefe complayned:
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
'Think now (quod she) my sonne, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make.'

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
With his sharpe dart of love:
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,

And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes:
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimme were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beam
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which wer begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cypria Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and you eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and they eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,

As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine
With joyance bring her and with jollity.

Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past;
Enough it is that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shriech Oule nor the Storke be heard;
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels;
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:

Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine:
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND, AND

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF WARWICKE.

Having in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kinde; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage o them, and to accept this my humble service in lieu of the great graces and honourabl favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeel you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. An even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. You Honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,
ED. SP.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poore captivĕd hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late.
Through the sharpe sorrowes which thou has me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me t [reiat
The wondrous triumphs of my great god-hed
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God o Love,
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,

Where thou doest sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts;
And ye, faire Nimphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorie.

And ye, faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your Soveraigne king.

Great God of Might, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornefull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne nativitie,
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heavens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

And, taking to him wings of his owne heate,
Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
He gan to move out of his idle seate;
Weakely at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
And, like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.
Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,
And with contràry forces to conspyre
Each against other by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
Their contràry dislikes with loved meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe them selves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmely have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast;
Through which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and dayly are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie:

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.

What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therwith tip his sharp empoisned darts,
Which glancing through the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling [harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane:
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light dis[daine;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

That whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy [play,
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarse any little part;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraine Lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best the
serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne mynds such lamps regard th
lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre.

For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselve
enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native migh
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excel
Which he beholding still with constant sight
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyr

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrise happie man! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune bless

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,

That heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Trojane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;
For both through heaven and hell thou makest way
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if, by all these perils and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himselfe he faynes!
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathëmore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approch more neare, till in her inmost brest
He may embosomd bee and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love can not endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleeve
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the hart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight and joyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like Gods in yvorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their Queene,
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee onely honoring
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king:
Till then, dread Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AH! whither, Love! wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchaunting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddesse! Queene of Beauty,
Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-MAISTER DID CAST
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which clotheth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please; That is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian Queene! which flowing from the [beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow, [marrow
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmos

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
That beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto th hart, [stowre
And therein stirre such rage and restless
As nought but death can stint his dolour smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew
In which oft-times we nature see of art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeve me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds
men;

I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me, the more to rew!)
That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathëmore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
How ever fleshes fault it filthy make;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments
And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fiërbrand,
Disloiall lust faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,

And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display;
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of Loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For, if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jarre.

For Love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others joy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not love; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beamës bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces;
Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others never see!
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free:
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embássade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all.

Then Iö, tryumph! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fëaltie
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine!
That she, whose conquering beautie doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved.

And you, faire Venus dearling, my deare dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which al things
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot,
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not in powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission:
The brightest Angell, even the Child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
And with His onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In His wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright
Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of every living wight
He made by love out of His owne like mould,
In whom He might His mightie selfe behould;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse then Angels whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;

Till that great Lord of Love, which him a first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deepe horror of despeyred hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launching every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch
But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternall King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
Had he required life of us againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so litle cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that us so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
How ever here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou his soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused;
How with most scornefull taunts, and fell despights,
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused;
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;

All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted ey
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense do daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the sprigh

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above huma skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fil
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire thin above.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by na
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natu aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respe
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers found
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firme bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brand
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mort hands;
And, last, that mightie shining christall wa
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend
And further is from earth, so still more clea
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend;
Ayre more then water, fire much more th ay
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure a fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still movi Masse,
The house of blessed God, which men c Sk
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke th grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse pas
But those two most, which, ruling night a day,
As King and Queene, the heavens Empire swa

d tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
at to their beautie may compared bee,
can the sight that is most sharpe or keene
dure their Captains flaming head to see?
w much lesse those, much higher in degree,
d so much fairer, and much more then these,
these are fairer then the land and seas?

farre above these heavens, which here we
others farre exceeding these in light, [see,
t bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
t infinite in largenesse and in hight,
moving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
at need no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
their owne native light farre passing theirs.

d as these heavens still by degrees arize,
till they come to their first Movers bound,
at in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
d carrie all the rest with him around;
those likewise doe by degrees redound,
d rise more faire, till they at last arive
the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

re is the heaven where happy soules have
ull enjoyment of felicitie, [place,
ence they doe still behold the glorious face
the Divine Eternall Majestie;
re faire is that, where those Idees on hie
aunged be, which Plato so admyred,
d pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

fairer is that heaven, in which doe raine
soveraine Powres and mightie Potentates,
ich in their high protections doe containe
mortall Princes and imperiall States;
d fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
d heavenly Dominations are set,
m whom all earthly governance is fet.

farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
ich all with golden wings are overdight,
d those eternall burning Seraphins,
ich from their faces dart out fierie light;
fairer then they both, and much more
bright,
th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
Gods owne person, without rest or end.

ese thus in faire each other farre excelling,
to the Highest they approch more neare,
is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
rer then all the rest which there appeare,
ugh all their beauties joynd together
were;
w then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

se then, my tongue! and lend unto my
mynd
ve to bethinke how great that beautie is,
ose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his
might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face, [bright,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so
That th' Angels selves can not endure his
sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot
sustaine [shyne,
The Suns bright beames when he on us doth
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majestie Divine, [darke,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-
plation, [soule do blynd,
From this darke world, whose damps the
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Majestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling inno-
Ne dare looke up with córruptible eye [cence,
On the dred face of that great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded
be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the just wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth
passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth represse,

Under the rigour of his judgement just;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish aire, whereby al things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soveraignty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious f
And more increast by her owne goodly gr
That it doth farre exceed all humane thou
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious qu
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtrayd this, for all his maistring s
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne
Could once come neare this beauty sovera

But had those wits, the wonders of their d
Or that sweete Teian Poet, which did spe
His plenteous vaine in setting forth prayse,
Seene but a glims of this which I pretend
How wondrously would he her face comm
Above that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rime fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections p
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her l
And darkes the earth with shadow of sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to pai

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises si
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie heavens Ki
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thin
And, being thus with her huge love posse
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest,

But who so may, thrise happie man him
Of all on earth whom God so much doth g
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have pl
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wig
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sig

For she, out of her secret threasury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidde
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre
Which mighty God hath given to her fre
And to all those which thereof worthy be

None thereof worthy be, but those whom
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,

l letteth them her lovely face to see,
ereof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,
l sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
eir soule of sense, through infinite delight,
l them transport from flesh into the spright.

which they see such admirable things,
carries them into an extasy,
l heare such heavenly notes and carolings,
Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky;
l feele such joy and pleasure inwardly,
at maketh them all worldly cares forget,
l onely thinke on that before them set.

from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
: all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
l all that pleased earst now seemes to paine;
eir joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
ixed all on that which now they see;
other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

l that faire lampe, which useth to inflame
e hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre
nceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame; [aspyre
l all that pompe to which proud minds
name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [fed
And, with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest

PROTHALAMION.

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH, AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE GENTLEMEN M. HENRY GILFORD, AND M. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS.

LME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
eete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
entle spirit, that lightly did delay
: Titans beames, which then did glyster
en I, (whom sullein care, [fayre;
ough discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
Princes Court, and expectation vayne
dle hopes, which still doe fly away,
e empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
lkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, he which his River hemmes
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their
flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were, [bare,
That even the gentle streame, the which them
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
And marre their beauties bright, [fayre,
That shone as heavens light, [long:
Against their Brydale day, which was not
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had
Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
Their wondring eyes to fill; [still,
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver
For sure they did not seeme [Teeme;
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and
The earth did fresh aray; [weede
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was
long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I
my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets dr
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the fi
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly Birds they th
And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seem
When downe along by pleasant Tempes sh
Scattred with Flowres, through Thessaly t
streeme,
That they appeare, through Lillies plente
Like a Brydes Chamber flore. [st
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, t
Garlands bound [fo
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead t
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall t
Whil'st one did sing this Lay, [crow
Prepar'd against that Day, [lo
Against their Brydale day, which was
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I
my Song.

'Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire or
ment,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie no
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts conte
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon
smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to rem
All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie g
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts acc
And blessed Plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abo
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I
my Song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong, [lo
Which said their brydale daye should not
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour gro
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe alon
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde l
As he would speake, but that he lackt a to
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.

nd all the foule which in his flood did dwell
an flock about these twaine, that did excell
he rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
he lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
id on those two attend,
nd their best service lend [long:
gainst their wedding day, which was not
Sweete Themmes! run softly, till I end
my Song.

t length they all to mery London came,
o mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
hat to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
hough from another place I take my name,
n house of auncient fame: [towres
here when they came, whereas those bricky
he which on Themmes brode aged backe doe
ryde, [bowers,
/here now the studious Lawyers have their
here whylome wont the Templer Knights to
ill they decayd through pride: [byde,
ext whereunto there standes a stately place,
/here oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
f that great Lord, which therein wont to
dwell, [case;
/hose want too well now feeles my freendles
ut ah! here fits not well
lde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

'et therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
reat Englands glory, and the Worlds wide
wonder, [did thunder,
Vhose dreadfull name late through all Spaine
nd Hercules two pillors standing neere
id make to quake and feare:
'aire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame.
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same; [armes,
That through thy prowesse, and victorious
Thy country may be freed from forraine
harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
Alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following.
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly till I end
my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature.
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
sight, [bright;
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves
delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song.

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I

'o the right worshipfull my singular good frend,
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.

IARVEY, the happy above happiest men
read; that, sitting like a Looker-on
f this worldes Stage, doest note with critique
pen
'he sharpe dislikes of each condition:
nd, as one carelesse of suspition,
'e fawnest for the favour of the great;
'e fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy:
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull
writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xviij. of July, 1586.
Your devoted frend, during life,
EDMUND SPENCER

II

(Prefixed to 'Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility,' &c.)

Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine,
Unto the type of true Nobility;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie:
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both them deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee:
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
  To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
  And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

Ed. Spenser.

III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated into English.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heröes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their childrens eares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great:
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raise,
Their huge Pyrámids, which do heaven threat.
Lo! one, whom later age hath brought light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power a might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.
  The scourge of Turkes, and plague of in dels,
  Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

Ed. Spense

IV

(Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Gover ment of Venice.)

The antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Upreard her buildinges to the threatned ski
And second Babell, tyrant of the West.
Her ayry Towers upraised much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surquedry
They both are fallen, that all the earth di feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great the were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds d light;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
  Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
  As Lewkenors stile that hath her beaut told.

Edm. Spence

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEENE

EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS.

Eudox.

BUT yf that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be soe goodly and commodious a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that noe course is taken for the tourning therof to good uses, and reducing of that savadge nation to better government and civilitye.

Iren. Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsells cast alleready about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the fatall desteny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceede from the very GENIUS of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmighty God hath not yet appoynted the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen, but yet much to be feared.

Eudox. Surely I suppose this but a vayne conceit of simple men, which judge thinges by theyre effectes, and not by theyre causes; for I will rather thinke the cause of this evill, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceede rather of the unsoundness of the counsells, and plottes, which you say have beene oftentimes layed for the reformation, or of fayntness in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatall course or appoyntment of God, as you misdeeme: but it s the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurditye, or theyr actions succeede not as they would, they are ready allwayes to impute the blame therof unto the heavens, soe to excuse their owne follyes and imperfectiones. Soe have I allso heard t often wished, (even of some whose greate wisedomes, in my opinion, should seeme to udge more soundly of soe weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-poole: which kind of speach, is the manner rather of desperat men farr driven, to wishe the utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be mastred and subdued; since the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to applye the best endevours of his skill for his recovery. But since we arre so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a litle devise, of those evills, by which that countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And yf it be not paynfull to you, tell us what thinges, during your late continuaunce there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachement unto the good rule and government therof.

Iren. Surely, Eudox., the evills which you desire to be recounted are very many, and allmost countable with those that were hidden in the baskett of Pandora. But since ye soe please, I will out of that infinit number, recken but some that are most capitall, and commonly current both in the life and conditions of privat men, as also in the managing of publick affayres and pollicye, the which you shall understand to be of diverse natures, as I observed them: for some of them are of very great antiquitye and longe continuaunce; others more late and of lesse enduraunce; others dayly growing and encreasing continually as the evill occasions are every day offered.

Eudox. Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them; for there can be noe better methode then this which the very matter it self offereth. And when ye have reckned all the evills, lett us heare your opinion for redressing of them: after which there will perhaps of it self appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evills, and following the offred good. The which methode we may learne of the wise Phisitions, which first require that the malady be knowen throughly, and discovered; afterwardes doe teach how to cure and redress it; and lastly doe prescribe a diett with straight rule and orders to be dayly observed, for feare of a relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more daungerous then it.

Iren. I will then, according to your advisement, beginne to declare the evills, which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land; and first, those which I sayd were most auncient and long growen. And they allso are of three kindes; the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the third in Religion.

Eudox. Why, Irenæus, can there be any evill in the Lawes? can thinges, which are ordayned for the good and safetye of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them? This well I wote, both in that state and in all others, that were they not contayned in duty with feare of law, which restrayneth offences, and inflicteth sharpe punishment to misdoeres, no man should enjoy any thing; every mans hand would be agaynst another. Therfore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much over-shoote your self, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

Iren. The lawes, Eudox., I doe not blame for themselves, knowing right well that all lawes are ordayned for the good of the common-weale, and for repressing of licentiousness and vice; but it falleth out in lawes, no otherwise then it doth in phisick, which was at first devised, and is yet dayly ment, and ministred for the health of the patient. But neverthelesse we often see, that either through ignoraunce of the dysease, or through unseasonableness of the time, or other accidentes coming between, in steede of good, it worketh hurt, and, out of one evill, throweth the patient into many miseryes. Soe the lawes were at first intended for the reformation of abuses, and peaceable continuaunce of the subjectes; but are sithence either disanulled, or quite prevaricated through chaunge and alterations of times, yet are they good still in themselves; but to that commonwealth, which is ruled by them, they woorke not that good which they should, and sometimes also, perhaps, that evill which they would not.

Eudox. Whether do you meane this by the common-law of the realme, or by the Statute Lawes, and Actes of Parlyaments?

Iren. Surely by them both; for even th
common-law, being that which William
Normandy brought in with his conquest an
layed upon the neck of England, thoug
it perhaps fitted well with the state of Eng
land then being, and was readely obaye
through the power of the commander, whic
had before subdued the people unto him, an
made easy way to the setling of his will; y
with the state of Ireland peradventure it dot
not so well agree, being a people altogith
stubborne, and untamed, or yf it were ev
tamed, yet now lately having quite shaken
theyr yoke, and broken the bandes of theyr
obedience. For England (before the entraun
of the Conquerour) was a peaceable kingdom
and but lately entred to the mild and goodl
government of K. Edward, surnamed th
Confessour; besides now lately growen unto
lothing and detestation of the unjust an
tyrannous rule of Harold, an usurper, whic
made them the more willing to accept of an
reasonable conditions and order of the ne
victor, thinking surely that it could be n
worse then the later, and hoping well
would be as good as the former: yet what th
proof of the first bringing in and establishin
of those lawes hath beene, was after to man
full bitterly made knowen. But with Ir
land it is farr otherwise, for it is a nation ev
acquaynted with warres, though but amonge
themselves, and in theyre owne kind of myl
tary discipline, trayned up ever from they
youthes; which they have never yet been
taught to lay aside, nor made to learne ob
dience unto lawe, scarcely to know the nam
of lawe, but insteede therof have always pr
served and kept theyr owne lawe, which
the Brehoone lawe.

Eudox. What is that which ye call th
Brehoone Lawe? it is a word to us altogith
unknowen.

Iren. It is a certayne rule of right u
written, but delivered by tradition from one
another, in which oftentimes there appearet
greate shewe of equitye, in determining th
right betweene party and partye, but
many thinges repugning quite both to G
and mans lawe: as for example, in the case
murder, the Brehoon, that is theyr judg
will compound betweene the murderer and th
frendes of the party murthered, which pr
secute the action, that the malefactor sha
give unto them, or to the child or wife
him that is slayne, a recompence, which the
call a Breaghe; by which bi lawe of theyr
many murders are amongest them made u
and smoothered. And this judge being (as

is called) the Lordes Brehoon, adjudgeth for the most part a better share unto his lord, that is the lord of the soyle, or the head of that sept, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion then unto the playntiff or partyes greeved.

Eudox. This is a most wicked lawe indeed; but I trust it is not now used in Ireland since the kinges of England have had the absolute dominion therof, and established theyr owne lawes there.

Iren. Yes, truly, for there be many wide countryes in Ireland in which the lawes of England were never established, nor any acknowledgment of subjection made; and also even in those that are subdued, and seeme to acknowledge subjection, yet the same Brehoone lawe is practised amongst themselves, by reason, that dwelling as they doe, whole nations and septs of the Irish togither, without any Englishman amongest them, they may doe what they list, and compound or altogither conceal amongest themselves theyr owne crimes, of which noe notice can be had by them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the lawes of England.

Eudox. What is this which you say? And is there any part of that realme or any nation therin, which have not yet bene subdued to the crowne of England? Did not the whole realme universally accept and acknowledge our late prince of famous memory, Henry the Eighth, for theyr only king and liedge lord?

Iren. Yes, verely: in a Parliament houlden in the time of Sir Antony Sent-Leger, then Lord Deputye, all the Irish lordes and principall men came in, and being by sure meanes wrought therunto, acknowledged King Henry for theyr soverayne lord, reserving yet (as some say) unto themselves all theyr owne former priviledges and segnioryes inviolate.

Eudox. Then by that acceptaunce of his sovereynty they also accepted of his lawes. Why then should any other lawes be now used amongest them?

Iren. True it is that thereby they bound themselves to his lawes and obedience, and in case it had bene followed upon them, as it should have bene, and a government therupon presently setled amongest them agreable thereunto, they should have bene reduced to perpetuall civilitye, and contayned in continuall dutye. But what bootes it to breake a colt, and to lett him straight runn loose at randome. Soe were this people at first well handled, and wisely brought to acknowledge alleageaunce to the Kinges of England; but being straight left unto themselves and theyr owne inordinate life and manners, they eftsoones forgott what before they were taught, and soe soone as they were out of sight by themselves, shooke of theyr bridels, and began to colt anew, more licentiously then before.

Eudox. It is a great pitty, that soe good an opportunitye was omitted, and soe happy an occasion fore-stald, that might have bredd the eternall good of that land. But doe they not still acknowledge that submission?

Iren. Now they doe not; for now the heyres and posteritye of them which yeelded the same are (as they say) either ignoraunt therof, or doe willfully denye or stedfastly disavowe it.

Eudox. How can they doe soe justly? Doth not the act of the parent, in any lawfull graunt or conveyaunce, bind the heyres for ever thereunto? Since then the auncestours of those that now live yeelded themselves then subjectes and liedgemen, shall it not tye theyr children to the same subjection?

Iren. They say no; for theyr auncestours had noe estate in any theyre landes, signoryes, or hereditamentes, longer then during theyr owne lives, as they alledge, for all the Irish doe hold theyr landes by Tanistrye; which is (as say they) noe more then a personall estate for his life time, that is, Tanistih, by reason that he is admitted therunto by election of the countrey.

Eudox. What is this that you call Tanistih and Tanistrye? They be names and termes never hard of nor knowen to us.

Iren. It is a custome among all the Irish, that presently after the death of any theyr cheif Lordes or Captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place, generally appoynted and knowen unto them, to choose another in his steede; where they doe nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonn, nor any of the children of theyre Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and woorthyest; as commonly the next brother to him yf he have any, or the next cossin germayne, or soe foorth, as any is elder in that kinred or sept, and then next to him they choose the next of bloud to be Tanistih, whoe shall next succeede him in the sayd Captaynrye, yf he live thereunto.

Eudox. Doe they not use any ceremonyes in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonyes and superstitious rites.

Iren. They use to place him that shalbe theyr Captayne, uppon a stone allwayes reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill: in many of the which I have seene the foote of a man formed and engraven, which they say was the measure of theyr first Captayns foote, wheron he standing receaveth an oth to preserve all the former auncient customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanistih, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, discending from the stone, he turneth himself round aboute, thrise forward, and thrise backward.

Eudox. But how is the Tanistih chosen ?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foote upon the stone, and receaveth the like othe that the Captayne did.

Eudox. Have you ever hard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to knowe the same, and may perhaps discover some secrett meaning and entent therin, very materiall to the state of that government.

Iren. I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinaunce amongest the Irish, was specially for the defence and mayntenaunce of theyr landes in theyr posteritye, and for excluding of all innovation or alienation therof unto straungers, and specially to the English. For when theyr Captayn dyed, yf the segniory should discend to his child, and he perhaps an Infant, another might peradventure stepp in betwene, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreiner; and therfore they doe appoynt the eldest of the kinn to have the segniorye, for that he commonly is a man of stronger yeares, and better experience to mayntayne the inheritaunce, and to defend the countrye, either agaynst the next bordering Lordes, which use commonly to encroch one upon another as ech one is stronger, or agaynst the English, which they thinke lye still in wayte to wipe them out of theyr landes and territoryes. And to this end the Tanistih is allway readye knowen, yf it should happen the Captayne suddaynly to dye, or to be slayne in battell, or to be out of the countrye, to defend and keepe it from all such doubtes and daungers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the countrey allotted unto him, and certayne cuttinges and spendinges upon all the Inhabitauntes under the Lord.

Eudox. When I heare this woord Tanistih, it bringeth to my mynd and remembraun what I have reade of Tania, that it shou signifie a province or segniorye, as Aquitan Lusitania, and Britania, the which sor thinke to be derived of Dania, that is, fro the Danes; but, I thinke, amiss. For su it seemeth, that it came aunciently fro those barbarous nations that over-ranne t world, which possessed those dominion wherof they are now soe called. And so may well be that from the first originall this woord Tanistih and Tanistrih came, a the custome therof hath sithence, as ma others els, bene continued. But to th generall subjection of the land, wherof formerly spake, me seemes that this custon or tenure can be no barr nor empeachemen seing that in open Parliament by theyr sa acknowledgment they wayved the bene therof, and submitted themselves notwit standing to the ordinaunce of theyr n Soveraigne.

Iren. Yea, but they say, as I earst tol you, that they reserved theyr titles, tenur and signioryes whole and sound to the selves, and for proofe alleadge, that they ha ever sithence remayned to them untouche soe as nowe to alter them, should (say the be a greate wronge.

Eudox. What remedye is there, then, meanes to avoyde this inconvenience? f without first cutting of this daungero custome, it seemeth hard to plante a sounde ordinaunce, or reduce them to a civ government, since all theyr ill customes a permitted unto them.

Iren. Surely nothing hard; for by th Act of Parliament wherof we speake, nothi was given to King Henry which he had n before from his auncestours, but onely t bare name of a King; for all other absolu power of principalitye he had in hims before derived from many former Kinges, h famous progenitors and woorthy conquerou of that land. The which, sithence they fi conquered and subdued unto them by for what needeth afterward to enter into any su idle termes with them to be called the King, wheras it was in the power of t conquerour to take upon himself what ti he will over the dominions conquered! F all is the conquerours, as Tully to Brut sayth. Therfore (me seemes) insteede of great and meritorious a service as they bo they performed to the King, in bringing the Irish to acknowledge him for theyr Leig they did great hurt unto his title, and ha left a perpetuall gall in the myndes of th people whoe, before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with termes, wheras els both theyr lives, theyr landes, and theyr libertyes were in his free power to appoynt what tenures, what lawes, what conditions he would over them which were all his: against which there could be no rightfull resistaunce, or yf there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a stronge hand.

Eudox. Yea, but perhaps it seemed better unto that noble King to bring them by theyr owne accord unto his obedience, and to plant a peaceable government amongest them, then by such violent meanes to keepe them under. Neither yet hath he thereby lost any thing that he formerly had; for having all before absolutely in his owne power, it remayneth so still unto him, he having neither forgiven nor forgone anything therby unto them, but having receaved something from them; that is, a more voluntary and loyall subjection. Soe that her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of those former ordinaunces, or appoynt other lawes, that may be more both for her owne behoof, and for the good of that people.

Iren. Not soe; for it is not soe easye, now that thinges are growen into an habite and have theyre certayne course, to chaunge the channell, and turne the streame another way, for they may have nowe a colourable pretence to withstand such Innovations, having accepted of other lawes and rules allreadye.

Eudox. But you say they doe not accept of them, but delight rather to leane to theyr old customes and Brehoon lawes, though they be much more unjust and also more inconvenient for the common people, as by your late relation of them I have gathered. As for the lawes of England, they are surely most just and most agreable both with the government and with the nature of the people. How falles it then, that you seeme to dislike of them as not soe meete for that realme of Ireland, and not only the Common Lawe, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliamente, which were specially provided and intended for the onely benefitt therof?

Iren. I was about to have told you my reason therin, but that yourself drewe me away with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the Positive Lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour: which were not by him devised or applyed to the state of the realme then being, nor as yet might best be, (as should by lawgivers principally be regarded) but were indeede the very lawes of his owne countrey of Normandye. The condition wherof how farr it differeth from this of England is apparaunt to every least judgement. But to transferr the same lawes for the government of the realme of Ireland was much more inconvenient and unmeete; for he found a better advauntage of the time, then was in the planting of them in Ireland, and followed the execution of them with more severitye, and was also present in parson to overlooke the Magistrates, and to overawe the subjectes with the terrour of his swoord and countenaunce of his Majestye. But not soe in Ireland, for they were otherwise affected, and yet doe soe remayne, soe as the same lawes (me seemes) can ill sitt with theyr disposition, or woorke that reformation that is wished. For lawes ought to be fashioned unto the manners and conditions of the people, to whom they are ment, and not to be imposed unto them according to the simple rule of right; for els (as I sayd) in steede of good they may woorke ill, and pervert Justice to extreme Injustice. For he that would transferr the lawes of the Lacedemonians to the people of Athens should find a greate absurditye and inconvenience. For those Lawes of Lacedæmon were devised by Lycurgus, as most proper and best agreing with that people, whom he knewe to be enclyned alltogither to warres, and therefore wholly trayned them up even from theyr craddels in armes and military exercises, cleane contrarye to the institution of Solon, who, in his lawes to the Atheniens, laboured by all meanes to temper theyr warlick couradge with sweete delight of learning and sciences, soe that as much as the one excelled in armes, the other exceeded in knowledge. The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering, and managing of this stubborne nation of the Irish, to bring them from that delight of licentious barbarisme unto the love of goodness and civilitye.

Eudox. I can not see how that may better be then by the discipline of the lawes of England: for the English were, at the first, as stout and warrelike a people as ever were the Irish, and yet ye see are now brought unto that civilitye, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation, and all the studyes of knowledge and humanitye.

Iren. What they now be both you and I see very well, but by how many thornye and hard wayes they are come thereunto, by how many civill broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easely be considered: all which they nevertheless fayrely overcame, by reason of the continuall presence of the King; whose onely parson is oftentimes in steede of an army, to contayne the unruly people from a thousand evill occasions, which this wretched kingdome is, for want therof, dayly carryed into. The which, whensoe they make head, noe lawes, noe penaltyes, can restrayne them, but that they doe, in the violence of theyr furyes, treade downe and trample under foote all both divine and humane thinges, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage upon, and rend in peeces, as most repugnant to theyr libertye and naturall freedome, which in theyr madness they affect.

Eudox. It is then a very unseasonable time to pleade lawe, when a swoord is drawen in the hand of the vulgar, or to thinke to retayne them with the feare of punnishmentes, when they looke after libertye, and shake of all government.

Iren. Then soe it is with Ireland continually, Eudoxus; for the swoord was never yet out of theyr hand; but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreeme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength agayne. Soe as it is in vayne to speake of planting of lawes, and plotting of pollicyes, till they are altogither subdued.

Eudox. Were they not soe at the first conquering of them by Strangbowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a through way then made by the swoord for the imposing of lawes uppon them? and were they not then executed with such a mightye hand as you say was used by the Norman Conquerour? What oddes is there then in this case? why should not the same lawes take as good effecte in that people as they did heere, being in like sort prepared by the swoord, and brought under by extremitye? and why should they not continue in as good force and vigour for the contayning of the people?

Iren. The case is yet not like, but there appeareth a greate oddes betwene them; for by the conquest of Henry the Second, true it is the Irish were utterly vanquished and subdued, soe as noe enemye was able to hold up his head agaynst his power; in which theyre weakness he brought in his lawes, and settled them as now they there remayne, like as William the Conquerour did; soe as in thus much they agree, but in the rest, that is the cheifest, they varye; for to whom did King Henry the second impose those lawes? not to the Irish for the most part of them fledd from his power into the desertes and mountaynes, leaving the wide countrey to the conquerour who in theyr steede eftsoones placed English men, who possessed all theyr landes and did quite shutt out the Irish, or the most part of them. And to those new Inhabitauntes and Colonyes he gave his lawes, to weete, the same lawes under which they were borne and bredd, the which it was noe difficultye to place amongest them, being formerly well enured therunto; unto whom afterwardes there repayred divers of the poore distressed people of the Irish for succour and relief; of whom such as they thought fitt for labour and industriously disposed, as the most part of the baser sort are, they receaved unto them as theyr vassals, but scarcely vouchsafed to impart unto them the benefitt of those lawes under which themselves lived, but every one made his will and comaundement a law unto his owne vassall: thus was not the lawe of England ever properly applyed unto the Irish nation, as by a purposed plott of government, but as they could insinuat and steale themselves under the same by theyr humble carriadge and submission.

Eudox. How comes it then to pass, that having once beene soe lowe brought, and throughly subjected, they afterwardes lifted themselves soe strongly agayne, and sithence doe stand soe stifly agaynst all rule and government?

Iren. They say that they continued in that lowlyness, untill the time that the division betweene the two howses of Lancaster and Yorke arose for the crowne of England: at which time all the great English Lordes and Gentellmen, which had great possessions in Ireland, repayred over hither into England, some to succour theyr freendes heere, and to strengthen theyr party to obtayne the crowne; others to defend theyr landes and possessions heere agaynst such as hovered after the same upon hope of alteration of the kingdome, and succession of that side which they favoured and affected. Then the Irish, whom they before had banished into the mountaynes, where they lived onely upon white meates, as it is recorded, seing now theyr landes soe dispeopled, and weakened, came downe into all the playnes adjoyning, and thence expelling those fewe English that remayned, repossessed them agayne; since which they have remayned in them, and, growing greater, have brought under them many of the English, which were before theyr Lordes. This was one of the occasions by which all those countryes which, lying neere unto any mountaynes or Irish desertes, had bene planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As namely in Mounster all the landes adjoyning to Slewloghir, Arlo, and the bogg of Allone. In Connaught all the Countryes bordering uppon the Culuers, Mointerolis and Oroirke countrey. In Leinster all the landes neighbouring unto the mountaynes of Glaunmaleerih, unto Shillelah, unto the Briskelah, and Polmonte. In Ulster, all the countreys neere unto Tyrconnel, Tyrone, and the Scotts.

Eudox. Surely this was a greate violence; but yet by your speach it seemeth that only the countreyes and vallyes neere adjoyning unto those mountaynes and desertes, were thus recovered by the Irish; but how comes it nowe that we see almost all that realme repossessed of them? Was there any more such evill occasions growen by the troubles of England? Or did the Irish, out of those places soe by them gotten, breake further and stretch themselves through out the whole land? for now, for ought that I can understand, there is noe part but the bare English pale in which the Irish have not greatest footing.

Iren. But out of these small beginninges by them gotten neere the mountaynes, did they spredd themselves into the Inland; and also, to theyr further advauntage, there did other like unhappy accidentes happen out of England, which gave hart and good opportunitye to them to regayne theyr old possessions. For, in the raigne of King Edward the fowrth, thinges remayned yet in the same state that they were after the late breaking out of the Irish, which I spoke of; and that noble prince begann to cast an eye unto Ireland, and to mynd the reformation of thinges there runn amiss: for he sent over his brother the woorthy Duke of Clarence, whoe having marryed the heyre of the Earle of Ulster, and by her having all the Earledome of Ulster, and much in Meath and Mounster, very carefully went about the redressing of those late evills; and though he could not beate out the Irish agayne, by reason of his short continuaunce, yet he did shutt them up within those narrowe corners and glinnes under the mountaynes foote, in which they lurked; and soe kept them from breaking any further, by buylding of strong holdes upon every border, and fortifying all passages. Amongest which he builded the castle of Clare in Tomond, of which countrey he had the inheritaunce, and of Mortimers landes adjoyning, which is now (by the Irish) called Killalowe. But the times of that good King growing also troublesome did lett the thorough reformation of all thinges. And therunto soone after was added another fatall mischeif, which wrought a greater calamitye then all the former. For the said Duke of Clarence, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by practise of evill persons about the King, his brother, called thence away; and soone after by sinister meanes was cleane made away. Presently after whose death all the north revolting did sett up O'neale for theyr Captayne, being before that of small power and regard: and there arose in that part of Tomond, one of the O-Briens, called Murroh en-Ranah, that is, Morrice of the Fearne, or wast wilde places, whoe gathering unto him all the relicks of the discontented Irish, eftsones surprised the said castle of Clare, burnt all, and spoyled all the English dwelling there, and in short space possessed all that countrey of beyond the River of Shannon and neere adjoyning: whence shortly breaking foorth, like a suddayne tempest, he over-rann all Mounster and Connaght; breaking downe all the holdes and fortresses of the English, defacing and utterly subverting all corporat townes that were not strongly walled: for those he had noe meanes nor Engines to overthrowe, neither indeede would he stay at all about them, but speedely rann forward, accounting his suddaynness his most advauntage, that he might overtake the English before they could fortifye or gather themselves togither. Soe in short space he cleane wiped out many great townes, as first Inshequinn, then Killaloih, before called Clarifort, afterwardes, Thurles, Mourne, Buttevant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now noe memory nor signe remayning. Uppon report wherof then flocked unto him all the scumm of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched foorth into Leinster, where he wrought great outradges, wasting all the countreys where he went, for it was his pollicye to leave noe holdes behind him, but to make all playne and wast. In the which he soone after created himself King, and was called King of all Ireland; which before him I doe not remember that any did soe generally, but onely Edward le Bruce.

Eudox What! was there ever any generall

King of all Ireland? I never heard it before, but that it was allwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into fowre, and sometimes into five kingdomes or dominions. But this Edward le Bruce, what was he, that he could make himself King of all Ireland?

Iren. I would tell you, in case you would not challenge me anone for forgetting the mattere which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitnes which I suppose he to be in the lawes of the land.

Eudox. No surely, I have no occasion, for neither is this impertinent therunto; for sithence you did sett your course (as I remember) in your first part to treate of the evills which hindereth the peace and good ordering of that land, amongest which that of the inconvenience of the lawes was the first which you had in hand, this discourse of the over-running and wasting of the realme is very materiall therunto, for that it was the begining of all the other evills, which sithence have afflicted that land, and opened a way unto the Irish to recover theyr possession, and to beate out the English which had formerly wonne the same. And besides, it will give a great light both unto your second and third part, which is the redressing of those evills, and planting of some good forme and pollicye therin, by renewing the remembraunce of those occasions and accidentes by which those ruines happened, and laying before us the ensamples of those times, to be compared with ours, and to be warned by those which shall have to do in the like. Therfore, I pray you, tell them unto us, and as for the poynt where you left, I will not forget afterwardes to call you back agayne thereunto.

Iren. This Edward le Bruce was brother to Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland at such time as King Edward the Second raigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and spitefull mynd agaynst King Edward, doing him all the hurt he could, and annoying his territoryes of England, whilest he was troubled with civill warres of his Barrons at home. He also, to woorke him the more mischeif, sent over his sayd brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Redd-shankes into Ireland, where, by the meanes of the Lacyes and of the Irish with whom he combined, they gott footing, and gathering to him all the scatterlinges and out-lawes out of all the woodes and mountaynes, in which they long had lurked, marched foorth into the English Pale, which then was cheifly in the north, from the poynt of Donluce, and beyond unto Dublin having in the middest of her Knockfargus Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingfoord, whic are now the most out-boundes and aban doned places in the English Pale, an indeede not counted of the English Pale a all; for it stretches now no further the Dundalke towardes the north. There th sayd Edward le Bruce spoyled and burnt al the olde English inhabitauntes, and sacke and razed all cittyes and corporat towne noe lesse then Murroghe en Ranagh, o whom I earst told you: for he waste Belfast, Green-Castle, Kelles, Belltaibot Castletowne, Newton, and many other good townes and strong holdes: he roote out the noble familyes of the Audleys the Talbots, the Touchets, the Chamberlains the Mandevils, and the Savages out o Ardes, though of the Lord Savage ther remayne yet an heyre, that is now a ver poore gentellman of very meane condition yet dwelling in the Ardes. And coming lastly to Dundalke, he there made himsel King, and raigned by the space of one whole yeare, by the name of Edward King o Ireland, untill that King Edward of England having sett some quiett in his affayres a home, sent over the Lord John Bremmegham to be generall of the warres agaynst him whoe, encountring him neere to Dundalke, over-threwe his armye, and slewe himself, and presently followed the victorye soe hottly upon the Scottes, that he suffered them not to breathe, or to gather themselve togither agayne, till they came to the seacost. Notwithstanding, all the way that they fledd, for very rancour and dispite in theyr returne they utterly consumed and wasted whatsoever they had before left unspoyled; soe that of all townes, castels, fortes, bridges, and habitations, they left not any stick standing, nor any people remayning; for those fewe which yet survived, fledd from their furie further into the English Pale. Thus was all that goodly countrey utterly wasted, and left desolat as yet it remayneth to this day, which before hath beene the cheif ornament and beautye of Ireland, for that of the north sometimes was as populous and plentifull as any part of England, and yeelded unto the K. of England as it appeareth by good recordes, thirty thousand markes of old mony by the yeare, besides many thousandes of able men to serve them in theyr warres. And sure it is yet a most beautifull and sweet countrey as any is unde heaven, seamed thoroughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sortes of fish, most aboundantly sprinckled with many sweet Ilandes and goodly lakes, like litle Inland Seas, that will carry even ships upon theyr waters, adorned with goodly woodes fitt for building of howses and shippes, soe comodiously, as that yf some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lordes of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of good portes and havens opening upon England and Scotland, as inviting us to come to them, to see what excellent comodityes that countrey can affoord, besides the soyle it self most fertile, fitt to yeeld all kind of fruite that shal be comitted therunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperat, though somewhat more moyst then the part toward the West.

Eudox. Truly Irenæus, what with your prayses of the countrey, and what with your discourse of the lamentable desolation therof made by those ragtayle Irish Scottes, you have filled me with great compassion of theyr calamityes, that I doe much pittye that sweete land, to be subject to soe many evills as every day I see more and more throwen uppon her, and doe half beginn to thinke, that it is (as you sayd in the beginning) her fatall misfortune, above all countreys that I knowe, to be thus miserably tossed and turmoyled with these variable stormes of afflictions. But since we are thus farr entred into the considerations of her mishaps, tell me, have there bene any more such tempests, as ye terme them, wherin she hath thus wretchedly beene wracked?

Iren. Many more, God wote, have there bene, in which her principall partes have bene rent and torne asunder, but none that I can remember soe universall as these. And yet the rebellion of Thomas Fitz Gerrald did well-nygh stretch itself into all partes of Ireland. But that, which was in the time of the government of the Lord Gray, was surely noe less generall then all those; for there was no part free from the contagion, but all conspired in one to cast of theyr subjection to the crowne of England. Nevertheless, through the most wise and valiaunt handling of that right noble Lord, it gott not that head which the former evills found; for in them the realme was left, like a shipp in a storme amiddest all the raging surges, unruled, and undirected of any: for they to whom she was comitted either faynted in theyr labour, or forsooke theyre charge. But he (like a most wise pilote) kept her course carefully, and held her moste strongly even agaynst those roring billowes, that he brought her safely out of all; soe as long after, even by the space of twelve or thirtene yeares, she rode in peace, through his only paynes and excellent enduraunce, how ever envye list to bluster agaynst him. But of this we shall have more occasion to speake in another place: now (if you please) lett us returne agayne unto our first course.

Eudox. Truely I am very gladd to heare your judgement of the government of that honorable man soe soundly; for I have indeede oftentimes hard it maligned, and his doings depraved of some, whoe (I perceave) did rather of malicious mynd, or private greevaunce, seeke to detract from the honour of his deedes and counsells, then of any just cause: but he was nevertheless, in the judgement of all good and wise men, defended and mayntayned. And now that he is dead, his immortall fame surviveth, and flourisheth in the mouthes of all people, that even those that did backbite him, are choaked with theyr owne venome, and breake theyre galles to heare his soe honorable report. But lett him rest in peace; and turne we to our more troubleous matters of discourse, of which I am right sorye that ye make soe short an end, and covett to pass over to your former purposes; for there be many other partes of Ireland, which I have heard have bene noe less vexed with the like stormes, then these which you have treated of, as the countrey of the Birnes and Tooles neere Dublin, with the insolent outrages and spoyles of Feugh mac Hughe, the countreys of Katerlagh, Wexford, and Waterford, of the Kevanaghs. The countreys of Leis, Kilkenny, and Kildare of the Moores. The countreys of Ofalye and Longfoord of the Connors. The countreys of Westmeath, Cavan, and Louth of the O Reyleys, the Kellyes, and many others, soe as the discoursing of them, besides the pleasure which would redounde out of theyr history, be also very profitable for matter of pollicye.

Iren. All this which ye have named, and many moe besides, often times have I right well knowen, (and yet often times doe) kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the countreys bordering upon them. All which to rehearse should rather be to chronicle times, then to search into reformation of abuses in that realme: and yet very needfull it wil be to consider them, and the evills which they have often stirred up, that some redress therof, and prevention of the evills to come, may thereby the rather be devised. But I suppose we shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when we shall speake of the particular abuses and enormityes of that government, which wil be next after those generall defectes and inconveniences which I sayd were in the lawes, customes, and religion.

Eudox. Goe to then, a Godes name! and followe the course which you have promised to your self, for it fitteth best, I must confess, with the purpose of your discourse. Declare your opinion, as you begann, about the lawes of that realme, what incomodity you have conceaved to be in them, cheifly in the Common Lawe, which I would have thought to be most free from all such dislike.

Iren. The Common Law is (as before I sayd) of itself most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome for the which it was first devised; for this (I thinke) as it seemes reasonable, that out of the manners of the people, and abuses of the countrey, for which they were invented, they take theyr first beginning, or els they should be most unjust; for noe lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evills which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in the true ballauncing of justice, it is a flatt wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it be enacted; for true Justice punnisheth nothing but the evill act or wicked woord; yet by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capitall crime to devise or purpose the death of the King: the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effected, it should then be to late to devise therof, and should turne that common-weale to more hurt by such loss of theyr Prince, then such punnishment of the malefactours. And therfore the lawe in that case punnisheth the thought; for better is a mischeif, then an inconvenience. Soe that *jus politicum*, though it be not of it self just, yet by application, or rather necessitye, it is made just; and this only respect maketh all lawes just. Now then, yf these lawes of Ireland be not likewise applyed and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

Eudox. You reason strongly: but what unfittness doe you finde in them for that realme? shewe us some particulars.

Iren. The Common Lawe appoynteth that all tryalls, as well of crimes as titles and rights, shal be made by verditt of a Jurye, choosen out of the honestest and most substantiall free-holders. Now, most all the free-holders of that realme are Irish, which when the cause shall fall betwixt an Englishman and an Irish, or betweene the Queene and any fre-holder of that countrey, they make noe more scruple to pass agaynst an Englishman, and the Queene, though it be to strayne theyr othes, then to drinke milke unstrayned. Soe that, before the Jurye goe togither, it is well knowen what the verdict will be. The tryall herof have I soe often seene, that I dare confidently avouch the abuse therof. Yet is the lawe of itself, I say, good; and the first institution therof, being given to all naturall Englishmen, very rightfull, but now that the Irish have stept into the roomes of the English, (whoe are now become soe heedfull and provident to keepe them out from henceforth that they make noe scruple of conscience to passe against them) yt is good reason that either that course of the lawe for tryall be altered or other provision for juryes made.

Eudox. In sooth, Irenæus, you have discovered a poynt woorthy the consideration; for heerby not only the English subject findeth noe indifferency in deciding of his cause, be it never soe just; but alsoe the Queene, as well in all pleas of the crowne, as also in inquiryes for Escheates, landes attaynted, wardships, concealmentes, and all such like, is abused and exceedingly dammaged.

Iren. You say very true; for I dare undertake, that at this day there are more attaynted landes, concealed from her Majestie then she hath now possessions in all Ireland and it is noe small inconvenience; for, beside that she looseth soe much land as should turne her to great profitt, she besides looseth soe many good subjectes, which might be assured unto her, as those landes would yeld inhabitantes and living unto.

Eudox. But doe that people (say you) make noe more conscience to perjure themselves in theyr verdictes, and damne theyr sowles?

Iren. Not only soe in theyr verdictes, but also in all other theyr dealinges; especially toward the English, they are most willfully bent: for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other suttle-headed fellowe amongest them pike some quirke, or devise some evasion, wherof the rest will lightly take hold, and suffer themselves easely to be ledd by him to that themselves desired. For in the most apparaunt matter that may be, the least question or doubt that can be moved will make a stopp unto them, and putt them quite out of the way. Besides that, of themselves they are (for the most part) soe cautelous and wylye-headed, specially being men of soe small experience and practize in lawe matters, that you would wonder whence they borrowe such subtiltyes and slye shiftes.

Eudox. But, me thinkes, this inconvenience mought be much helped by the Judges and Cheif Magestrates which have the choosing and nominating of those juryes, yf they would have care to appoynt either most Englishmen, or such Irishmen as were of the soundest judgemente and disposition; for noe doubt but some there be incorruptible.

Iren. Some there be indeede as you say; but then would the Irish party crye out of partiality, and complayne he hath noe justice, that he is not used as a subject, that he is not suffred to have the free benefitt of the lawe; and these outcryes the Magistrates there doe much shunn, as they have cause, since they are soe readily hearkened unto heere: neither can it be indeede, allthough the Irish party would be soe contented to be soe compassed, that such English freeholders, which are but fewe, and such faythful Irishmen, which are indeede as fewe, shall allwayes be chosen for tryalls; for being soe fewe, they should be made weary of theyr free-holdes. And therfore a good care is to be had by all good occasions to encrease theyr numbers, and to plant more by them. But were it soe, that the juryes could be piked out of such choyse men as you desire, there would nevertheless be as badd corruption in the tryall; for the evidence being brought in by the base Irish people, wil be as deceitfull as the verdictes; for they care much lesse then the others what they sweare, and sure their Lordes may compell them to saie any thinge; for I myself have heard, when one of that base sort (which they call churles) being challenged, and reproved for his false oth, hath answered confidently, That his Lord comaunded him, and it was the least thing he could doe for his Lord to sweare for him; soe inconscionable are these common people, and so litle feeling have they of God, or theyr owne sowles good.

Eudox. It is a most miserable case, but what helpe can there be in this? for though the manners of the tryalls should be altered, yet the proof of every thing must needes be by testimonyes of such persons as the partyes shall produce; which yf they shall corrupt, how can there ever any light of the trueth appeare? what remedye is there for this evill, but to make heavy lawes and penaltyes agaynst jurours?

Iren. I thinke sure that will doe small good; for when a people are inclined to any vice, or have noe touch of conscience, nor sence of theyr evill doings, it is booteless to thinke to restrayne them by any penaltyes or feare of punnishment; but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right, and shame of the fault to be imprinted. For yf that Licurgus should have made it death for the Lacedemonians to steale, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth; or yf it should be made a capitall crime for the Flemmings to be taken in drounkenness, there should have bene few Lacedemonians then left, and fewer Flemmings. Soe impossible it is to remove any fault, soe generall in a people, with terrour of lawes or most sharpe restrayntes.

Eudox. What meanes may there then be to avoyde this inconvenience? for the case sure seemes very hard.

Iren. We are not yet come to that poynt to devise remedyes for the evills, but only are now to recount them; of the which, this that I have told you is one defect in the Common Lawes.

Eudox. Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this sort in the Common Lawes.

Iren. By rehearsall of this, I remember also of an other like, which I have often observed in tryalls to have wrought great hurt and hindraunce, and that is, the exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a fellon in his tryall; for he may have (as you knowe) thirty-six exceptions peremptorye agaynst the jurours, of which he shall shewe noe cause. By which shift there being (as I have shewed you) small store of honest jurye men, he will either putt of his tryall, or leave it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose meanes, yf he can acquitt himself of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague such as were brought first to be of his jurye, and all such as made any party against him. And when he comes foorth, he will make theyr cowes and garrans to walke, yf he doe noe other mischeif to theyr persons.

Eudox. This is a slye devise, but I thinke it might soone be remedyed; but we must leave it awhile with the rest. In the meanewhile goe ye forward with others.

Iren. There is an other noe less inconvenient then this, which is the tryall of accessoryes to fellony; for, by the Common Lawe, the accessoryes cannot be proceeded agaynst, till the principall receave his tryall. Now the case often falleth out in Ireland that a stealth being made by a rebell, or an outlawe, the stollen goodes are convayed to some husbandman or gentellman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receit of such goodes stoln, where they are found by the owner, and handled: wherupon the party is perhaps apprehended and committed to goale, or putt upon suretyes, till the sessions, at which time the owner, preferring a bill of indictment, prooves sufficiently the stealth to have bene made upon him by such an outlaw, and to have bene found in the possession of the prisoner, agaynst whom, nevertheless, noe course of lawe can proceede, or tryall can be had, for that the principall theif is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise standeth perhaps indited at once with the receaver, being in rebellion, or in the woodes, whereunto peradventure he is flowne before he can be gotten, and soe the receaver clean acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which meanes the theeves are greatly encouradged to steale, and theyr mayntayners emboldened to receave theyr stealths, knowing howe hardly they can be brought to any tryall of lawe.

Eudox. Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the mayntenaunce of theeves, knowing theyr receavers allwayes readye; for, were there noe receavers, there would be noe theeves: but this (me seemes) might easely be provided for by some Act of Parliament, that the receaver, being convicted by good proofe, might receave his tryall without his principall.

Iren. You say very true, Eudoxus, but it is allmost impossible to be compassed. And herin also you discover another imperfection in the course of the Common Lawe, and first ordinaunce of the realme; for ye knowe that the sayd Parliament must consist of the peeres, gentellmen, feeeholders, and burgesses of that realme it self. Nowe perhaps these being themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiff with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of theyr frendes, which are such by whom theyr kitchins are sometime amended, will not suffer any such Statut to pass. Yet hath it oftentimes beene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Perrot very earnestly (I remember) laboured, but by noe meanes could be effected. And not only this, but many other like, which are as needfull for the reformation of that realme.

Eudox. This also is surely a great defect, but we must not talke, you saie, of the re
dressing of this, untill our second part com
which purposely therfore is appoynted. Ther
fore proceede to the recounting of more suc
evills, yf you have any more.

Iren. There is also a great inconvenienc
which hath wrought great dammage both
her Majesty, and to the common wealth
through close and colourable conveyaunces
the landes and goodes of traytors, fellons, an
fugitives. As, when one of them myndeth
goe into rebellion, he will convay away all h
landes and lordships to feoffees of trust, whe
by he reserveth unto himself but an estat
for terme of life, which being determine
either by the swoord or by the halter, they
landes cometh straight unto theyr heyre
and the Quene is defrauded of the intent
the lawe, which layd that grevous punnish
ment upon traytours to forfeit all theyr land
to the Priuce, to the end that men might
the rather terrifyed from committing treason
for manye which would litle esteeme of they
owne lives, yet for remorse of theyr wives an
children should be withheld from those hay
nous crimes. This appeareth playnly in th
late Earle of Desmond; for, before his break
ing foorth into his open rebellion, he ha
convayed secretly all his landes to feoffees
trust, in hope to have cutt of her Majest
from the escheat of his landes.

Eudox. Yea, but this was well enoug
avoyded; for that Act of Parliament whic
gave all his landes to the Quene did (as
have heard) cut of and frustrat all such con
veyaunces, as had any time by the spac
of twelve yeares before his rebellion, ben
made; within the compass wherof, that fraud
ulent feoffement, and many other the like
his accomplices and fellowe traytors, whic
were attaynted, hath bene made voyd.

Iren. Very true, but how hardly that Ac
of Parliament was wronge out of them, I ca
witness; and were it to be passed agayne,
dare undertake it would never be compasse
But were it soe that such Acts might easel
be brought to pass agaynst traytors an
fellons, yet were it not an endless troubl
that noe traytour nor fellon should be attayn
ted, but a Parliament must be called fo
bringing his landes to the Quene, which th
Common-Lawe giveth her.

Eudox. Then this is noe fault of th
Common-Lawe, but of the parsons whic
woorke this fraud unto her Majestie.

Iren. Yes, mary! for the Common-Law
hath left them this benefitt, wherof they mak
advauntage, and wrest it to theyr badd pur

poses. Soe as they are therby the bolder to enter into evill actions, knowing that, yf the woorst befall them, they shall loose nothing but themselves, wherof they seeme surely to be very careless, like as all barbarous people are, as Cæsar in his Comentaryes sayth, very feareless of daunger.

Eudox. But what meane you of fugitives herin? Or how doth this concerne them?

Iren. Yes, very greatly; for ye shall understand that there be many ill disposed and undutifull parsons of that realme, like as in this poynt there are also in this realme of England to many, which being men of good inheritaunce, are for dislike of religion, or daunger of the lawe into which they are runn, or discontented with the present government, fledd beyond the seas, where they live under Princes, that are her Majesties professed enemyes, and converse and are confederat with other traytors and fugitives which are there abiding. The which nevertheless have the benefitt of theyr landes heere, by pretence of such colourable conveyaunces therof, formerly made by them to theyr privy frendes heere of trust, whoe secretly doe send over unto them the sayd revennues, wherwith they are there mayntayned and enabled agaynst her Majestie.

Eudox. I doe not thinke that there be any such fugitives which are releved by the proffit of theyr landes in England, for there is a straighter order taken. And yf there be any such in Ireland, it were good it were likewise looked unto, for this evill may easely be remedyed. But proceede.

Iren. It is also inconvenient in that realme of Ireland, that the wardes and mariadges of gentellmens children should be in the disposition of any of those Irish Lordes, as nowe they are, by reason that theyr landes are held by knightes service of those Lordes. By which meanes it cometh to pass that those sayd gentellmens children, being thus in the ward of those Lordes, are not only therby brought up lewdly, and Irish-like, but also for ever after soe bound to theyr services, as they will runn with them into any disloyall action.

Eudox. This greevaunce, Irenæus, is also complayned of in England, but howe can it be remedyed? since the service must follow the tenure of the landes, and the landes were given away by the Kinges of England to those Lordes, when they first conquered that realme; and, to say trouth, this also would be some prejudice to the Prince in her wardships.

Iren. I doe not meane this by the Princes wardes, but by such as fall into the handes of Irish Lordes; for I could wish, and this I would enforce, that all those wardships were in the Princes disposition; for then it might be hoped, that she, for the universall reformation of that realme, would take better order for the bringing up of those wardes in good nurture, and not suffer them to come into soe badd handes. And though these thinges be allready passed away, by her progenitours former grauntes, unto those sayd Lordes; yet I could find a way to remedye a great part therof, as herafter, when fitt time serveth, shall appeare. And since we are entred into speach of such grauntes of former Princes, to sundry parsons of this realme of Ireland, I will mention unto you some other, of like nature to this, and of like inconvenience, by which the former Kinges of England passed unto them a great part of theyr prerogative; which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deserved of them which receaved the same, yet now such a gapp of mischeif lyeth open therby, that I could wish it were well stopped. Of this sort are the grauntes of Countyes Palentines in Ireland, which though at first were graunted upon good consideration when they were first conquered, for that these landes lay then as a very border to the wild Irish, subject to continuall invasion, soe as it was needefull to give them great privileges for the defence of the inhabitauntes therof; yet now for that it is noe more a border, nor frontyerd with enemyes, why should such privileges be any more contynued?

Eudoxus. I would gladly knowe what ye call a County Palentine, and whence it is soe called.

Iren. It was (as I suppose) first named Palentine of a pale, as it were a pale and defence to theyr inner landes, soe as it is called the English Pale, and therfore also is a Palsgrave named, that is, an Earle Palentine. Others thinke of the Latine, *palare*, that is, to forrage or out-runn, because the marchers and borderers use comonly soe to doe. Soe as to have a County Palentine is, in effect, but to have a privilege to spoyle the enemyes borders adjoyning. And surely soe it is used at this day, as a privileged place of spoyles and stealthes; for the County of Tipperarye, which is nowe the onely Countye Palentine in Ireland, is, by abuse of some badd ones, made a receptacle to robb the rest of the Countyes about it, by meanes of whose privileges none will followe theyr stealthes, soe as it, being situat in the very lapp of all the land, is made nowe a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the libertye doe endevour himself all that he may to yeeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in soe inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this graunte there are alsoe other privileges graunted unto most of the corporations there ; that they shall not be bound to any other government then theyr owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be traveled foorth of theyre owne fraunchises, that they may buye and sell with theeves and rebells, that all amercementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of theyr first graunt they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet nowe are most unreasonable and inconvenient; but all these will easely be cutt of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, agaynst which her owne grauntes are not to be pleaded or enforced.

Eudox. Nowe truly, Irenæus, ye have (me seemes) very well handled this poynt, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there, by you observed ; and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the thinges that may concerne the good of that realme. And yf you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therfore, I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

Iren. The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therfore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundrye impertinent and unnecessarye : the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet nowe through chaunge of time are cleane antiquated, and altogither idle : as that which forbiddeth any to weare theyr beardes on the upper lipp, and none under the chinn : that which putteth away saffron shirtes and smockes ; that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronells; that which is appoynted to the recorders and clarkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the copye of a playnt; that which commaundeth bowes and arrowes ; that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongest the English shal be taken for spyes, and soe punnished; that which forbiddeth persons ameanable to law to enter and distrayne in the landes i which they have title ; and many other th like I could rehearse.

Eudox. These, which you have repeate seeme very frivolous and fruiteless ; for b the breach of them litle dammage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth Neither, indeede, yf any transgress them, shal he seeme woorthy of punnishment, scarce o blame, saving for that they beare the name o lawes. But lawes ought to be such, as tha the keeping of them should be greatly fo the behoofe of the Common-wealth, and th vyolating of them should be very haynous and sharply punnished. But tell us of som more waighty dislikes in the Statutes the these, and that may more behoofully impor the reformation of them.

Iren. There is one or two Statutes whic make the wrongfull distrayning of any man goodes agaynst the forme of the Commo Lawe to be felony. The which Statute seeme surely to have bene at first ment fo the great good of the realme, and fo restrayning of a fowle abuse, which the raigned commonly among that people, an yet is not altogither layed aside; that whe any one was indetted to another, he woul first demaund his dett, and, yf he were no payed, he would straight goe and take distress of his goodes and chattels, where h could find them, to the valewe: the whic he would keepe till he were satisfyed, and thi the simple churle (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe yet through ignoraunce his misdoing, or evill use that hath long settled amongest them. But this, though it b sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seemes to hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the other party to steale the other goodes, or to conceale the distress, but dot it openly, for the most part before witnesse And agayne, the same Statutes are soe slackly penned (besides the later of them is so unsensibly contryved that it scarce carryet any reason in it) that they are often and ver easely wrested to the fraud of the subject ; a yf one going to distrayne upon his owne lan or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet y in doing therof he transgress the least poyn of the Common Lawe, he straight committet felonye. Or yf one by any other occasio take any thing from another, as boie use sometymes to cappe on another, th same is straight felonye. This is a very hard lawe.

Eudox. Nevertheless the evill use in dis rayning another mans goodes, you will not denye but it is to be abolished and taken away.

Iren. It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall; for that is to violent a medecine, especially this use being permitted, and made lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is graunted by theyr charter, that they may, every man by himself, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any dett, to distrayne the goodes of any Irish, being found within theyr libertye, or but passing through theyr townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that graunt was made, the Irish were not ameanable to lawe, soe as it was not safetye for the townesmen to goe to them foorth to demaund theyr dett, nor possible to drawe him into lawes, so that he had leave to be his owne bayliff, to arrest his dettors goodes within his owne fraunchise. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distrayne the townesmens goodes in the countrey where they found it. And soe, by the example of that graunte of the townes-men, they thought it lawfull, and made it a use to distrayne one anothers goodes for small detts. And to say trueth, me thinkes it is hard for everye tryfling dett, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe, which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought; for which me thinkes it an heavye ordinaunce to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignoraunt of lawe, and thinketh a common use or graunte to other men is a lawe for himself.

Eudox. Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to tryall, may easelye decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

Iren. Yes, but it is daungerous to leave the sence of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whoe are men and may be miscarryed by affections, and many other meanes. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables, playne, stedfast, and immoveable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coygnye and Liverye to be treason, noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, how ever the first purpose therof were expedient; for therby now noe man can goe into another mans howse for lodgings, nor to his owne tenaunts howse to take victuall by the way, notwithstanding that there is noe other meanes for him to have lodging, nor horse meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for mony, but that he is endammaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complayne of grevaunce, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

Eudox. I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygnye and Liverye: therfore I pray you explane them.

Iren. I knowe not whether the woordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be auncient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogye of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namelye, that it is allowaunce of horse-meate, as they commonly use the woord in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye; the which woord, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering foorth theyr nightlye foode. Soe in great howses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is theyr nyghtes allowaunce for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure: soe it is apparaunt, that by the woord Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the woord Coygnye is understood mans-meate; but how the woord is derived is very hard to tell: some say of coyne, because they used commonly in theyr Coygnyes, not only to take meate, but coyne also; and that taking of mony was specially ment to be prohibited by that Statute: but I think rather that this woord Coignye is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongest the Irish landlordes, to have a common spending upon theyr tenauntes; for all theyr tenauntes, being commonly but tenauntes at will, they use to take of them what victualls they list, for of victualls they were wont to make small reckning: neither in this were the tenauntes wronged, for it was an ordinarye and knowen custome, and his Lord commonlye used soe to covenaunt with him, which yf at any time the tenaunt misliked, he might freelye depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cutt of from his customarye services, of the which this was one, besides many more of the like, as Cuddeehih, Cosshirh, Bonaught, Shragh, Sorehim, and such like; the which (I think) at first were customes brought in by the English upon the Irish, for they were never woont, and yet are very loth to yeld any certayne rent, but onely such spendinges, saying commonly, 'Spend me and defend me.'

Eudox. Surely I take it as you say, that therin the Irish Lordes hath greate wronge, since it was an auncient custome, and nothing contrarye to lawe, for to the willing there is noe wrong done. And this right well I wote, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes as that of Coignye and Liverye. But I suppose by your speach, that it was the first meaning of the Statute to forbidd the violent taking of victualls upon other mens tenauntes agaynst theyr willes, which surely is a great outrage, and yet not soe great (me seemes) as that it should be made treason: for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the realme, estate or person of the King, or practising with his enemyes, to the derogation and daunger of his crowne and dignitye; it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earst sayd) 'better a mischeif then an inconvenience.'

Iren. Another Statute I remember, which having beene an auncient English custome is now upon advisement made an Irish lawe, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every sept, and every cheif of every kinred or familye, should be answerable and bound to bring foorth every one of that kinred or sept under hym at all times to be justifyed, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other haynous crime.

Eudox. Why, surely this seemes a very necessary lawe. For considering that many of them be such losells and scatterlings, as that they cannot easely by any sheriff, constable, bayliff, or other ordinarye officer be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact; this is a very good meane to gett them to be brought in by him, that is the head of that sept, or cheif of that howse: wherfore I wonder what just exception you can make agaynst the same.

Iren. Trewe, Eudoxus, in the pretence of the good of that Statute you have nothing erred, for it seemeth very expedient and necessarye; but the hurt which cometh therby is greater then the good. For, whilest every cheif of a sept standeth soe bound to the lawe for every one of his bloud or sept that is under him, inclusive everie one of his sept is put under him, and he made greate by the commaunding of them all. For yf he may not comaunde them, then that lawe doth wrong which bindeth him to bring them foorth t
be justifyed: and yf he may comaunde them
then he may comaunde them aswell to i
as to good, whereby the lordes and captayn
of countreyes, and the principall and heade
of septs, are made stronger, when it shoul
be a most speciall care in policye to weake
them, and to set up and strengthen dive
of his underlinges agaynst him, which
whensoever he shall offer to swarve fro
dutye may be able to beard him; for it
very daungerous to leave the comaund of so
many as some septs are, being five or si
thousand persons, to the will of one ma
whoe may leade them to what he will, as h
himself shal be inclyned.

Eudox. In very deede, Irenæus, it is ver
daungerous, especially seing the dispositio
of those people is not allwayes inclinable t
the best. And therfore I hold it noe wis
dome to leave unto them to much comaun
over theyr kinred, but rather to withdraw
theyr followers from them asmuch as may b
and to gather them under the comaunde o
lawe by some better meane then this custom
of Kin-cogish. The which woord I would
be gladd to knowe what it namely signifyet
for the meaning therof I seeme to understan
reasonable well.

Iren. It is a woord mingled of the Eng
lish and Irish togither, soe as I am partly led
to thinke, that the custome therof was firs
English, and afterwardes made Irish; for suc
an other lawe they had heere in England, a
I remember, made by King Alured, that ever
gentellman should continually bring foort
his kinred and followers to the lawe. Soe Ki
is English, and Cogish signifyeth affinity i
Irish.

Eudox. Siththen we have thus reasonabl
handled the inconvenience in the lawes, let
us now pass unto the second part, which wa
as I remember, of the abuses of customes
in which, me seemes, you have a fayre cham
pian layd open unto you, in which you ma
at large stretch out your discourse into man
sweete remembraunces of antiquityes, fro
whence it seemeth that the customs of tha
countrey proceeded.

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, you say very tru
for alle the customes of the Irish, which
have often noted and compared with that
have reade, would minister occasion of mo
ample discourse of the first originall of them
and the antiquitye of that people, which i
trueth I doe thinke to be more auncient the
most that I knowe in this end of the world
soe as yf it were in the handling of some ma

of sound judgement and plentifull reading it would be most pleasaunt and proffitable. But it may be we may, at some other time of meeting, take occasion to treat therof more at large. Heere onely it shall suffice to touche such customes of the Irish as seeme offensive, and repugnaunt to the good government of that realme.

Eudox. Followe then your owne course, for I shall the better content my self to forbeare my desire nowe, in hope that you will, as you say, some other time more aboundantly satisfye it.

Iren. Before we enter into the treatise of theyr customes, it is first needfull to consider from whence they first sprong; for from the sundry manners of the nations, from whence that people which now are called Irish were derived, some of the customes that now remayne amongest them have bene first fetcht, and since they have bene continued amongest them; for not of one nation was that people, but of many and of different conditions and manners. But the cheifest which have first possessed, and inhabited it, I suppose to be Scythians, which at such time as the Northerne Nations overflowed all Christendome, came downe to the sea-cost, where enquiring for other countreyes abrode, and getting intelligence of this countrey of Ireland, finding shipping convenient, passed over thither, and arrived in the North-part therof, which is now called Ulster, which first inhabiting, and afterwardes stretching themselves further into the land as theyr numbers encreased, named it all of themselves Scuttenland, which more breifly is called Scutland, or Scotland.

Eudox. I wonder (Irenæus) whither you runne soe farre astraie; for whylest wee talke of Ireland, me thinkes you rip upp thoriginall of Scotlande, but what is that to this?

Iren. Surelye verye much, for Scotlande and Ireland are all one and the same.

Eudox. That seemeth more straunge; for we all knowe right well they are distinguished, with a great sea running betwene them; or els there are two Scotlands.

Iren. Never the more are there two Scotlands, but two kindes of Scotts there were indeede (as ye may gather out of Buckhanan) the one Irin, or Irish Scotts, the other Albin-Scotts; for those Scotts or Scythyans arrived (as I sayd) in the North partes of Ireland, where some of them afterwardes passed into the next coast of Albin, now called Scotland, which (after much trouble) they possessed, and of themselves named it Scotland; but in process of time (as is commonly scene) the denomination of the part prevayled in the whole, for the Irish Scottes putting away the name of Scottes, were called onely Irish, and the Albin Scottes, leaving the name of Albin, were called onely Scottes. Therfore it cometh that of some writers Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which nowe is called Scotland, is named Scotia-minor.

Eudox. I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sortes of Scottes, and two Scotlandes, how that this which is now called Ireland was auncïently called Irin, and afterwardes of some writers Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scottes thither: but what other nation inhabited the other partes of Ireland?

Iren. After this people thus planted in the North, or before, (for the certayntye of times in thinges soe farr from all knowledge cannot be justly avouched) another nation coming out of Spayne arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it wast, or weakely inhabited, possessed it: who whether they were native Spaynyards, or Gaules, or Affricans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northerne Nations which did overspredd all Christendome, it is impossible to affirme, onely some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spayne certaynly they came, that doe all the Irish Chronicles agree.

Eudox. You doe very boldly, Irenæus, adventure upon the historye of soe auncient times, and leane to confidently unto those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the originall of such a nation soe antique, as that noe monument remayneth of her beginning and first inhabiting there; specially having bene in those times allwayes without letters, but onely bare traditions of times and remembraunces of BARDES, which use to forge and falsifye every thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

Iren. Truly I must confess I doe soe, but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe herin relye upon those Bards or Irish Chroniclers, though the Irish themselves, through theyr ignoraunce in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them, but unto them besides I add my owne reading; and out of them both togither, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinitye of woordes and names, propertyes of natures and uses, resemblances of rytes and ceremonyes, monumentes of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstaunces, I doe gather a likelihood of trueth; not certaynly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, languages, monumentes, and such like, I doe hunte out a probabilitye of thinges, which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. Nevertheless there be some very auncient authors which make mention of these thinges, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, experience, and theyr owne reason, doe open a windowe of great light unto the rest that is yet unseene; as namely, of the older Cæsar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolomie, Plinie, Pompeius Mela, and Berosus: of the later, Vincentius, Æneas Silvius, Luddus, Buckhanan; of all which I doe give most credit unto Buckhanan, for that he himself, being an Irish Scott or Picte by nation, and being very excellently learned, and industrious to seeke out the trueth of these thinges concerning the originall of his owne people, hath both sett downe the testimonyes of the auncientes truely, and his owne opinion, withall very reasonably, though in some thinges he doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bards and Irish Chroniclers themselves, though throughe desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignoraunce of arte and purer learning, they have clouded the trueth of those times; yet there appeareth amongest them some reliques of the true antiquitye, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happely discover and find out.

Eudox. Howe can there be any trueth in them at all, since the auncient nations which first inhabited Ireland were altogither destitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the veritye of thinges written. And those Bards, coming alsoe soe many hundred yeares after, could not knowe what was done in former ages, nor deliver certayntye of any thing, but what they fayned out of theyr unlearned heades.

Iren. Those Bardes indede, Cæsar writeth, deliver noe certayne trueth of any thing, neither is there any certayne hold to be taken of any antiquitye which is receaved by tradition, since all men be lyars, and may lye when they will; but yet for the antiquitye of the written Chronicles of Ireland give me leave to say something, not to justifye them, but to shewe that some of them might say trueth. For where ye say that the Irish have allwayes bene without letters, ye are therin much deceaved, for it is certayne, that Ireland hath had the use of letters very aunciently, and long before England.

Eudox. Is it possible? Howe comes i then that they are soe barbarous still and soe unlearned, being soe old schollers? For learning (as the Poet sayth) 'Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros:' whence then (I pray you) could they have those letters?

Iren. It is hard to say: for whether they at theyr first coming into the land, or afterwardes by trading with other nations which had letters, learned them of them, or devised them amongest themselves, it is very doubtfull; but that they had letters auncienbly it is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are sayd to have theyr letters, and learning, and learned men, from the Irish, and that also appeareth by the likeness of the characters, for the Saxons character is the same with the Irish. Now the Scithyans never, as I can reade, o old had letters amongest them: therfore i seemeth that they had them from that nation which came out of Spayne, for in Spayne ther was (as Strabo writeth) letters aunciently used, whether brought unto them by the Phœnesians, or Persians, which (as it appeareth by him) had some footing there, or from Marseilles, which is sayd to have bene inhabited first by the Greekes, and from them to have had the Greeke character; of which Marsilians it is sayd, that the Gaules learned them first, and used them only for the furtheraunce of theyr trades and private business: for the Gaules (as is strongly to be prooved by many auncient and authentyca writers) did first inhabite all the sea-cost o Spayne, even unto Cales and the mouth o the Streits, and peopled also a great parte of Italye, which appeareth by sundrye cittyes and havens in Spayne called of them, a Portingallia, Gallicia, Galdunum; and alsoe by sundrye nations therin dwelling, which yet have receaved theyr owne names of the Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Tamariti Nerii, and divers others. All which Pompeius Mela, being himself a Spanyard, yet sayeth to have discended from the Celties of Fraunce, wherby it is to be gathered, that that nation which came out of Spayne into Ireland were auncienbly Gaules, and that they brought with them those letters which they had learned in Spayne, first into Ireland, the which some also say doe much resemble the old Phœnician character, being likewise distinguished with pricke and accent, as theyrs auncientlv; but the further enquirye therof needeth a place of longer discourse then this our short conference.

Eudox. Surely you have shewed a great probabilitye of that which I had thought impossible to have bene proved; but that which you now say, that Ireland should have bene peopled with the Gaules, seemeth much more straunge, for all theyr Chronicles doe say, that the west and south was possessed and inhabited of Spanyards: and Cornelius Tacitus also doth strongly affirme the same, all which you must overthrowe and falsifye, or renounce your opinion.

Iren. Neither soe, nor soe; for the Irish Chronicles (as I sayd unto you) being made by unlearned men, and writing thinges according to the appearaunce of the trueth which they conceaved, doe err in the circumstaunces, not in the matter. For all that came out of Spayne (they being noe diligent searchers into the differences of nations) supposed them to be Spanyards, and soe called them; but the groundwoorke thereof is nevertheless as I sayd true and certayne, however they through ignoraunce disguise the same, or through their owne vanitye (while they would not seeme to be ignoraunt), doe therupon build and enlarge many forged historyes of theyr owne antiquitye, which they deliver to fooles, and make them believe them for trewe: as for example, that first of one Gathelus the sonn of Cecrops or Argos, who having marryed the King of Ægipts daughter, thence sayled with her into Spayne, and there inhabited: Then that of Nemed and his fowre sonnes, who coming out of Scythia peopled Ireland, and inhabited it with his sonnes two hundred and fiftye yeares untill he was overcome of the Gyauntes dwelling then in Ireland, and at last quite banished and rooted out, after whom two hundred yeares, the sonnes of one Dela, being Scythyans, arrived there agayne, and possessed the whole land, of which the youngest, called Slevius, in the end made himself monarch. Lastly, of the fowre sonnes of Mylesius King of Spayne, which conquered that land from the Scythyans, and inhabited it with Spanyardes, and called it of the name of the youngest, Hiberus, Hybernia: all which are in very trueth fables, and very Mylesian lyes (as the Latine proverbe is), for never was there such a King of Spayne called Mylesius, nor any such colonie seated with his sonnes, as they fayne, that can ever be prooved; but yet under these tales ye may in a manner see the trueth lurke. For Scythians, heere inhabiting, they name and doe put Spanyards, wherby appeareth that both those nations heere inhabited, but whether very Spanyards, as the Irish greatlye affect, is noe wayes to be prooved.

Eudox. Whence cometh it then that the Irish doe soe greatly covett to fetch themselves from the Spayniards, since the old Gaules are a more auncient and much more honorable a nation?

Iren. Even soe of a very desire of new fangleness and vanitye, for being as they are nowe accounted the most barbarous nation in Christendome they to avoyde that reproche would derive themselves from the Spanyards, whom they nowe see to be a very honorable people, and next bordering unto them: but all that is most vayne; for from the Spanyard that nowe is, or that people that nowe inhabites Spayne, they noe wayes can approove themselves to discend; neither should it be greatly glorious unto them; for the Spanyard, that nowe is, is come from as rude and savage nations as they, there being, as it may be gathered by course of ages and viewe of theyr owne historyes, (though they therin laboure much to ennoble themselves) scarce any dropp of the old Spanish bloud left in them: for all Spayne was first conquered by the Romains, and filled with colonyes from them, which were still encreased, and the native Spanyard still cutt of. Afterwardes the Carthagenians in all the long Punicke Warres (having spoyled all Spayne, and in the end subdued it wholye to themselves) did, as it is likelye, roote out all that were affected to the Romayns. And lastly the Romaynes, having agayne recovered that countrey and bett out Hanniball, did doubtless cutt of all that favoured the Carthagenians, soe that betwixt them both, to and froo, there was scarce a native Spanyard left, but all inhabited of Romayns. All which tempestes of troubles being overblowen, there long after arose a newe storme, more dreadfull then all the former, which over-rann all Spayne, and made an infinite confusion of all thinges; that was, the coming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vandals: And lastly all the nations of Scythya, which, like a mountayne flude, did over-flowe all Spayne, and quite drowne and wash away whatsoever relickes there were left of the land-bredd people, yea, and of all the Romayns to. The which Northerne nations finding the complexion of that soyle, and the vehement heate there farr differing from theyr natures, tooke noe felicitye in that countrey, but from thence passed over, and did spredd themselves into all countreys in Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture and sprinckling, yf not through peopling of them. And yet after all these the Moores and Barbarians, breaking over out of Africa, did finally possess all Spayne, or the most part therof, and did tredd downe under theyr heathenish feete whatever litle they found there yet standing. The which, though afterward they were beaten out by Ferdinando of Aragon and Isabell his wife, yet they were not soe clensed, but that through the marriadges which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during theyr long continuaunce there, they had left noe pure dropp of Spanish bloud, noe more of Romayne, nor of Scythyan. Soe that of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spanyard is the most mingled, most uncertayne, and most bastardly; wherfore most foolishlye doe the Irish thinke to ennoble themselves by wresting theyr auncientrye from the Spaynyarde, who is unable to derive himself from any certayne.

Eudox. You speake very sharpely, Iræneus, in dishonour of the Spanyard, whom some other boast to be the only brave nation under the skye.

Iren. Soe surely he is a very brave man; neither is that which I speake anything to his derogation, for in that I sayed he is a mingled nation, it is noe disprayse, for I thinke there is noe nation nowe in Christendome, nor muche further, but is mingled, and compounded with others: for it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisedome, to drawe those northerne heathen nations downe into these Christian partes, where they might receave Christianitye, and to mingle nations soe remote myraculously, to make, as it were, one kinred and bloud of all people, and ech to have knowlege of him.

Eudox. Neither have you sure any more dishonoured the Irish, for you have brought them from very great and auncient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Scythians and Gaules were two as mightye nations as ever the world brought foorth. But is there any token, denomination, or monument of the Gaules yet remaynyng in Ireland, as there is of the Scythians?

Iren. Yea surely very many woordes of the Gaules remayning, and yet daylye used in common speache.

Eudox. Why what was the Gaulish speach? is there any part of it still used amongest any nation?

Iren. The Gaulish speach is the very Brittish, the which was very generally used heere in all Brittayne before the coming in of the Saxons; and yet is retayned of the Walshmen, the Cornishmen, and the Brittons of Fraunce, though time, woorking the alteration of all thinges, and the trading and interdeale with other nations rounde about, have chaunged and greatly altered the dialect therof: but yet the originall woordes appeare to be the same, as whoe that list to read in Camden and Buckhanan, may see at large. Besides, ther be many places, as havens, hills, townes, and castles, which yet beare names from the Gaules, of the which Buchanan reherseth above 300 in Scotland, and I can (I thinke) recount neere as manie in Ireland which retaine the old denomination of the Gaules, as the Menapii, the Cauci, the Venti, and others; by all which and many other very reasonable probabilityes (which this short course will not suffer to be layed foorth) it appeareth that the cheif inhabitauntes in Ireland were Gaules, coming thither first out of Spayne, and afterwardes from besides Tanais, where the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Getes sate downe, they also being (as it is sayd of some) auncient Gaules; and lastly passing out of Gallia it self, from all the seacoste of Belgia and Celtica, into al the southerne coastes of Ireland, which they possessed and inhabited, wherupon it is a this day, amongest the Irish a common use to call any straunge inhabitaunt there amongest them, Gaull, that is, discended from the Gaules.

Eudox. This is very likely, for even soe did those Gaules aunciently possess and people all the southerne coastes of our Brittayne, which yet retayne theyr old names, as the Belgæ in Sommersettshire Wiltshire, and part of Hampshire, the Atrebatii in Barkshire, Regni in Sussex and Surrey, and many others. Nowe thus farr then I understand your opinion, that the Scythians planted in the North partes of Ireland: the Spanyards (for soe we will call them, what ever they were that came from Spayne) in the West; the Gaules in the South: soe that there nowe remayneth the East partes towardes England, which I would be gladd to understand from whence you thinke they were peopled.

Iren. Mary, I thinke from the Brittons themselves, of which though there be litle footing now remayning, by reason that they

Saxons afterwardes, and lastly the English, driving out all the inhabitauntes therof, did possess and people it themselves. Yet amongest the Tooles, the Brinnes, the Kavanaghs, and other nations in Leinster, there is some memorye of the Brittons remayning; as the Tooles are called of the old Brittish woord Tol, that is, an hill countrey, the Brinnes of the Brittish woord Brin, that is, woodes, and the Kavanaghs of the woord Kaun, that is, stronge; soe that in these three people the very denomination of the old Brittons doth still remayne. Besides, when any flyeth under the succour or protection of any agaynst an enemye, he cryeth unto him, Cummurreeih, that is in Brittish helpe, for they call theyr owne language, Cummeraig. Furthermore to proove the same, Ireland is by Diodorus Siculus, and by Strabo, called Britannia, and a part of Great Brittayne. Finally it appeareth by good record yet extant, that King Arthur, and before him Gurgunt, had all that Iland in his alleageaunce and subjection: herunto I could add manye probabilityes of the names of places, persons, and speeches, as I did in the former, but they should be to longe for this time, and I reserve them for another. And thus you have had my opinion, howe all that realme of Ireland was first peopled, and by what nations. After all which the Saxons succeeding, subdued it wholy unto themselves. For first Egfrid, Kinge of Northumberlande, did utterly wast and subdue it, as it appeareth out of Bede his complaynt agaynst him; and afterwardes King Edgar brought it under his obedience, as it appeareth by an auncient record, in which it is found written that he subdued all the Ilands of the North, even unto Norway, and them the king did bring into his subjection.

Eudox. This ripping up of auncient historyes, is very pleasing unto me, and indeede savoureth of good conceite, and some reading withall. I see heerby howe profitable travell, and experience of forreine nations, is to him that will applye them to good purpose. Neither indeede would I have thought, that any such antiquityes could have bene avouched for the Irish, that maketh me the more to long to see some more of your observations, which ye have gathered out of that countrey, and have erst half promised to putt foorth: and sure in this mingling of nations appeareth (as you erst have well noted) a wonderfull providence and purpose of Allmightye God, that stirred up that people of the farthest partes of the woorld to seeke out those regions so remote from them, and by that meanes both to restore theyr decayed habitations, and to make himself knowen to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, noe more generall winning of that Iland, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scotts, and afterwardes by Spanyards, besides the Gaules, Brittons, and Saxons?

Iren. Yes, there was an other, and that the last and the greatest, which was by the English, when the Earle Strangbowe, having conquered that land, delivered up the same unto the handes of Henry the second, then King, whoe sent over thither great store of gentellmen, and other warlick people, amongest whom he distributed the land, and settled such a strong colonye therin, as never since could, with all the subtill practises of the Irish, be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people, of soe many as remayne English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of soe many as remayne English of them? Why, are not they that were once English abiding English still?

Iren. Noe, for the most part of them are degenerated and growen allmost meere Irish, yea and more malicious to the English then the very Irish themselves.

Eudox. What heare I? And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up naturally in such sweete civilitye as England affoordes, can find such liking in that barbarous rudeness, that he should forgett his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation? how may this be, or what (I pray you) may be the cause hereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first evill ordinaunce and institution of that Commonwealth. But therof now is here noe fitt place to speake, least, by the occasion therof offering matter of a long discourse, we might be drawen from this that we have in hand, namely, the handling of abuses in the customes of Ireland.

Eudox. In trueth, Irenæus, you do well remember the plott of your first purpose; but yet from that (me seemes) ye have much swarved in all this long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland; for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Trulye very materiall; for yf ye marked the course of all that speach well, it was to shewe by what meanes the customes, that nowe are in Ireland, being some of them indeede very straunge and allmost heathenish, were first brought in: and that was, as I sayd, by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled; for the difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people: the which I have declared unto you to have bene thre speciall, which seated themselves there; to witt, first the Scythians, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignoraunt, that there were sundrye other nations which gott footing in that land, of the which there yet remayne diverse great familyes and septs, of whom I will also in theyr proper places make mention.

Eudox. You bring your self, Irenæus, very well into the way agayne, notwithstanding that it seemeth that ye were never out of the way, but nowe that ye have passed through those antiquityes, which I could have wished not soe soone ended, beginn, when you please, to declare what customes and manners have bene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you find fault withall.

Iren. I will then begin to count theyr customes in the same order that I counted theyr nations, and first with the Scythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use amongest them, to keepe theyr cattell, and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in bolyes, pasturing upon the mountayn, and wast wild places; and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastured the former. The which appeareth playne to be the manner of the Scythians, as you may reade in Olaus Magnus, and Jo. Bohemus, and yet is used amongest all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Scythians, to live in heardes as they call them, being the very same that the Irish bolyes are, driving theyr cattell continually with them, and feeding onely upon theyr milke and white meates.

Eudox, What fault can ye find with this custome? for though it be an old Scythian use, yet it is very behoofull in that countrey of Ireland, where there are greate mountaynes, and wast desartes full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousand of cattell for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinkes) be well any other way, then by keeping those Bolyes there, as ye have shewed.

Iren. But by this custome of bolyes there growe in the meane time many great enormityes unto that Common-wealth. For first, yf there be any out-lawes, or loose people, (as they are never without some) which live upon stealthes and spoyles, they are evermore succoured and find relief onely in those Bolyes, being upon the wast places, wheras els they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to steale relief, where, by one meane or other, they would soone be caught. Besides, such stealthes of cattell as they make, they bring commonly to those Bolyes, where they are receaved readilye, and the theif harboured from daunger of lawe, or such officers as might light uppon him. Moreover, the people that thus live in those Bolyes growe therby the more barbarous, and live more licentiously then they could in townes, using what meanes they list, and practising what mischeives and villanyes they will, either agaynst the government there, by theyr combinations, or agaynst privat men, whom they maligne, by stealing theyr goodes, or murdering themselves. For there they thinke themselves halfe exempted from lawe and obedience, and having once tasted freedome, doe, like a steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repyne ever after to come under rule agayne.

Eudox. By your speache, Irenæus, I perceave more evills come by this use of bolyes, then good by theyr grazing; and therfore it may well be reformed: but that must be in his due course: do you proceed to the next.

Iren. They have another custome from the Scythians, that is the wearing of Mantells and long glibbes, which is a thick curled bush of heare, hanging downe over theyr eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both very badd and hurtfull.

Eudox. Doe you thinke that the mantell came from the Scythians? I would surely thinke otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world auncientl used the mantell. For the Jewes used it, as you may reade of Elias mantell. The Chaldæans also used it, as you may reade in Diodorus. The Ægiptians likewise used it, as ye may reade in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greeke Comentaryes upon Calimachus. The Greekes also used it aunciently, as appeareth by Venus mantell lined with starres, though afterwardes they chaunged the forme therof into their cloakes, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also doe. And the auncient Latines and Romayns used it, as ye may reade in Virgill, who was a very auncient antiquarye,—that Evander, when Ænæas came unto him at his feast, did entertayne and feast him, sitting on the grounde, and lying on mantells. In soe-much as he useth this very woord MANTILE for a mantell.

'Mantilia humi sternunt.'

Soe as it seemeth that the mantell was a generall habite to most nations, and not proper to the Scithians onely, as you suppose.

Iren. I cannot denye but that auunciently it was common to most, and yet since disused and layed away. But in this later age of the world, since the decay of the Romayne Empire, it was renewed and brought in agayne by those Northern nations when, breaking out of theyr cold caves and frozen habitations into the sweete soyle of Europe, they brought with them theyr usuall weedes, fitt to sheild the cold, and that continuall frost, to which they had at home bene enured: the which yet they left not of, by reason that they were in perpetuall warres with the nations whom they had invaded, but, still removing from place to place, carryed allwayes with them that weede, as theyr howse, theyr bedd, and theyr garment; and, coming lastly into Ireland, they found there more speciall use therof, by reason of the rawe cold climate, from whence it is nowe growen into that generall use in which that people nowe have it. After whom the Gaules succeeding, yet finding the like necessitye for that garment, continued the like use therof.

Eudox. Sith then the necessitye therof is soe cōmodious, as ye alleage, that it is insteede of howsing, bedding, and clothing, what reason have ye then to wish soe necessary a thing cast of?

Iren. Because the comoditye doth not countervayle the discomoditie, for the inconveniences that therby doe arise are much more many; for it is a fitt howse for an out-lawe, a meete bedd for a rebell, and an apt cloke for a theif. First the out-lawe being for his many crimes and villanyes bannished from the townes and howses of honest men, and wandring in wast places, furr from daunger of lawe, maketh his mantell his howse, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it rayneth it is his pent-howse; when it blowes it is his tent; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In Sommer he can weare it loose, in winter he can weare it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never combersome. Likewise for a rebell it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh (yf at least it besemeth the name of warr) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woodes and straite passages, wayting for advantages, it is his bedd, yea, and allmost his howsehold stuff. For the wood is his howse agaynst all weathers, and his mantell is his cave to sleepe in. Therin he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth himself strongly agaynst the gnattes, which in that countrey doe more annoye the naked rebelles, whilest they keepe the woodes, and doe more sharply wound them then all theyr enemyes swoordes or speares, which can come seldome nigh them: yea, and oftentimes theyr mantell serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapt about theyr left arme in steede of a Targett, for it is as hard to cutt through it with a swoord; besides it is light to beare, light to throwe away, and, being (as they then commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a theif it is soe handsome, as it may seeme it was first invented for him; for under it he can cleanly convay any fitt pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abrode in the night on free-booting, it is his best and surest frend; for lying, as they often doe, two or thre nightes togither abrode to watch for theyr bootye, with that they can pretelye shrowde themselves under a bush or bankes side, till they may conveniently doe theyr errand: and when all is done, he can in his mantell pass through any towne or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endaungered. Besides all this, yf he be disposed to doe mischeif or villanye to any man, he may under his mantell goe privilye armed without suspicion of any, carrying his head-peece, his skeane, or pistoll yf he please, to be allwaye in readiness. Thus necessarye and fitting is a mantell for a badd man, and surely for a badd howsewife it is noe less convenient, for some of those that be wandring women, there called of them Beantoolhe, it is half a wardrobe, for in Sommer you shall have her arrayed commonlye but in her smocke and mantle, to be more readye for her light services: in Winter, and in her travell, it is her best cloke and safegard, and also a coverlett for her lewde exercise. And when she hath filled her vessell, under it she can hide both her burden and her blame; yea, and when her bastard is borne it serves insteede of a craddle and all her swadling cloutes. And as for all other good women which love to doe but litle woorke, howe handsome it is to lye and sleepe, or to lowze themselves in the sunnshine, they that have bene but a while in

Ireland can well witness. Sure I am that ye will thinke it very unfitt for good howsewives to stirre in, or to busy them selves about theyr howse-wiverye in such sort as they should. These be some of the abuses for which I would thinke it meete to forbidd all mantells.

Eudox. O evill mynded man, that having reckned up soe many uses of a mantell, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinke Diogenes dish did never serve his master more turnes, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cupp, his measure, his waterpott, then a mantell doth an Irish man. But I see they be all to badd intentes, and therfore I will joyne with you in abolishing it. But what blame lay you to the glibb? Take heede (I pray you) that you be not to busye therwith for feare of your owne blame, seing our Englishmen take it up in such a generall fashion to weare theyr heare so unmeasurably long, that some of them exceede the longest Irish glibbes.

Iren. I feare not the blame of any undeserved dislikes; but for the Irish glibbes, I say that, besides theyr savage brutishness and lothsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fitt maskes as a mantell is for a thief. For whensoever he hath runn himself into that perill of lawe that he will not be knowen, he either cutteth of his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it soe lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discerne his theivish countenaunce; and therfore fitt to be trussed up with the mantell.

Eudox. Truly these thre Scythian abuses, I hold most fitt to be taken away with sharpe penaltyes; and surely I wonder how they have bene kept thus long, notwithstanding soe many good provisions and orders as have bene devised for the reformation of that people.

Iren. The cause therof shall appeare to you hereafter; but lett us now goe forward with our Scythian customes, of which the next that I have to treate of is the manner of theyr raysing the crye in theyr conflictes, and at other troublesome times of uproare: the which is very naturall Scythian, as you may reade in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Scythians and Persians coming to give the charge at theyr battells: at the which it is sayd, they come running with a terrible yell and hubbabowe, as yf heaven and earth would have gone togither, which is the very image of the Irish hubbabowe, which theyr kerne use at theyr first encounter. Besides the same Herodotus writeth, that they used in theyr battells to call upon the names o theyr captaynes or generalls, and sometimes upon theyr greatest king deceased, as in the battell of Tomyris agaynst Cyrus: which custome to this day manifestly appeareth amongest the Irish. For at theyr joyning o battell, they likewise call upon theyr captaynes name, or the name of his auncestours As they under Oneale crye Landargabowe that is, the bloudye hand, which is Oneales badge: they under O Brien call Launlaider, that is, the strong hand. And to theyr ensample, the old English also which there remayneth have gotten up theyr cryes Scythian-like, as the Geraldins Croum-abowe and the Butlers Butleaur-abowe. And herin also lyeth open an other manifest proof that the Irish be Scythes or Scotts, for in all theyr encounters they use one very common woord, crying Farrih, Farrih, which is a Scottish woord, to weete, the name of one of the first Kinges of Scotland, called Fargus, Fergus, or Ferragus, which fought against the Pictes, as ye may reade in Buckhanan *De rebus Scoticis*; but as others write, it was long before that, the name of theyr cheif Captayne, under whom they fought agaynst the Africans, the which was then soe fortunate unto them, that ever sithence they have used to call upon his name in theyr battells.

Eudox. Beleve me, this observation of yours, Irenæus, is very good and delightfull; farr beyond the blunt conceit of some. who (I remember) have upon the same woord Farrih, made a very gross conjecture; as namely Mr. Stanihurst, who though he be the same country man borne, that should searche more neerely into the secrett of these thinges, yet hath strayed from the trueth all the heavens wide (as they say,) for he therupon groundeth a very gross imagination, that the Irish should discend from the Ægyptians which came into that iland, first under the leading of one Scota the daughter of Pharao, wherupon they use (sayth he) in all theyr battells to call upon the name of Pharao, crying Farrih, Farrih. Surely he shootes wyde on the bowe hand, and very farr from the marke. For I would first knowe of him what auncient ground of authoritye he hath for such a senceless fable, and yf he found it in any of the rude Irish bookes as it may be he had, yet (me seemes) that a man of his learning should not soe lightly have bene carryed away with old wives tales rom approovaunce of his owne reason; for whether Scota be an Ægyptian woord or smacke of any learning or judgement lett the learned judge. But this Scota rather cometh of the Greeke *scotos*, that is, darkeness, which hath not lett him see the light of the trueth.

Iren. You knowe not, Eudoxus, how well Mr. Stanihurst could see in the darke; perhaps he hath owles or cats eyes, but well I wote he seeth not well the light of the trueth in matters of more waight. But as for Farrih I have told you my conjecture onely, and yet thus much more I have to proove a likelyehoode, that there are this day yet in Ireland, many Irish men (cheifly in the North partes) called by the name of Farreehs. But lett that nowe be: this onely for this place suffiseth, that it is a common woord used in theyr Hubbobowes, the which (with all the rest) is to be abolished, for that it discovereth an affectation of Irish captaynrye, which in this plattforme I endevour specially to beate downe. There be other sortes of cryes also used amongest the Irish, which savoure greatly of the Scythian barbarisme, as theyr lamentations at theyr burialls, with dispayrefull out-cryes, and immoderate waylinges, the which Mr. Stanihurst also might have used for an argument to prove them Ægiptians, which lamented for the death of Joseph. Others thinke this custome to come from the Spayniardes, for that they doe soe unmeasurably likewise bewayle theyr dead; but the same is not proper Spanish, but altogither heathenish, brought in thither first either by the Scythians, or the Moores, which were Africans, that long possessed that countrey. For it is the manner of all Pagans and Infidells to be intemperate in theyr waylinges of the dead, for that they had noe fayth nor hope of salvation. And this ill custome also is specially noted by Diodorus Siculus, to have bene in the Scythians, and is yett amongest the Northern Scotts.

Eudox. This is sure an ill custome also, but it doth not soe much concerne civill reformation, as an abuse of religion.

Iren. I did not rehearse it as one of the abuses which I thought most woorthy of reformation; but having made mention of Irish cryes I thought this manner of lewd crying and howling not impertinent to be noted as uncivill and Scythian-like: for by these old customes, and other like conjecturall circumstaunces, the discents of nations can onely be prooved, where other monumentes of writinges be not remayning.

Eudox. Then (I pray you) whensoever in your discourse you meete with them by the way, doe not shunne, but boldly touche them; for besides theyr greate pleasure and delight for theyr antiquitye, they bring also great profitt and helpe unto civilitye.

Iren. Then sith you will have it soe, I will heere take occasion, since I lately spake of theyr manner of cryes in joyning battell, to speake also somewhat of the manner of theyr armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps woorthy the noting. And first of theyr armes and weapons, amongest which theyr brode swoordes are proper Scythian, for such the Scythes used comonly, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus. And the same also used the old Scottes, as ye may reade in Buckhanan, and in Solinus, where the pictures of them are in the same forme expressed. Also theyr short bowes, and litle quivers with short bearded arrowes, are also very Scythian, as ye may reade in the same Olaus. And the same sort, both of bowes, quivers, and arrowes, are at this day to be sene commonly amongest the Northern Irish-Scotts, whose Scottish bowes are not past thre quarters of a yard longe, with a string of wreathed hemp slackly bent, and whose arrowes are not much above half an ell longe, tipped with steele heades, made like common brode arrowe heades, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into an armed man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shott foorth weakelye. Moreover, theyr long brode shieldes, made but of wicker roddes, which are commonly used amongest the sayd Northern Irish, but specially of the Scottes, are brought from the Scythians, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus, Solinus, and others: likewise theyr going to battell without armour on theyr bodyes or heades, but trusting onely to the thickness of theyr glibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare of a good stroke, is mere savage and Scythian, as ye may see in the sayd Images of the old Scythes or Scottes, sett foorth by Herodianus and others. Besides, theyr confused kind of marche in heapes, without any order or array, theyr clashing of swoordes togither, theyr fierce running upon theyr enemyes, and theyr manner of fight, resembleth alltogither that which is reade in historyes to have bene used of the Scythians. By which it may allmost infallibly be gathered, togither with other circumstaunces, that the Irish are very Scotts or Scythes originally, though sithence intermingled with many other nations repayring and joining unto them. And to these I may add also another very stronge conjecture which cometh to my mynd, that I have often there observed amongest them; that is, certayne religious ceremonyes, which are very superstitiously yet used amongest them, the which are also written by sundrye authours, to have bene observed amongest the Scythians, by the which it may very vehemently be presumed that both the nations were aunciently all one. For Plutark (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endevouring to searche out the truthe, what countryman Homer was, proveth it most strongly (as he thinketh) that he was an Æolian borne; for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greekes, he omitted the chinbone, the which all the other Grecians (saving the Æolians) doe use to burne in theyre sacrifices: allso for that he maketh the intralls to be rosted on five spittes, the which was the proper manner of the Æolians whoe onely, of all nations and countreys of Grecia, used to sacrifice in that sort, whereas all the rest of the Greekes used to rost them on thre spittes. By which he inferreth, necessarilye, that Homer was an Æolian. And by the same reason may I (as reasonablie) conclude, that the Irish are discended from the Scithyans; for that they use to this day some of the same ceremonyes which the Scythians aunciently used. As for example, ye may reade in Lucian, in that sweete dialogue which is intituled Toxaris or of frendship, that the common oath of the Scythians was by the swoord, and by the fire, for that they accounted these two speciall divine powers, which should woorke vengeaunce on perjurours. So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to any battell, say certayne prayers or charmes to theyr swoordes, making a cross therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the pointes of theyr blades into the ground; thinking therby to have the better success in fight. Also they use commonly to sweare by theyr swoordes. Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candells, they say certayne prayers or use some other superstitious rites, which sheweth that they honoure the fire and the light; for all those Northern nations, having bene used to be annoyed with much cold and darkenes, are wonte therfore to have the fire and the sunn in great veneration: like as contrariwise the Moores and Ægiptians, which are much offended and greived with much extreme heate of the sunn, doe every morning, when thes unn riseth, fall to cursing and banning of him as theyr plague

and cheif scourge. Also the Scythians use
when they would binde any solempne vow
or combination amongest them, to drinke
bowle of bloud togither, vowing therby
spend theyr last bloud in that quarrell: an
even soe doe the wild Scotts, as ye ma
reade in Buckhanan; and some of the North
ern Irish likewise. As ye may also reade
the same booke, in the Tale of Arsacoma
that it was the manner of the Scythian
when any one of them was heavely wronge
and would assemble unto him any forces
people to joyne with him in his revenge,
sitt in some publick place for certayne day
upon an oxe hide, to which there woul
resort all such persons as being disposed
take armes, would enter into his pay,
joyne with him in his quarrell; and th
same ye may likewise reade to have bene th
auncient manner of the wild Scotts, whic
are indeede the very naturall Irish. Mor
over, the Scythians used to sweare by they
Kinges hand, as Olaus sheweth. And soe d
the Irish nowe use to sweare by theyr Lord
hand, and, to forsweare it, hold it more cr
minall then to sweare by God. Also th
Scythians sayd, that they were once eve
yeare turned into wolves, and soe is it writt
of the Irish: though Mr. Camden in a bett
sence doth suppose it was a disease, calle
Lycanthropia, soe named of the wolfe. A
yet some of the Irish doe use to make th
wolfe theyr gossip. The Scythians also use
to seeth theyr flesh in the hide; and soe d
the Northern Irish yet. The Scythians lik
wise used to boyle the bloud of the beast y
living, and to make meate thereof: and soe d
the Irish still in the North. Many such cu
tomes I could recount unto you, as of the
old manner of marrying, of burying,
dauncing, of singing, of feasting, of cursin
though Christians have wiped out the mo
part of them, by resemblaunce wherof
might playnly appeare unto you that th
nations are the same, but that by the rec
ning of these fewe which I have told un
you, I find my speach drawen out to a great
length then I purposed. Thus much one
for this time, I hope, shall suffise you,
thinke that the Irish are aunciently di
cended from the Scythians.

Eudox. Surely, Ireneus, I have, in the
fewe woordes, herd that from you which
would have thought had bene impossible
have bene spoken of times soe remote, a
customes so auncient: with delight wherof
was all that while as it were entraunced, a
carryed soe farr from my self, as that I

owe right sorye that you ended soe soone. ut I marvell much howe it cometh to pass, hat in soe long continuaunce of time, and nany ages come betwene, yet any jote of hose old rites and superstitious customes hould remayne amongest them.

Iren. It is noe cause of wonder at all ; for t is the manner of all barbarous nations to be ery superstitious, and diligent observers of old ustomes and antiquityes ; which they receave y continuall tradition from theyr parentes, y recording of theyr Bards and Chronicles, n theyr songes, and by daylye use and exmple of theyr elders.

Eudox. But have you I pray you oberved any such customes amongest them, rought likewise from the Spanyardes or aules, as these from the Scythians ? that nay sure be very materiall to your first purose.

Iren. Some perhaps I have ; and who that ill by this occasion more diligently marke nd compare theyr customes shall find many nore. But there are fewer I thinke renayning of the Gaules or Spaynyardes then f the Scythians, by reason that the partes, hich they then possessed, lying upon the oast of the Westerne and Southerne Sea, ere sithence continually visited with strauners and forrein people, repayring thither or traffick, and for fishing, which is very lentifull upon these coastes: for the trade nd enterdeale of sea-cost nations one with nother woorketh more civilitye and good ashions in them, all sea men being naturally esirous of new fashions, then amongst the nland dwellers, which are seldome seene of orreiners ; yet some of such as I have noted, I ill recounte unto you. And first I will, for he better creditt of the rest, shewe you one ut of theyr Statutes, amongest which it is nacted that noe man shall weare his bearde ut onely on the upper lipp like muschachoes, havinge all the rest of his chinn. And this as the auncient manner of Spaynyardes, as et it is of all the Mahometans to cutt of all heyr beardes close, save only theyr muschahoes, which they weare long. And the ause of this use was for that they, being redd in a hote country, founde much haire on heyr faces and other partes to be noysome nto them : for which cause they did cutt it ost away, like as contrarily all other ations, brought up in cold countryes, doe se to nourish theyr haire, to kepe them arme, which was the cause that the Scythns and Scottes weare Glibbes (as I shewed ou) to keepe theyr heades warme, and long beardes to defend theyr faces from cold. From them also (I thinke) came saffron shirtes and smockes, which was devised by them in those hote countryes, where saffron is very common and rife, for avoyding that evill which commeth by much sweating, and longe wearing of linnen : also the women amongest the old Spanyardes had the charge of all household affayres, both at home and abrode, (as Bohemus writeth) though nowe the Spanyardes use it quite otherwise. And soe have the Irish women the trust and care of all thinges, both at home, and in the fieldes. Likewise rounde leather targetts is the Spanish fashion, whoe used it (for the most part) paynted, which in Ireland they use also, in many places, coloured after theyr rude fashion. Moreover the manner of theyr womens riding on the wrong side of theyr horse, I meane with theyr faces towardes the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and, as some say, Affricane, for amongest them the women (they say) use so to ride acrosse : Also the deepe smock sleeve hanging to the grounde, which the Irish women use, they say, it was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbarye : and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion ; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indede nothing els then a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve. And that Knightes in auncient times used to weare theyr mistress or loves sleeve, upon theyr armes, as appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelott, that he wore the sleeve of the Fayre Mayde of Asteloth in a turney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased.

Eudox. Your conceite is good, and well fitting for thinges soe farr growen from certaynte of knowledge and learning, onely upon likelyhoodes and conjectures. But have you any customes remayning from the Gaules or Brittons?

Iren. I have observed a fewe of either ; and whoe will better searche into them may finde more. And first the profession of theyr Bards who (as Cæsar writeth) were usuall amongest the Gaules ; and the same was also common amongest the Brittons, and is not yet altogither left of by the Welsh which are theyr posteritye. For all the fashions of the Gaules and Brittons, as he testifyeth, were much like. The long dartes came also from the Gaules, as ye may reade in the same Cæsar, and in Jo. Bohemus. Likewise the said Bohemus writeth, that the Gaules used swoordes a hand full broade, and soe doe the Irish nowe. Also that they used long wicker sheildes in battayll that should cover theyr whole bodyes, and so doe the Northern Irish; but because I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northern people, and Irish-Scotts, I doe thinke that they were rather brought in by the Scythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke theyr enemyes bloud, and paynte themselves with it: soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte, and soe I have seene some of the Irish doe, not theyr enemyes but theyr frendes bloud. As namely at the execution of a notable traytour at Limmericke, called Murrogh O-Brein, I sawe an old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head, whilest he was quartered, and sucked up all the bloud running thereout, saying, that the earth was not woorthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her hayre, crying out and shreeking out most terriblye.

Eudox. You have very well runne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabited that land: namely, the Scythians, the Spanyardes, the Gaules, and the Brittons. It nowe remayneth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongest the Irish: of which I doe not thinke that you shall have much to finde fault with, considering that by the English most of the old badd Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in theyr steede.

Iren. You think otherwise, Eudoxus, then I doe; for the cheifest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish: soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them; soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

Iren. Soe much can libertye and ill example doe.

Eudox. What libertye had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongest them at the first, and had not they governours to courbe and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most
part, such as did more hurte then good;
they had governours for the most part
themselves, and commonly out of the
howses of the Geraldins and the Butle
both adversaryes and corryvalls one agay
the other. Whoe though, for the most pa
they were but as deputyes under some of
King of Englandes sonnes, brethren, or ot
neere kinsemen, whoe were the Kinges li
tenauntes, yet they swayed soe much, as t
had all the rule, and the others but the ti
Of which Butlers and Geraldins, albeit
must confess) theye were very brave
woorthye men, as also of other the Peere
that realme, made Lord Deputyes and L
Justices at sundry times, yet thoro
greatnes of their late conquests and seigno
they grewe insolent, and bent both t
regall authoritye, and also theyr priv
powers, one agaynst another, to the u
subversion of themselves, and strengthen
of the Irish agayne. This ye may
playnly discovered by a letter written f
the cittizens of Corke out of Ireland, to
Earle of Shrewsbury then in England,
remayning yet upon record, both in the To
of London, and also amongest the Chroni
of Ireland. Wherein it is by them c
plained, that the English Lords and Gen
men, who then had great possessions
Ireland, beganne, through pride and i
lencye, to make private warres one agay
another, and when either parte was we
they would wage and drawe in the I
to take theyr parte, by which meanes t
both greatlie encouraged and enabled
Irish, which till that time had bene shutt
within the Mountayne of Slewloghir,
weakened and disabled themselves, ins
much that theyr revenues were wonderf
impayred, and some of them, which are th
reckoned to have bene able to have spent
or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of
rent, (that I may say noe more) besides th
commodityes of creekes and havens, w
nowe scarce able to dispend the third p
From which disorder, an other huge
lamitye came upon them, as that, they
nowe growen to be allmost as lewde as
Irish: I meane of such English as were plan
above toward the West; for the English P
hath preserved it self, through neerenes
their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the
which dwell above Conaught and in Mo
ster, which is the sweetest soyle of Irela
and some in Leinster and Ulster, are deg
erate, and growen to be as very patchocke
the wild Irish, yea and some of them

quite shaken of theyr English names. and put on Irish that they might be alltogither Irish.

Eudox. Is it possible that any should soe farre growe out of frame that they should in soe short space, quite forgett theyr countrey and theyr owne names? That is a most dangerous lethargie, much woorse then that of Messala Corvinus, who, being a most learned man, through sickness forgate his owne name. But can you counte us any of this kinde?

Iren. I cannot but by reporte of the Irish themselves, who report, that the Mack-mahons, in the Northe, were aunciently English; to witt, discended from the Fitz Ursulas, which was a noble familye in England, and that the same appeareth by the signification of theyr Irish names. Likewise that the Mack-swines, nowe in Ulster, were aunciently of the Veres in England, but that they themselves, for hatred of English, soe disguised theyr names.

Eudox. Could they ever conceave any such develish dislike of theyr owne naturall countrey, as that they would be ashamed of her name, and byte of her dugg from which they sucked life?

Iren. I wote well there should be none; but proude hartes doe oftentimes (like wanton coltes) kicke at theyr mothers, as we reade Alcibiades and Themistocles did, whoe, being bannished out of Athens, fledd unto the King of Asia, and there stirred them up to warr agaynst theyr owne countrey, in which warres they themselves were cheiftaynes. So they say did these Mack-swines and Mack-mahons, or rather Veres and Fitz Ursulas, for private despite, turne themselves agaynst England. For at such time as Ro. Vere, Earle of Oxford, was in the Barons warres agaynst King Richard the Second, through the malice of the Peeres, banished the realme and proscribed, he with his kinseman Fitz Ursula fledd into Ireland, where being prosecuted, and afterwardes putt to death in England, his kinseman, there remayning behind in Ireland, rebelled, and, conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast of the English name and alleageaunce, since which time they have ever soe remayned, and have ever sithence bene counted meere Irish. The verye like is also reported of the Mack-swines, Mack-mahons, and Mack-sheeheis of Mounster, whoe likewise were aunciently English, and old followers of the Earle of Desmonde, untill the raigne of King Edward the Fourth: at which time the Earle of Desmonde that then was, called Thomas, being through false subornation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her agaynst him conceaved, brought to his death at Drogheda most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldins, which then was a mightye familye in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wronge, rose into armes agaynst the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the crowne of England; to whom the sayd Mack-swines, Mack-sheeheis, and Mack-mahons, being then servauntes and followers, did the like, and have ever sithence soe continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thencefoorth joyned with the Irish agaynst the King, and termed themselves meere Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wiped away, but the contagion therof hath remayned still amongest theyr posterityes. Of which sorte (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hernan, Shenan, Maugan, &c. the which now accounte themselves meere Irish. Other greate howses there be of the old English in Ireland, which through licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering them, or lacke of good nurture, or other such unhappye occasions, have degenerated from theyr auncient dignitye, and are nowe growen as Irish as O-hanlans breeche, as the proverbe there is; of which sorte there are two most pityfull examples above the rest, to witt the Lord Bremechame, whoe being the most auncient barron, I thinke, in England, nowe waxen the most savage Irish amongest them, naming himself Irishlike, Noccorish; and the other is the greate Mortimer, whoe forgetting howe greate he was once in England, or English at all, is nowe become the most barbarous of them all, and is called Macknihmarrih, and not much better then he is the old Lo. Courcye, who, having lewdly wasted all the landes and signoryes that he had, allyed himself unto the Irish and is himself also nowe growen quite Irish.

Eudox. In trueth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censures in soe greate personages, to the terror of the meaner: for where the lordes and cheif men wax soe barbarous and bastardlike, what shal be hoped of the pesantes, and base people? And hereby sure you have made a fayre way unto your self to lay open the abuses of theyr evill customes, which you are nowe nexte to declare, the which, noe doubt, are very badd and barbarous, being borrowed from the Irish, as theyr apparrell, theyr language, theyr riding, and many other the like.

Iren. You cannot but thinke them sure to be very brute and uncivill; for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in soe long an alteration of time seeme very straunge and wonderfull. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the raigne of Henry the Second, when Ireland was first planted with English, very rude and barbarous, soe as yf the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme woorthy of sharpe correction, and of newe lawes for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grewe to be civill: therfore in counting the evill customes of the English there, I will not have regard whether the beginning therof were English or Irish, but will have respect onely to the inconvenience therof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of language, that is, for the speaking of Irish amongest the English, which as it is unnaturall that any people should love anothers language more then theyr owne, soe it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evills.

Eudox. It seemeth straunge to me that the English should take more delight to speake that language then theyr owne, wheras they should (me thinkes) rather take scorne to acquaynte theyr tonges therewith: for it hath bene ever the use of the conquerours to dispise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learne his. Soe did the Romayns alwayes use, in soe much as there is almost noe nation in the worlde, but it is sprinckled with theyr language. It were good therfore (me thinkes) to searche out the originall cause of this evill; for, the same being discovered, a redress therof wil be the more easely provided. For I thinke it were straunge, that the English being soe many, and the Irish soe fewe as they then were left, they being the fewer should drawe the more unto theyr use.

Iren. I suppose that the cheifest cause of the bringing in of the Irish language, amongest them, was specially theyr fostring, and marrying with the Irish, the which are two most daungerous infections: for first the child that sucketh the milke of the nurse, must of necessitye learne his first speache of
her, the which being the first that is enu
to his tongue, is ever after most pleas
unto him, in soe much as though he aft
ward be taught English, yet the smacke
the first will allwayes abide with him; a
not onely of the speache, but also of
manners and conditions. For besides th
yong children be like apes, which will aff
and imitate what they see done afore the
specially of theyr nurses whom they lo
soe well, they moreover drawe unto the
selves, togither with theyr sucke, even
nature and disposition of theyr nurses:
the mynd followeth much the temperature
the bodye; and also the woordes are
Image of the mynd, soe as, they proceedi
from the mynd, the mynd must needes
affected with the woordes. Soe that
speache being Irish, the harte must need
be Irish; for out of the aboundaunce of
harte, the tonge speaketh. The next is
marriadge with the Irish, which how dau
gerous a thing it is in all common-wealth
appeareth to every simplest sence; a
though some greate ones have perhaps us
such matches with theyr vassals, and ha
of them nevertheless raysed woorthy iss
as Telamon did with Termessa, Alexand
the Great with Roxane, and Julius Cæs
with Cleopatra, yet the example is s
perilous, as it is not to be adventured: for
steede of these fewe good, I could coun
unto them infinite many evill. And i
deede how can such matching but bri
foorth an evill race, seing that commo
the child taketh most of his nature of
mother. besides speache, manners, and incli
tion, which are (for the most part) agrea
to the conditions of theyr mothers? For
them they are first framed and fashion
soe as what they receave once from the
they will hardly ever after forgoe. Therf
are these evill customes of fostring a
marrying with the Irish most carefully
be restrayned; for of them two, the thi
evill, that is the custome of langua
(which I speake of) cheifly proceedeth.

Eudox. But are there not Lawes allrea
appoynted. for avoyding of this evill?

Iren. Yes, I thinke there be, but as go
never a whitt as never the better. For wh
doe statutes avayle without penaltyes,
lawes without charge of execution? For s
there is another like lawe enacted agay
wearing of Irish apparrell, but neverthem
is it observed by any, or executed by th
that have the charge: for they in theyr p
vate discretions thinke it not fitt to be for

pon the poore wretches of that countrey, vhich are not woorth the price of English aparrell, nor expedient to be practised agaynst he abler sorte, by reason that the bare ountrey (say they) doth yeelde noe better: nd were there better to be had, yet these vere fitter to be used, as namely, the mantell n traveling, because there be noe Innes vhere meete bedding might be had, soe that is mantell serves him then for a bedd and he leather quilted jacke in journeying and n camping, for that it is fittest to be under is shirte of mayle, for any occasion of oden service, as there happen many, and to over his thinn breeche on horsebacke: the reate linnen rowle, which the women weare, o keepe theyr heades warme after cutting heyr haire, which they use in any sickness; esides theyr thicke folded linnen shirtes, heyr longe-sleeved smockes, theyr half-leeved coates, theyr silken tilletts, and all he rest they will devise some colourable eason for them, either of necessitye, or of aniquitye, or of comeliness.

Eudox. But what coloure soe ever they lleage, me thinkes it is not expedient, that he execution of a lawe once ordayned hould be left to the discretion of the judge r officer, but that, without partialitye or egarde, it should be fulfilled as well on English, as Irish.

Iren. But they thinke this precisenes in eformation of apparrell not to be soe materiall, r greatly pertinent.

Eudox. Yes surely but it is; for mens pparrell is commonly made according to heyr conditions, and theyre conditions are ftentimes governed by theyr garments: for he person that is gowned is by his gowne utt in mynd of gravitye, and also retrayned from lightnes by the very unaptness f his weede. Therfore it is written by Arisotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the ydians that were a warlicke nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, e chaunged theyr apparrell and musick, nd insteede of theyr shorte warlicke coates, lothed them in long garments like women, nd in steede of theyr warlick musick, apoynted to them certayne lascivious layes, nd loose gigges, by which in shorte space heyr myndes were so mollyfyed and abated, hat they forgate theyr former fierceness, and ecame most tender and effeminate: wherby t appeareth, that there is not a litle in the arment to the fashioning of the mynde and onditions. But be all these, which you have lescribed, the fashions of the Irish weede?

Iren. Noe; all these that I have rehearsed unto you, be not Irish garments, but English; for the quilted leather Jacke is old English; for it was the proper weede of the horseman, as ye may reade in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas his apparrell and armoure, when he went to fight agaynst the Gyant, in his robe of shecklaton, which schecklaton is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jackes. And there likewise by all that description ye may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most lively set foorth, his long hose, his shooes of costly cordewayne, his hacqueton, and his habberjon, with all the rest therto belonging.

Eudox. I surely thought that that manner had bene kindly Irish, for it is farr differing from that we have nowe; as also all the furniture of his horse, his stronge brasse bitt, his slyding raynes, his shaunckpillion without stirrops, his manner of mounting, his fashion of riding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, and the forme of his speare.

Iren. Noe sure; they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland: neither is the same counted an uncomelye manner of riding,; for I have heard some greate warriours say, that, in all the services which they had seene abroade in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge: neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrops, but more ready then with stirrops; for in his getting up his horse is still going, wherby he gayneth way. And therfore the stirrops were called soe in scorne, as it were a stayre to gett up, being derived of the old English woord sty, which is, to gett up, or mounte.

Eudox. It seemeth then that ye finde noe fault with this manner of riding; why then would you have the quilted Jacke layed away?

Iren. I would not have that layed away, but the abuse therof to be putt away; for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worne in warre under a shirte of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirte of mayle, and all his other furniture: but to be worne daylye at home, and in townes and civill places, it is a rude habite and most uncomely, séeming like a players paynted coate.

Eudox. But it is worne (they say) likewise of Irish footemen; how doe you allowe of that? for I should thinke it were unseemely.

Iren. Noe, not as it is used in warre, for it is then worne likewise of a footeman under a shirte of mayle, the which footeman thay call a Galloglass, the which name doth discover him to be also auncient English, for *Gallogla* signifyes an English servitour or yeoman. And he being soe armed, in a long shirt of mayle downe to the calfe of his legg, with a long brode axe in his hand, was then *pedes gravis armaturæ*, and was insteede of the armed footeman that nowe weareth a corselett, before the corseletts were used, or allmost invented.

Eudox. Then him belike ye likewise allow in your straight reformation of old customes.

Iren. Both him and the kearne also (whom onely I tooke to be the proper Irish souldiour) can I allowe, soe that they use that habite and custome of theyrs in the warres onely, when they are ledd foorthe to the service of theyr Prince, and not usually at home, and in civill places, and besides doe lay aside the evill and wild uses which the galloglass and kearne doe use in their common trade of lyfe.

Eudox. What be those?

Iren. Marye, those be the most lothsome and barbarous conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven; for, from the time they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may be to oppress all men; they spoyle as well the subject as the enemy; they steale, they are cruell and bloudye, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearers, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murtherers of children.

Eudox. These be most villenous conditions; I marvayle then that ever they be used or employed, or allmost suffred to live: what good can there then be in them?

Iren. Yet sure they are very valiaunte and hardye, for the most part great endurours of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardiness, very active and stronge of hand, very swift of foote, very vigilaunte and circumspect in theyr enterprises, very present in perrills, very great scorners of death.

Eudox. Truly, by this that ye saie, it seemes the Irishman is a very brave souldiour.

Iren. Yea surely, even in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very couragiously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroade, and is putt to a peece, or a pike, he maketh as woorthy a souldiour as any nation he meeteth with. But lett us (I p
you) turne agayne to our discourse of e
customes amongest the Irish.

Eudox. Me thinkes, all this which y
speake of, concerneth the customes of the Ir
verey materiallie; for their uses in warre
of no small importance to be considered,
well to reforme those which are evill, as
confirme and continue those which are go
But followe you your owne course, and she
what other their customes ye have to disl
of.

Iren. There is amongest the Irish a c
tayne kind of people called Bards, which
to them insteede of poetts, whose profession
to sett foorth the prayses and disprayses of m
in theyr poems and rimes; the which are h
in soe high request and estimation among
them, that none dare to displease th
for feare of running into reproche throu
theyr offence, and to be made infamous
the mouthes of all men. For theyr verses
taken up with a generall applause, a
usually songe at all feasts and meetinges,
certayne other persons, whose proper functi
that is, which also receave for the same gre
rewardes and reputation besides.

Eudox. Doe you blame this in the
which I would otherwise have thought
have bene woorthy of good accounte, a
rather to have bene mayntayned and au
mented amongest them, then to have be
misliked? For I have reade that in all ag
Poettes have bene had in speciall reputati
and that (me seemes) not without grea
cause; for besides theyr sweete inventio
and most wittye layes, they have allway
used to sett foorth the prayses of the good a
vertuous, and to beate downe and disgra
the badd and vicious. Soe that many bra
yong myndes have oftentimes, through he
ing of the prayses and famous Eulogies
woorthy men song and reported unto the
bene stirred up to affect like comend
cions, and soe to strive to like desertes. S
they say the Lacedemonians were more e
clined to desire of honour with the excelle
verses of the Poet Tirtæus, then with all t
exhortations of their Captaines, or authorit
of theyr Rulers and Magistrates.

Iren. It is most true that such Poetts, as
theyr writings doe laboure to better the ma
ners of men, and through the sweete bayte
theyr numbers, to steale into yonge spirit
a desire of honour and vertue, are worthy
be had in great respect. But these Iri
Bards are for the most part of another myn
and soe farr from instructing yong men

morall discipline, that they themselves doe more desarve to be sharpely disciplined; for they seldome use to choose unto themselves the doinges of good men for the ornamentes of theyr poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doinges, most daungerous and desperate in all partes of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they sett up and glorifye in theyr rimes, him they prayse to the people, and to yong men make an example to followe.

Eudox. I marvayle whate kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can putt on, to prayse such lewde persons as live soe lawleslye and licentiouslye upon stealthes and spoyles, as most of them doe; or how can they thinke that any good mynde will applaude or approve the same?

Iren. There is none soe badd, Eudoxus, but shall finde some to favoure his doinges; but such lycentious partes as these, tending for the most parte to the hurte of the English, or mayntenaunce of theyre owne lewde libertye, they themselves, being most desirous therof, doe most allowe. Besides this, evill thinges being decked and subomed with the gay attyre of goodly woordes, may easely deceave and carrye away the affection of a yong mynd, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventure to make proofe of himself; for being (as they all be) brought up idelly without awe of parentes, without precepts of masters, without feare of offence, not being directed, or employed in any course of life, which may carrye them to vertue, will easely be drawen to followe such as any shall sett before them: for a yong mynd cannot rest; and yf he be not still busyed in some goodness, he will find himself such busines as shall soone busye all about him. In which yf he shall finde any to prayse him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bards and rimers doe for a litle reward, or a share of a stollen cowe, then waxeth he most insolent and half madd with the love of himself, and his owne lewde deedes. And as for woordes to sett foorth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly glose and paynted shewe thereunto, borrowed even from the prayses which are proper to vertue itself. As of a most notorious theif and wicked outlawe, which had lived all his lifetime of spoyles and robberyes, one of these Bardes in his prayse sayd, That he was none of those idell milk-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valyaunt enterprises; that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde; that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used comonly to keepe others waking to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkeness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to lye long wooing of wenches to yeeld unto him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people, and clashing of armour; and that finally, he died not bewayled of many, but made many wayle when he died that dearely bought his death. Doe not you thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these prayses might be applyed to men of best desarte? yet are they all yeelded to a most notable traytoure, and amongest some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

Eudox. And well worthye sure! But tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be?

Iren. Yea truly; I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye: yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comliness unto them, the which it is greate pittye to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifye and adorne vertue. This evill custome therfore needeth reformation. And nowe next after the Irish Kearne, me seemes the Irish Horse-boyes or Cuilles (as they call them) would come well in order, the use of which, though necessitye (as times nowe be) doe enforce, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cutt of. For the cause why they must nowe be permitted is the wante of convenient Innes for lodging of travellers on horsebacke, and of Ostelers to tende theyr horses by the waye. But when thinges shalbe reduced to a better pass, this needeth specially to be reformed; for out of the frye of these rakehelle horse-boyes, growing up in knaverye and villanye, are theyr kearne continually supplyed and mayntayned. For having bene once brought up an idle horse-boy, he will never after fall to laboure, but is onely made fitt for the halter. And these also (which is one fowle over-sight) are for the most parte bredd up amongest Englishmen and souldiours, of whom learning to shoote in a peece, and being made acquaynted with all the trades of the English, they are afterwardes, when they become kerne, made more fitt to cutt theyr throtes. Next to this there is another much like, but much more leude and dishonest; and that is, of theyre Kearrooghs, which are a kind of people that wander up and downe to gentell-mens howses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have litle or nothing of theyr owne, yet will they playe for much mony, which yf they winne, they waste most lightlie, and if they loose, they paie as slenderlie, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurte is not, that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they drawe others to like lewdness and idleness. And to these may be added another sorte of like loose fellowes, which doe pass up and downe amongest gentellmen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeede) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthes by setting foorth other mens goodes to be stollen, but also privy to many trayterous practises, and common carryers of newes, with desire wherof you would woonder howe much the Irish are fedd: for they use commonlye to send up and downe to knowe newes, and yf any meete with another his second woorde is, What newes? Insoemuch that herof is told a prety jest of a Frenche-man, whoe having bene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked theyr greate enquirye for newes, and meeting afterwardes in Fraunce an Irishman, whom he knewe in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwardes thus merëly: Sir, I pray you, quoth he, tell me of curtesy, have ye hearde yet any thing of the newes that ye soe much enquired for in your countrey?

Eudox. This argueth in them sure a greate desire of Innovation, and therfore these occasions that nurrish the same are to be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Kearrooghs, Beantooilhs, and all such straglers, for whom (me seemes) the shorte riddaunce of a marshall were meeter then any ordinaunce or prohibition to restrayne them. Therfore (I pray you) leave all these rabblementes of such loose runnagates, and pass to some other customes.

Iren. There is a great use amongest the Irish to make greate assemblyes togither upon a rath or hill, there to parley (they say about matters of wronge betwene towneshi and towneship, or one private person an another. But well I wote, and true it oftentimes hath bene prooved, that in these meetings many mischeifs have bene both practise and wrought; for to them doe commonl resorte all the scumme of base people an loose, where they may freely meete an conferr of whate they list, which els the could not doe without suspition or knowledge of others. Besides, at these parleye I have diverse times knowen, that man Englishmen, and good Irish subjectes, hav bene villanously murthered by moving on quarrell or another agaynst them. For th Irish never come to those rathes but arme whether on horse or on foote, which th English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advauntage like sheepe in th pin-folde.

Eudox. It may be, Irenæus, that a abuse may be in those meetings. But thes rounde hills and square bawnes, which ye se soe strongly trenched and throwen up, wer (they say) at first ordayned for the sam purpose, that people might assemble theron and therefore auncientl they were calle Folkemotes, that is, a place for people t meete or talke of any thing that concerne any difference betwene partyes and towneships, which seemes yet to me very requ site.

Iren. Ye say very true, Eudoxus: th first making of these high hilles was a first indeed to verye good purpose for peopl to meete; but though in the times whe they were first made they might well serv to good occasions, as perhaps they did the in England, yet thinges being since altre and nowe Ireland much differing from tha state of England, the goode use that then wa of them is nowe turned to abuse; for thes hilles wherof you speake were (as ye ma gather by reading) appointed for two specia uses, and built by two severall nations. Th one is those which you call Folke-mote the which were builte by the Saxons, as th woorde bewraieth; for it signifyeth in Saxon a meeting of folke or people, and those ar for the most parte in forme fowre squar well trenched for meeting: the others tha are rounde were cast up by the Danes, as th name of them doeth betoken, for they ar called Dane-rathes, that is, hills of the Dane the which were by them devised, not fo parlyes and treatyes, but appoynted as forte for them to gather unto in troublesome tim when any trouble arose; for the Danes, being but fewe in comparison of the Saxons in England used this for theyr safetye: they made these small rounde hilles, soe strongly fenced, in every quarter of the hundred, to the end that if in the night, or at any other time, any troublous crye or uprore should happen, they might repayre with all speede unto theyr owne forte, which was appoynted for theyr quarter, and there remayne safe, till they could assemble themselves in greate strength: for they were made soe stronge with one small entraunce, that whosoever came thither first, were he one or twoe, or like fewe, he or they might there rest safe, and defend themselves agaynst many, till more succoure came unto them: And when they were gathered to a sufficient number they marched to the next forte, and soe forwardes till they mett with the perrill, or knewe the occasions therof. But besides these two sortes of hilles, there were auinciently diverse others; for some were raysed, where there had bene a greate battayll fought, as a memorye or trophee therof; others, as monumentes of burialls of the carcasses of all those that were slayne in any fight, upon whom they did throwe up such rounde mountes, as memorialls for them, and sometimes did cast up greate heapes of stones, as ye maie reade in many places of the Scripture, and other whiles they did throwe upp many round heapes of earth in a Circle, like a garland, or pitch manie longe stones on ende in compasse, every of which (they say) betokened some woorthy person of note there slayne and buryed; for this was theyr auncient custome, before Christianitye came in amongest them that church-yardes were inclosed.

Eudox. Ye have very well declared the originall of these mountes and greate stones incompassed, which some vaynlye terme the old Gyaunts Trivetts, and thinke that those huge stones could not els be brought into order or reared up without the strength of gyaunts or others. And some vaynlye thinke that they were never placed there by mans hand or arte, but onely remayned there since the beginning, and were afterwardes discovered by the deluge, and layed open as then by the washing of the waters, or other like casualtye. But lett them with those dreames and vayne imaginations please themselves; for you have satysfied me much better, both by that I see some confirmation therof in Holye Writt, and also remember that I have reade in many Historyes and Chronicles the like mounts and stones oftentimes mentioned.

Iren. There be many greate authorityes (I assure you) to proove the same; but as for these meetings on hilles, wherof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted, specially in a people soe evill mynded as they nowe be and diversly shewe themselves.

Eudox. But yet it is very needefull (me seemes) for many other purposes, as for the countrye to gather togither when there is any imposition to be layed upon them, to the which they then may all agree at such meetinges to cutt and devide amongest themselves, according to theyr holdinges and abilityes. Soe as yf at those assemblyes there be any officers, as Constables, or Bayliffs, or such like amongest them, there can be noe perrill nor doubt of such badd practises.

Iren. Nevertheless, daungerous are such assemblyes, whether for Cesse or ought els, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish; and yf any happen to be there of the English, even to them they may proove perrillous. Therfore for avoyding of all such evill occasions, they were best to be abolished.

Eudox. But what is that which ye call Cesse? It is a woorde sure not used amongest us heere, therfore (I pray you) expounde the same.

Iren. Cesse is none other but that which your selfe called imposition, but it is in a kind perhaps unacquaynted unto you. For there are cesses of sundrye sortes; one is, the cessing of souldiours upon the countrey; for Ireland being a countrey of warre (as it is handled) and alwayes full of souldiours, they which have the government, whether they find it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or most readye meanes at hand for the victualling of the souldiours, or that necessitye enforceth them therunto, doe scatter the armye abrode the countrey, and place them in townes to take theyr victualls of them, at such vacant times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise imployed in service. Another kinde of cesse, is the imposing of provision for the Governours house-keeping, which though it be most necessarye, and be also (for avoyding of all the evills formerly therin used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without greate inconveniences, noe lesse then heere in England, or rather much more. The like cesse is also charged upon the countrey sometimes for victualling of the souldiours, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remayning in the

Queenes store, or that the same cannot convenientlye be conveyed to theyr place of garrison. But those two are not easye to be redressed when necessitye thereunto compelleth; but as for the former, as it is not necessarye, soe is it most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countreye, and nothing convenient for the souldiours themselves, whoe, during theyr lying at cesse, use all kind of outragious disorder and villanye both towardes the poore men that vittell and lodge them, and also to all the rest of the countrey about them, whom they abuse, oppresse, spoyle, and afflicte by all the meanes they can invente: for they will not onely not content themselves with such victualls as theyre hostes doe provide for them, nor yet as the place perhaps will affoorde, but they will have other meate provided, and *aqua vitæ* sent for; yea and monye besides layed at theyr trenchers, which if they wante, then aboute the house they walke with the wretched poore man and the sillye poore wife, whoe are gladd to purchase theyr peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the countrey people, yea and the very English which dwell abrode and see, and sometimes feele these outrages, growe into greate detestation of the souldiours, and thereby into hatred of the very government, which draweth upon them such evills: And therfore this ye may also joyne unto the former evill customes which we have to reproove in Ireland.

Eudox. Trulye this is one not the leaste, and though the persons, by whom it is used be of better note then the former rogish sorte which ye reckned, yet the faulte (me seemes) is noe lesse woorthy of a Marshall.

Iren. That were a harde course, Eudoxus, to redresse every abuse by a Marshall: it would seeme to you very evill surgery to cutt of every unsounde or sicke parte of the bodye, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwardes doe very good service to the bodye agayne, and happely helpe to save the whole: Therfore I thinke better that some good salve for the redresse of this evill be sought foorthe, then the least parte suffred to perrishe; but herof we have to speake in another place. Nowe we will proceede to other like defectes, amongest which there is one generall inconvenience which raigneth allmost throughout all Ireland: that is, of the Lordes of landes and Free-holders, whoe doe not there use to sett out theyr landes to farme, or for terme of yeares, to theyr tenauntes, but only from yeare to yeare, and some during pleasure; neither indede will the Irish tenaunt or husbandman otherwise take his land then soe longe as he list himselfe. The reason herof in the tenaunte is, for that the land-lordes there use most shamefully to racke theyr tenauntes, laying upon him Coygnye and Liverye at pleasure, and exacting of him (besides his covenaunte) what he please. Soe that the poore husbandman either dare not binde himselfe to him for longer time, or that he thinketh by his continuall libertye of chaunge to keepe his land-lord the rather in awe for wronging him. And the reason why the Land-lord will not longer covenaunte with him is, for that he dayly looketh after chaunges and alterations, and hovereth in expectation of newe worldes.

Eudox. But what evill commeth heerby to the common-wealth; or what reason is it that any landlord should not set, nor any tenaunt take his land as himself list?

Iren. Marye! the evills which cometh thereby are greate, for by this meane both the land-lord thinketh that he hath his tenaunte more at comaunde, to followe him into what action soever he shall enter, and also the tenaunte, being left at his libertye is fitt for everye occasion of chaunge that shal be offred by time; and soe much also the more readye and willing is he to runne into the same, for that he hath noe such estate in any his holding, noe such building upon any farme, noe such costes imployed in fencing and husbandring the same, as might with-hold him from any such willfull course as his lordes cause, or his owne lewde disposition may carrye him unto. All which he hath forborne, and spared so much expence for that he had noe firme estate in his tenement, but was onely a tenaunt at will or litle more, and soe at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to grounde any ordinaunce for the good of a common-wealth, against the private behoofe or will of any landlord that shall refuse to graunte any such terme or estate unto his tenaunte as may tende to the good of the whole realme.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it is a greate willfullnes in any such land-lordes to refuse to make any longer farmes unto theyr tenauntes as may, besides the generall good of the realme, be also greatly for theyr owne proffitt and avayle: For what reasonable man will not thinke that the tenement shalbe made much better for the lordes behoofe, yf the tenaunte may by such good meanes be drawen to builde himself some handsome habitation theron, to ditche and enclose his grounde, to manure and husband it as good farmors use? For when his tenauntes terme shalbe expired, it will yeeld him, in the renewing of his lease, both a good fine, and also a better rente. And also it wil be for the goode of the tenaunte likewise, whoe by such buildinges and inclosures shall receave many benefitts: first, by the handsomnes of his house, he shall take greate comforte of his life, more safe dwelling, and a delighte to keepe his sayde howse neate and cleanlye, which nowe being, as they commonly are, rather swynes-steades then howses, is the cheifest cause of his soe beastly manner of life, and savadge condicion, lying and living togither with his beaste in one howse, in one roome, and in one bedd, that is, the cleane strawe, or rather the fowle dongehill. And to all these other commodityes he shall in shorte time finde a greater added, that is his owne wealth and riches encreased, and wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattell in inclosures, where they shall allwayes have fresh pasture, that nowe is all trampled and over-runne; warme coverte, that nowe lyeth open to all weather; safe being, that nowe are continually filched and stollen.

Iren. Ye have well, Eudoxus, counted the comoditykes of this one good ordinaunce, amongest which this that ye named last is not the least; for all togither being most beneficiall both to the land-lord and tenaunte, this cheifly redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impeachement unto theeves from stealing of cattell in the night, and also a gall agaynst all rebells, and outlawes, that shall rise up in any number agaynst the governement; for the theif thereby shall have much adoe, first to bring foorth, and afterwardes to drive away his stollen prey through the common high wayes, where he shall soone be discried and mett withall: And the rebell or open enemye, yf any such shall happen, either at home, or from abrode, shall easely be found when he cometh foorthe, and also be well encountred withall by a fewe in soe straite passages and stronge inclosures. This therfore, when we come to the reforming of all these evill customes before mentioned, is needefull to be remembred. But nowe by this time me seemes that I have well runne throughe the evill uses which I have observed in Ireland. And howbeit there be many more abuses woorthye, the reformation both in publicke and in private amongest them, yet these, for that they are the more generall, and most tending to the hurte of the common-wealthe, as they have come to my remembrance, I have, as breifly as I could, rehearsed them unto you. Wherfore nowe I thinke it best that we pass unto our thirde parte, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

Eudox. Surely you have very well handled these two former, and yf you shall as well goe thoroughe the thirde likewise, ye shall merite a very good meede.

Iren. Litle have I to say of religion, both because the partes therof be not many, (it self being but one) and my self have not beene much conversaunte in that calling, but as lightly passing by I have seene or heard: Therfore the faulte which I finde in Religion is but one, but the same is universall throughe out all the countrey; that is, that they are all Papistes by theyre profession, but in the same soe blindely and brutishly enformed, (for the most parte) as that you would rather thinke them Atheistes or Infidells for not one amongest an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faythe, but can perhaps say his Pater noster, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one woorde therof meaneth.

Eudox. This is truly a most pitifull hearing that soe many sowles should fall into the devills handes at once and lacke the blessed comforte of the sweete gospell and Christes deare passion. Aye me! how cometh it to pass that being a people, as they are, trading with soe many nations, and frequented of soe manye, yet they have not tasted any parte of these happye joyes nor once bene lightened with the morning starre of trueth but lye weltring in such spirituall darkeness harde by hell-mouth, even readye to fall in yf God happely help not?

Iren. The general faulte cometh not of any late abuse either in the people or theyr preistes, whoe can teache noe better then they knowe, nor shewe noe more light then they have seene, but in the first institution and planting of religion in all that realme, which was as I reade in the time of Pope Celestine, whoe, as it is written, did first send over thither Palladius, whoe there deceasinge, he afterwardes sent over St. Patricke, being by nation a Britton, who converted the people (being then Infidells) from paganisme and christened them. In which Popes time and longe before it is certayne that religion was generally corrupted with theyr popish trumperye, therfore what other could they learne them, then such trashe as was taughte them, and drinke of that cup of fornication with which the purple harlott had then made all nations drunken?

Eudox. What! doe you then blame and finde faulte with soe good an Acte in that good pope as the reducing of such a greate people to Christianitye, bringing soe manye sowles to Christ? Yf that was ill, what is good?

Iren. I doe not blame the christening of them, for to be sealed with the marke of the Lambe, by what hand soever it be done rightlye, I hold it a good and gracious woorke, for the generall profession which they then take upon them of the Cross and faythe of Christ. I nothing doubte but that through the powerfull grace of that mighty Saviour it will woorke salvation in many of them; but nevertheless since they drinke not from the pure spring of life but onely tasted of such troubled waters as were brought unto them, the dregges therof have bredd greate contagion in theyr sowles, the which dayly encreasing and being still more augmented with their owne lewde lives and faulty conversation hath nowe bredd in them this generall disease that can not, but onely with very stronge purgations, be clensed and carryed away.

Eudox. Then for this defecte ye finde noe faulte with the people themselves nor with the priestes which take the charge of sowles, but with the first ordinaunce and institution therof?

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus, for the sinne or ignoraunce of the preistes shall not excuse the people, nor the authoritye of their greate pastour, Peters successor, shall not excuse the preist, but they all shall dye in theyr sinnes for they have all erred and gone out of the way togither.

Eudox. But yf this ignoraunce of the people be such a burden to the pope, is it not a blott unto them that nowe hold the place of government, in that they which are in the lighte themselves suffer a people under theyr charge to wallowe in such deadly darkeness, for I doe not see that the faulte is chaunged but the faulte-master.

Iren. That which you blame, Eudox., is not (I suppose) any faulte of will in these godly fathers which have the charge therof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublesome occasions, wherewith that wretched realme hath continually bene turmoyled; for instruction in religion needeth quiett times, and ere we seeke to settle a sounde discipline in the clargye, we must purchase peace unto the layetye; for it is an ill time to preache amongest swoordes, and most harde, or rather impossible, it is to settell a good opinion in the myndes of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have a doutless evill opinion of ourselves; for ere the newe be brought in, the old must be removed.

Eudox. Then belike it is meete that some fitter time be attended, that God send peace and quietness there in civill matters before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall. I would rather have thought that (as it is sayde) correction should begin at the howse of God, and that the care of the sowle should have bene preferred before the care of the bodye.

Iren. Most true, Eudoxus, the care of the sowle and sowles matters are to be preferred before the care of the bodye in consideration of the woorthyness therof, but not till the time of reformation; for yf you should knowe a wicked person daungerously sicke, having nowe both sowle and bodye greatly diseased, yet both recoverable, would ye not thinke it ill advisement to bring the preacher before the phisition? For yf his bodye were neglected, it is like that his languishing sowle being disquieted by his diseasefull bodye, would utterly refuse and lothe all spirituall comforte; but yf his bodye were first recured, and brought to good frame, should there not then be founde best time to recure his sowle also? Soe it is in the state of the realme: Therfore (as I sayde) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as therby both civill disorders and also ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, wherto needeth not any such great distaunce of times, as ye suppose I require, but one joynte resolution for both, that eche might seconde and confirme the other.

Eudox. That we shall see when we come therunto: in the meane time I consider thus much, as ye have delivered, touching the generall faulte which ye suppose in religion, to weet, that it is popish; but doe ye finde noe particular abuses therin, nor in the ministers therof?

Iren. Yes verely; for what ever disorder you see in the Churche of England ye may finde there, and many more: Namely, grosse Simonye, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinence, carelesse slouthe, and generally all disordered life in the common cleargyeman. And besides all these, they have theyr owne particular enormityes; for all the Irish priestes, which nowe enjoye the churche livinges there, are in a manner meere layemen, go lyke laymen, live like laye men, and followe all kinde of husbandrye, and other worldly affayres, as thother Irish men doe. They neither reade scriptures, nor preache to the people, nor minister the sacrament of communion; but the baptisme they doe, for they christen yet after the popish fashion, and with popish ministration, onely they take the tithes and offringes, and gather what fruites els they may of theyr livinges, the which they convert as badly, and some of them (they say) paye as due tributes and shares of theyr livinges to theyr Bishops (I speake of those which are Irish) as they receave them duelye.

Eudox. But is it suffered amongest them? It is wonderfull but that the governours doe redresse such shamefull abuses.

Iren. Howe can they, since they knowe them not? For the Irish bishops have theyr cleargye in such awe and subjection under them, that they dare not complayne of them, soe as they may doe unto them what they please, for they, knowing theyr owne unwoorthyness and incapacitye, and that they are therfore still removable at theyr bishops will, yeeld what pleaseth him, and he taketh what he list: yea, and some of them whose diocese are in remote partes, somewhat out of the worldes eye, doe not not at all bestowe the benefices, which are in theyr owne donation, upon anye, but keepe them in theyr owne handes, and sett theyr owne servauntes and horse-boyes to take up the tithes and fruites of them, with the which some of them purchase greate landes, and builde fayre castells upon the same. Of which abuse yf any question be moved they have a very seemely colour of excuse, that they have noe woorthy ministers to bestowe them upon, but keepe them soe unbestowed for any such sufficient person as any shall bring unto them.

Eudox. But is there noe lawe, or ordinaunce to meete with this mischeif, nor hath it never before bene looked into?

Iren. Yes, it seemes it hath; for there is a statute there enacted in Ireland, which seemes to have bene grounded upon a good meaning — That whatsoever Englishman, being of good conversation and sufficiency, shal be brought unto any of the bishoppes, and nominated unto any living within theyr dioces that is presently voyde, that he shall (without contradiction) be admitted therunto before any Irish.

Eudox. This is surely a very good lawe, and well provided for this evill, we speake of; and why is not the same observed?

Iren. I thinke it is well observed, and that none of the bishopps transgresse the same, but yet it woorketh noe reformation herof for many respectes. First there are noe such sufficient English ministers sent over as might be presented to any bishopp for any living, but the most parte of such English as come over thither of themselves are either unlearned, or men of some badd note, for which they have forsaken England. Soe as the bishop, to whom they shalbe presented, may justly rejecte them as incapable and insufficient. Secondly, the bishop himself is perhaps an Irish man, whoe being made judge by that lawe of the sufficiencye of the ministers, may at his owne will, dislike of the Englishman, as unwoorthye in his opinion, and admitt of any Irish whom he shall thinke more meete for his turne. And yf he shall at the instaunce of any Englishman of countenaunce there, whom he will not displease, accept of any such English minister as shal be tendred unto him, yet he will underhand carrye such a harde hande over him, or by his officers wringe him soe sore, as he will soone make him wearye of his poore living. Lastly, the benefices themselves are soe meane, and of soe small profitt in these Irish countreyes, through the ill husbandrye of the Irish people which inhabite them, that they will not yeelde any competent mayntenaunce for any honest minister to live on, scarcely to buye him a gowne. And were all this redressed (as happely it might be) yet what good shall any English minister doe amongest them, by preaching or teaching, which either cannot understand him, or will not heare him? Or what comforte of life shall he have, when all his parishioners are soe unsociable, soe intractable, so ill-affected unto him, as they usually be to all the English? Or finally, howe dare allmost any honest ministers, that are peacefull civill men, committ theyr safetye into the handes of such neighbours, as the boldest captaynes dare scarcely dwell by?

Eudox. Litle good then (I see) is by that statute wrought, howe ever well intended; but the reformation therof must growe higher, and be brought from a stronger ordinaunce then the comaundement or penaltye of a lawe, which none dare enforme or complayn of when it is broken: but have you any more of those abuses in the cleargye?

Iren. I could perhaps recken more, but I perceave my speach to growe to longe, and these may suffice to judge of the generall disorders which raigne amongest them; as for the particulars, they are to many to be reckned. For the cleargye there (except some fewe grave fathers which are in high place about the state, and some fewe others which are lately planted in theyr newe Colledge,) are generally badd, licentious, and most disordered.

Eudox. Ye have then (as I suppose) gone through these three first partes which ye purposed unto your self; to weete, the Inconvenience which ye observed in the lawes, in the customes, and in the religion of that land; the which (me seemes) ye have so throughly touched, as that nothing more remayneth to be spoken thereof.

Iren. Not soe throughly as ye suppose, that nothing more can remayne, but soe generally as I purposed; that is, to laye open the generall evills of that realme, which doe hinder the good reformation therof: for to counte the particular faultes of private men should be a woorke to infinite; yet some there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet theyr evill reacheth to a generall hurte, as the extortions of sherriffs, subsherriffs, and theyr bayliffs; the corruption of vittaillors, cessors, and purveyors; the disorders of seneschalls, captaynes, and theyr souldiours, and many such like: All which I will onely name heere, that theyr reformation may be mynded in place where it most concerneth. But there is one very fowle abuse which, by the way, I may not omitt, and that is in captaynes, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make peace through stronge execution of warre, yet they doe soe dandle theyr doinges, and dallye in the service to them committed, as yf they would not have the Enemye subdued, or utterly beaten downe, for feare least afterwardes they should neede imployment, and soe be discharged of pay: for which cause some of them that are layed in garrison doe soe handle the matter, that they will doe noe greate hurte to the enemyes, yet for colour sake some men they will kill, even halfe with the consent of the enemy, being persons either of base regard, or enemies to the enemy, whose heades eftsones they send to the governour for a comendacion of theyr great endevour, telling how weightye a service they have perfourmed by cutting of such and soe dangerous rebells.

Eudox. Trulye this is a prettye mockerye, and not to be permitted by the governours.

Iren. Yea! but how can the governours knowe readely what persons those were, and what the purpose of theyr killing was? Yea, and what will ye say, yf the captaynes doe justifye this theyr course by ensample some of theyr governours, which (under Ben dicite, I doe tell it you,) doe practise the lik slightes in theyr governments?

Eudox. Is it possible? Take heede wh you say, Irenæus.

Iren. To you onely, Eudoxus, I doe te it, and that even with greate hartes grei and inwarde trouble of mynde to see h Majestie soe much abused by some who she puttes in speciall trust of these great affayres: of which some, being martiall me will not doe allwayes what they may f quieting of thinges, but will rather winke some faultes, and will suffer them unpunishe least that they (having putt all thinges that assuraunce of peace that they migh should seeme afterwardes not to be neede nor continued in theyr government with s great a charge to her Majestie. And ther fore they doe cunningly carrye theyr cours of government, and from one hand to anoth doe bandie the service like a tennis-ball, whic they will never quite strike away, for fea least afterwardes they should wante sporte.

Eudox. Doe you speake of under-magis trates, or principall governours?

Iren. I doe speake of noe particulars, b the trueth may be founde oute by tryalle an reasonable insight into some of theyr doinge And yf I should say there is some blam herof in some of the principall governour I think I might also shewe some reasonab proof of my speache. As for example, som of them seing the end of theyr gover mente drawe nigh, and some mischeifs troublous practise growing up, which afte wardes may woorke trouble to the next su ceeding governours, will not attempt the r dress or cutting of therof, either for feare the should leave the realme unquiett at the end theyr government, or that the next that com meth should receave the same to quiett, an soe happely winne more prayse therof the they before. And therfore they will not (I sayd) seeke at all to redresse that evill, b will either by graunting protection for a tim or holding some imparlaunce with the rebel or by treatye of commissioners, or by oth like devises, onely smoother and keepe dow the flame of the mischeif, soe as it may n breake out in theyr time of government: wh comes afterwardes they care not, or rath wish the woorst. This course hath be noted in some governours.

Eudox. Surely (Irenæus) this, yf it we true, should be woorthy of a heavye judgemen but it is harde to be thought, that any g vernour would soe much either envye the good of that realme which is putt into his hand, or defraude her Majestie, whoe trusteth him soe much, or maligne his successours which shall possess his place, as to suffer an evill to growe up, which he might timely have kept under, or perhaps to nourrish it with coloured countenaunces, or such sinister meanes.

Iren. I doe not certaynly avouch soe much, (Eudoxus) but the sequell of thinges doth in a manner proove, and playnly speake soe much, that the governours usually are envious one of anothers greater glorye, which yf they would seeke to excell by better government, it should be a most laudable emulation. But they doe quite otherwise: for this (as ye may marke) is the common order of them, that whoe cometh next in the place will not followe that course of government, how ever good, which his predecessor held, either for disdayne of him, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another mans prayse, but will straight take a way quite contrarye to the former: as yf the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them, the next, by discountenauncing the English will currye favour with the Irish, and soe make his government seeme plausible in viewe, as having all the Irish at his comaunde: but he that comes next after will perhaps followe neither one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort, as he will sucke sweete out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore lande, which yf he that comes after shall seeke to redress, he shall perhaps finde such crosses as he shall be hardly able to beare, or doe any good that might woorke the disgrace of his predecessors. Examples herof ye may see in the governors of late times sufficiently, and in others of former times more manifestly, when the government of that realme was committed sometimes to the Geraldins, as when the Howse of Yorke had the Crowne of England; sometimes to the Butlers, as when the Howse of Lancaster gott the same. And other whiles, when an English governour was appoynted, he perhaps founde enemyes of both. And this is the wretchedness of that fatall kingdome which, I thinke, therefore, was in old times not called amisse Banna or sacra Insula, taking sacred (sacra) for accursed.

Eudox. I am sorye to heare soe much as ye reporte; and nowe I beginne to conceave somewhat more of the cause of her continuall wretchedness then heretofore I founde, and wish that this inconvenience were well looked into: for sure (me seemes) it is more waightye then all the former, and more hardly to be redressed in the governour then in the governed; as a maladye in a vitall parte is more incurable then in an externall.

Iren. You say very true; but nowe that we have thus ended all the abuses and inconveniences of that government, which was our first parte, it followes next to speake of the seconde, which was of the meanes to cure and redress the same, which we must laboure to reduce to the first beginning therof.

Eudox. Right soe, Irenæus: for by that which I have noted in all this your discourse ye suppose that the whole ordinaunce and institution of that realmes government was, both at first when it was placed, evill plotted, and also since, through theyr other oversights, runne more out of square to that disorder which it is nowe come to; like as two indirect lines, the further they are drawen out, the further they goe asunder.

Iren. I doe soe, Eudoxus, and as you say, soe thinke, that the longer that government thus continueth, in the woorse course will that realme be; for it is all in vayne that they nowe strive and endevour by fayre meanes and peaceable plottes to redress the same, without first removing all those inconveniences, and newe framing (as it were in the forge) all that is worne out of fashion: For all other meanes wilbe but as lost labour, by patching up one hole to make manye; for the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that, having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all theyr possessions. Soe as nowe they feare, that yf they were agayne brought under, they should likewise be expelled out of all, which is the cause that they hate the English government, according to the saying, 'Quem metuunt oderunt:' Therfore the reformation must nowe be the strength of a greater power.

Eudox. But, me thinkes, that might be by making of good lawes, and establishing of newe statutes, with sharpe penaltyes and punnishments for amendment of all that is presently amiss, and not (as ye suppose) to beginne all as it were anewe, and to alter the whole forme of the government; which howe daungerous a thing it is to attempt you your selfe must needes confess, and they which have the managing of the realmes whole pollicye cannot, without greate cause, feare and refrayne: for all Innovation is perilous, insoemuch as though it be mente for the better, yet soe many accidents and fearfull events may come betwene, as that it may hazarde the losse of the whole.

Iren. Very true, Eudoxus: all chaunge is to be shunned, where the affayres stand in such state as that they may continue in quietness, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for everye day we perceave the troubles to growe more upon us, and one evill growing upon another, insoemuch as there is noe parte sounde nor ascertayned, but all have theyr eares upright, wayting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally into rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there nowe litle wanteth; for I thinke the woorde be allreadye given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunitye, which trulye is the death of one noble parson, whoe, being himself most stedfast to his most noble Queene and his countrey, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the Ingate of all that evill which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terrour of his greatness, and the assuraunce of his honourable loyaltye: And therfore where you thinke, that good and sounde lawes might amende, and reforme thinges amiss, there you thinke surely amisse. For it is vayne to prescribe lawes, where noe man careth for keeping them, nor feareth the daunger of breaking them. But all the realme is first to be reformed, and lawes are afterwardes to be made for keeping and conteyning it in that reformed estate.

Eudox. Howe then doe you thinke is the reformation therof to be begunne, yf not by lawes and ordinaunces?

Iren. Even by the swoorde; for all those evills must first be cutt away with a strong hand, before any good can be planted; like as the corrupt braunches and unholsome boughes are first to be pruned, and the fowle mosse clensed and scraped away, before the tree can bring foorth any good fruite.

Eudox. Did you blame me, even nowe, for wishing Kearne, Horse-boyes, and Kearroughs, to be cleane cutt of, as to violent a meanes, and doe you your self nowe prescribe the same medicine? Is not the swoord the most violent redress that may be used for any evill?

Iren. It is soe; but yet where noe other remedye may be founde, nor noe hope of recoverye had, there must needes this violent meanes be used. As for the loose kind of people which ye would have cutt of I blamed it, for that they might otherwise be brought perhaps to good, as namely by this way whic
I sett before you.

Eudox. Is not your way all one in effe
with the former, which you founde faulte wit
save onely this oddes, that I sayd by t
halter, and you say by the swoorde? Wh
difference is there?

Iren. There is surely greate differen
when you shall understand it; for by t
swoorde which I named, I doe not meane t
cutting of of all that nation with the swoord
which farre be it from me that I should ev
thinke soe desperatly, or wish soe unchari
ably, but by the swoorde I meane the roy
power of the Prince, which ought to stretc
it self foorthe in the cheifest strength to t
redressing and cutting of of those evil
which I before blamed, and not of the peop
which are evill. For evill people by go
ordinaunces and government may be ma
goode; but the evill that is of it self evill w
never become good.

Eudox. I pray you then declare yo
mynde at large, how you would wish th
sword, which you meane, to be used to t
reformation of all those evills.

Iren. The first thing must be to send ov
into that realme such a stronge power of me
as that shall perforce bring in all that r
bellious route of loose people, which eith
doe nowe stande out in open armes, or
wandring companyes doe keepe the wood
spoyling the good subject.

Eudox. You speake nowe, Irenæus, of
infinite charge to her Majestie, to send ov
such an armye as should treade downe
that standeth before them on foote, and la
on the grounde all the stiff-necked people
that lande; for there is nowe but one outla
of any greate reckning, to weete, the Earle
Tyrone, abrode in armes, agaynst whom y
see what huge charges she hath bene at, th
last yeare, in sending of men, providing
victualls, and making head agaynst him: y
there is litle or nothing at all done, but t
Queenes treasure spent, her people waste
the poor countrey troubled, and the enem
nevertheless brought unto noe more subjecti
then he was, or list outwardly to shew
which in effect is none, but rather a scorne
her power, and an emboldening of a prou
rebell, and an encouradgement unto all li
lewde disposed traytors that shall dare to l
up theyr heeles agaynst theyr Soveraig
Ladye. Therfore it were harde counsell
drawe such an exceeding great charge up
her, whose event shal be so uncertayne.

Iren. True indeede, yf the event shou

e uncertayne; but the certaintye of the ffect herof shal be soe infallible as that noe eason can gainsaye it, neither shall the harge of all this armye (the which I denaunde) be much greater then soe much as n these two last yeares warres hath vaynly ene expended. For I dare undertake, that t hath cost the Queene above 200000 oundes allreadye; and for the present charge, hat she is nowe at there, amounteth to verye eere 12000 poundes a monthe, wherof cast e the accoumpte; yet nothing is done. The vhich somme, had it bene imployed as it hould be, would have effected all this that I owe goe about.

Eudox. Howe meane you to have it imloyed, but to be spent in the paye of souliours, and provision of victualls?

Iren. Right soe, but it is nowe not disursed at once, as it might be, but drawen ut into a long length, by sending over nowe 0000 poundes, and the next halfe yeare 0000 poundes; soe as the souldiour in the eane time, for wante of due provision of ictuall, and good payment of his due, is tarved and consumed; that of a thousand, hat goe over lustye able men, in half a yeare here are not left five hundred. And yet the ueenes charges are never a whit the lesse, ut what is not payed in present monye is ccoumpted in dett, which will not be long npayed; for the Captayne, halfe whose ouldiours are dead, and the other quarter ever mustered, nor seene, comes shortly to emaunde payment heere of his whole ccoumpte, where, by good meanes of some reate ones, and privye sharing with the fficers and servauntes of othersome, he eceaveth his dett, much less perhaps then as due, yet much more indeede then he ustly deserved.

Eudox. I take this, sure, to be noe good usbandrye; for what must needes be spente s good spent at once, where is enough, as o have it drawen out into longe delayes, eing that therby both the service is much indred, and yet nothing saved: but it may e, Irenæus, that the Queenes treasure in soe reate occasions of disbursementes (as it is ell knowen she hath bene at latelye) is not llwayes soe readye nor soe plentifull, as it an spare soe greate a somme togither, but eing payed as it is, nowe some and then ome, it is noe greate burthen to her, nor any reate impoverishing to her coffers, seing y such delaye of time, that it daylye cometh n as fast as she parteth it out.

Iren. It may be as you sayd, but for the going through of so honorable a course I doubt not but yf the Queenes coffers be not soe well stored, (which we are not to looke into) but that the whole realme which nowe, as thinges be used, doe feele a continuall burden of that wretched realme hanging upon theyr backes, would, for a finall riddaunce of all that trouble, be once troubled for all; and putt to all theyr shoulders, and helping handes, and hartes also, to the defraying of that charge, most gladfullie and willinglie; and surely the charge, in effect, is nothing to the infynite great good which should come thereby, both to the Queene, and all this realme generally, as when time serveth shal be shewed.

Eudox. Howe many men then would you require to the finishing of this which ye take in hand? and howe long space would you have them entertayned?

Iren. Verely, not above 10000 footemen, and 1000 horse, and all those not above the space of one yeare and a halfe; for I would still, as the heate of the service abateth, abate the number in paye, and make other provision for them, as I will shewe.

Eudox. Surely, it seemeth not much which ye require, nor noe long time; but howe would you have them used? Would you leade foorth your armye agaynst the Enemye, and seeke him where he is to fight?

Iren. Noe, Eudoxus; it would not be, for it is well knowen that he is a flying enemye, hiding himself in woodes and bogges, from whence he will not drawe foorth, but into some straite passage or perillous foord, where he knowes the armie must needes passe; there will he lye in wayte, and, yf he finde advauntage fitt, will daungerously hazarde the troubled souldiour. Therfore to seeke him out that still flyeth, and followe him that can hardly be founde, were vayne and booteless; but I would devide my men in garrison upon his countrey, in such places as I should thinke might most annoye him.

Eudox. But howe can that be, Irenæus, with so fewe men? For the enemye, as you nowe see, is not all in one countrey, but some in Ulster, some in Connaughte, and others in Leynster. Soe as to plaunte stronge garrisons in all these places should neede many more men then you speake of, or to plaunte all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should be but to leave them to the spoyle.

Iren. I would wish the cheif power of the armye to be garrisoned in one countrey that is strongest, and thother upon the rest that are weakest: As for example, the Earle of

Tyrone is nowe accoumpted the strongest: upon him would I lay 8000 men in garrison, 1000 uppon Feughe Mac-Hughe and the Kevanaghs, and 1000 upon some parte of Connaughte, to be at the direction of the Governour.

Eudox. I see nowe all your men bestowed, but in what places would you sett theyr garrison that they might rise out most convenientlye to service? And though perhaps I am ignoraunte of the places, yet I will take the mappe of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make myne eyes (in the meane while) my schoole-master, to guide my understanding to judge of your plott.

Iren. These 8000 in Ulster I would devide likewise into fowre partes, soe as there should be 2000 footemen in everye garrison; the which I would thus place. Upon the Blackwater, in some convenient place, as highe uppon the River as might be, I would laye one garrison. Another would I putt at Castleliffar, or there-abouts, soe as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loghfoyle. The thirde I would place about Fearnemunnaghe or Bondraise, soe as they might lye betwene Connaughte and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion should be offered; and this therfore would I have stronger then any of the rest, because it should be most enforced, and most employed, and that they might put wardes at Ballashaine and Belike, and all those passages. The last would I sett about Moneham or Belterbert, soe as it should fronte both upon the enemye that waye, and also keepe the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe from passing of stragglers and outgadders from those partes, whence they use to come foorthe, and oftentimes use to woorke much mischeif. And to everye of these garrisons of 2000 footemen I would have 200 horsemen added, for the one without the other can doe but litle service. The fowre garrisons, thus being placed, I would have to be vittayled afore hand for halfe a year, which ye will say to be harde, considering the corruption and usuall wast of victualls But why should not they be as well vittayled for soe long time, as the shippes are usuallye for a yeare, and sometimes two, seing it is easyer to keepe them on lande then on water? Theyr bread would I have in flowre, soe as it might be baked still to serve theyr necessary wante. Theyr drinke also there brewed within them, from time to time, and theyr beef before hand barelled, the which may be used as it is needefull; for I make noe doubt but fresh
victualls they will sometimes provide
themselves amongest theyre enemyes cree
Hereunto would I likewise have them ha
a store of hose and shoes, with such otl
necessaryes as may be needefull for so
diours, soe as they would have noe
casion to look for relief from abroade,
cause such trouble, for theyr continu
supplye, as I see and have often prooved
Ireland to be combersome to the Deput
and more daungerous to them that retay
them, then halfe the leading of an army
for the enemye, knowing the ordinarye wa
by which theyr releif must be brought the
useth commonlye to drawe himself into t
strayte passages thitherwardes, and oft
times doth daungerouslye distress the
Besides, the paye of such forces as shou
be sent for theyr convoy shall be spared t
charge of the carriadges, and the exacti
of the countrey likewise. But onely eve
halfe yeare the supplye to be broughte by t
Deputye himselfe, and his power, whoe sh
then visite and overlooke all those garriso
to see what is needefull, to chaunge what
expedient, and to direct what he shall b
advise. And these fowre garrisons issui
foorthe, at such convenient times as th
shall have intelligence or espiall upon t
enemye, will so drive him from one side
another, and tennis him amongest them, th
he shall finde no where safe to keepe
creete, or hide himselfe, but flying from t
fire shall fall into the water, and out of o
daunger into another, that in shorte spa
his creete, which is his moste sustenaun
shalbe wasted in praying, or killed in d
ving, or starved for wante of pasture
the woodes, and he himself brought soe lo
that he shall have noe harte nor abilitye
endure his wretchedness, the which w
surely come to pass in very shorte space;
one winters well following of him will s
plucke him on his knees, that he will nev
be able to stand up agayne.

Eudox. Doe you then thinke the win
time fittest for the service of Ireland? Ho
falles it then that our most employmentes
in sommer, and the armyes then ledd co
monly foorthe?

Iren. It is surely misconceaved; for it
not with Ireland as it is with other cou
treyes, where the warres flame most in so
mer, and the helmetts glister brightest in t
fayre sunneshine: But in Ireland the wint
yeeldeth best service, for then the trees a
bare and naked, which use both to clo
and howse the kearne; the grounde is co

nd wett, which useth to be his bedding; the yre is sharpe and bitter, which useth to blowe hrough his naked sides and legges; the ine are barren and without milke, which seth to be his onely foode, neither yf he ill them then, will they yeelde him any flesh, or yf he keepe them will they give him any oode; besides then being all in calfe (for he most parte) they will, through much hasing and driving, cast all theyr calves and oose theyr milke, which should retayne him he next sommer.

Eudox. I doe well understand your reaon; but, by your leave, I have hearde it therwise sayde, of some that were outlawes, hat in sommer they kept themselves quiett, ut in winter they would playe theyr partes, nd when the nightes were longest, then urne and spoyle most, soe that they might afely returne before daye.

Iren. I have likewise hearde, and also eene proof therof trewe: But that was of uch outlawes as were either abiding in well nhabited countreyes, as in Mounster, or borering to the English pale, as Feugh Mac Hughe, the Kevanaghs, the Moores, the Dempsyes, the Ketins, the Kellyes or such ike: For for them indeede the winter is the ttest time of spoyling and robbing, because he nightes are then (as ye say) longest and arkest, and also the countreyes rounde about re then fullest of corne, and good provision o be everye where gotten by them; but it is arre otherwise with a stronge peopled enemye hat possesseth a whole countrey, for the ther being but a fewe, are indede privilye odged, and kept in out villages, and corners igh the woodes and mountaynes, by some heyr privye frendes, to whom they bring heyr spoyles and stealthes, and of whom hey continuallye receave secrett relief; but he open enemye having all his countrey wasted, what by himself, and what by the ouldiours, findeth then succour in noe place. Townes there are none of which he may gett poyle, they are all burnte; countrey howses nd farmours there are none, they be all edd; bread he hath none, he ploughed not in ommer; flesh he hath, but yf he kill it in winter, he shall wante milke in sommer, and hortly want life. Therfore if they be well ollowed but one winter, ye shall have litle oorke with them the next sommer.

Eudox. I doe nowe well perceave the difrence, and doe verely thinke that the winter me is the fittest for service: withall I pereive the manner of your handlinge the serce, by drawing suddayne draughtes upon the enemye, when he looketh not for you, and to watche advauntages upon him as he doth upon you. By which straight keeping of them in, and not suffring them long at any time to rest, I must needes thinke that they will soone be brought lowe, and driven to great extremityes. All which when you have perfourmed, and brought them to the verye last cast, suppose that they will offer, either to come in unto you and submitt themselves, or that some of them will seeke to withdrawe themselves, what is your advise to doe? will you have them receaved?

Iren. Noe; but at the beginning of those warres, and when the garrisons are well plaunted and fortifyed, I would wish a proclamation were made generallye and to come to theyr knowlege:—That what persons soever would within twenty dayes absolutly submitt themselves, (excepting onely the very principalls and ring-leaders) should finde grace: I doubt not, but upon the settling of those garrisons, such a terrour and neere consideration of theyr perillous estate wilbe stricken into most of them, that they will covett to drawe awaye from theyr leaders. And agayne I well knowe that the rebells themselves (as I sawe by proof in the Desmonds warres) will turne away all theyr rascall people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as old men, women, children, and hindes, (which they call churles), which would onely wast theyr victualls, and yeeld them noe ayde; but theyr cattell they will surely keepe away: These therfore, though pollicye would turne them backe agayne that they might the rather consume and afflicte the other rebells, yet in a pityfull commiseration I could wish them to be receaved; the rather for that this base sorte people doth not for the most parte rebell of himself, having noe harte therunto, but is of force drawen by the graunde rebells into theyr actions, and carryed away with the vyolence of the streame, els he should be sure to loose all that he hath, and perhaps his life also; the which nowe he carryeth unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but he is there by the strong rebells themselves soone turned out of all, soe that the constraynte herof may in him deserve pardon. Likewise yf any of theyr able men or gentellmen shall then offer to come awaye, and to bring theyr cattell with them, as some noe doubte may steale them previlye away, I wish them alsoe to be receaved, for the disabling of the enemye, but withall, that good assuraunce may be taken for theyr true behaviour and absolute submission, and that they then be not suffred to remaine anie longer in those partes, noe nor about the garrisons, but sent awaie into the inner partes of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they shall not come togither, nor easelie returne if they would: For if they might be suffred to remayne about the garrison, and there inhabite, as they will offer to till the grounde and yeeld a greate parte of the profitt therof, and of theyr cattell, to the Coronell, wherwith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knowen) be ever after such a gall and inconvenience unto them, as that theyr profitt should not recompence theyr hurte; for they will privilye releive theyr frendes that are foorthe; they will send the enemye secrett advertisement of all their purposes and journeyes which they meane to make upon them; they will also not sticke to drawe the enemye privilie uppon them, yea and to betraye the forte it selfe, by discoverye of all her defectes and disadvauntages (yf any be) to the cutting of all theyr throates. For avoyding wherof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryed farre from thence into some other partes, soe that (as I sayd) they come in and submitt themselves, upon the first summons: but afterwardes I would have none receaved, but left to theyr fortune and miserable end. My reason is, for that those which will afterwardes remayne without are stoute and obstinat rebells, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civill conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyles and outrages, will ever after be readye for the like occasions, soe as there is noe hope of theyr amendment or recoverye, and therfore needefull to be cutt of.

Eudox. Surely of such desperat persons as will willfully followe the course of theyr owne follye, there is noe compassion to be had, and for others ye have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved: but what then shalbe the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a shorte time of the continuaunce therof.

Iren. The end (I assure me) wil be very shorte and much sooner then can be (in soe greate a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for, allthough there should none of them fall by the swoorde, nor be slayne by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from manuraunce, and theyr cattell from running abrode, by this harde restraynte they would quickly consume themselves, and devoure one another. The proof wherof I sawe sufficiently ensampled in
those late warres in Mounster; for notwit
standing that the same was a most riche a
plentifull countrey, full of corne and catte
that you would have thought they wou
have bene able to stand long, yet ere o
yeare and a halfe they were brought to su
wretchedness, as that any stonye harte wou
have rued the same. Out of every corner
the woodes and glinnes they came creepi
foorthe upon theyr handes, for theyr legg
could not beare them; they looked like an
tomyes of death, they spake like ghost
crying out of theyr graves; they did eate
the dead carrions, happy were they yf the
could finde them, yea, and one another soo
after, insoemuch as the very carcasses the
spared not to scrape out of theyr graves; a
yf they founde a plotte of water-cresses
sham-rokes, there they flocked as to a feast f
the time, yet not able long to continue ther
withall; that in shorte space there were no
allmost left, and a most populous and ple
tifull countrey suddaynly made voyde
man or beast: yet sure in all that warre, the
perished not many by the swoorde, but all b
the extremitye of famine which they then
selves had wrought.

Eudox. It is a wonder that you tell, a
more to be wondred howe it should soe short
come to pass.

Iren. It is most true, and the reason al
very readye; for ye must conceave that th
strength of all that nation is the Kearn
Galloglasse, Stokaghe, Horsemen, and Hors
boyes, the which having bene never used
have any thing of their owne, and now
living upon the spoyle of others, make n
spare of any thing, but havocke and co
fusion of all they meete with, whether it
theyr owne frendes goodes, or theyr foe
And yf they happen to gett never soe gre
spoyles at any time, the same they consum
and wast in a trice, as naturally delightin
in spoyle, though it doe themselves noe goo
On the other side, whatsoever they leave u
spent, the souldiour, when he cometh ther
he havocketh and spoyleth likewise, soe th
betwene them both nothing is very shortl
left. And yet this is very necessarye to
done for the soone finishing of the warre; a
not onely this in this wise, but also all thos
subjectes which border upon those parts, a
either to be removed and drawen away,
likewise to be spoyled, that the enemye ma
find noe succour therebye: for what th
souldiour spares the rebell will surely spoyl

Eudox. I doe nowe well understand yo
But nowe when all thinges are brought

this pass, and all filled with this rufull spectacle of soe many wretched carcasses starving, goodlye countreys wasted, soe huge a desolation and confusion, as even I that doe but heare it from you, and doe picture it in my mynde, doe greatlye pittye and commiserate it, yf it shall happen, that the state of this miserye and lamentable image of thinges shal be told, and feelingly presented to her Sacred Majestie, being by nature full of mercye and clemencye, whoe is most inclinable to such pityfull complaynts, and will not endure to heare such tragedyes made of her people and poore subjectes as some about her may insinuate; then she perhaps, for verye compassion of such calamityes, will not onely stopp the streame of such violence, and returne to her woonted mildenesse, but also conne them litle thankes which have bene the authors and counsellours of such blooddie platformes. Soe I remember in the late government of the good Lord Graye, when, after long travell and many perilous assayes, he had brought thinges allmost to this pass that ye speake of, and that when it was even made readye for reformation, and might have bene brought to what her Majestie would, like complaynte was made agaynst him, that he was a bloudye man, and regarded not the life of her subjectes noe more then dogges, but had wasted and consumed all, soe as nowe she had nothing almost left, but to raigne in theyr ashes; her Majesties eare was soone lente thereunto, and all suddaynly turned topsy turvy; the noble Lord eft-sones was blamed; the wretched people pittyed; and new counsells plotted, in which it was concluded that a general pardon should be sent over to all that would accept of it, uppon which all former purposes were blaunked, the Governour at a baye, and not onely all that greate and long charge, which she had before bene at, quite lost and cancelled, but also that hope of good which was even at the doore putt backe, and cleane frustrated. All which, whether it be true, or noe, your selfe can well tell.

Iren. To true, Eudoxus, the more the pittye, for I may not forgett soe memorable a thing: neither can I be ignoraunte of that perillous devise, and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and very cunningly contrived by sowing first dissention betwene him and an other Noble Personage, wherin they both founde at length howe notably they had bene abused, and howe therby, under-hand, this universal alteration of thinges was brought aboute, but then to late to staye the same; for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labour and great toyle, was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloudy man, whom, who that well knewe, knewe him to be most gentell, affable, loving, and temperate; but that the necessitye of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and allmost chaunged his very naturall disposition. But otherwise he was soe farr from delighting in bloud, that oftentimes he suffred not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved: and even some of those which were afterwardes his accusers had tasted to much of his mercye, and were from the gallowes brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the heades and principalls of any mischeivous practize or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, cheifly for examples sake, that all the meaner sorte, which also then were generallye infected with that evill, might by terrour therof be reclaymed, and saved, yf it might be possible. For in that last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were manye more guiltye then they that felt the punishment, or was there any allmost clere from the same? yet he touched onely a fewe of speciall note; and in the tryall of them alsoe even to prevente the blame of crueltie and partiall dealing, as seeking theyr bloud, which he, in his great wisedome (as it seemeth) did fore-see would be objected agaynst him; he, for the avoyding therof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jurye that went upon theyr tryall, he made to be chosen out of theyr neerest kinsemen, and theyr Judges he made of some of theyr owne fathers, of others theyr uncles and dearest frendes, whoe, when they could not but justly condemne them, yet uttred theyr judgement in aboundaunce of teares, and yet he even herin was counted bloudye and cruell.

Eudox. Indeede soe have I hearde it often here spoken, and I perceave (as I allwayes verely thought) that it was most unjustlye; for he was allwayes knowen to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, farr from such sterness, farr from such unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execution of the Spanyardes at the Forte of Smerwicke, I heard it speciallye noted, and, yf it were true as some reported, surelye it was a great touche to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others that at least he did putt them in hope therof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, my selfe being as neere them as any, that he was soe farr from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first theyr Secretarye, called, as I remember, Jacques Geffray, an Italian, being sent to treate with the Lord Deputye for grace, was flatlye denyed; and afterwardes theyr Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came foorthe to intreate that they might parte with theyr armes like souldiours, at least with theyr lives, according to the custome of warre and lawe of nations, it was strongely denyed him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputye himselfe, that they could not justlye pleade either custome of warre, or lawe of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemyes; and yf they were, he willed them to shewe by what commission they came thither into another Princes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spayne, or any other: the which when they sayd they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abrode, and serve in warres amongest the Irish, who desired to entertayne them, it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were noe lawfull enemyes, but rebells and traytours; and therfore they that came to succour them noe better then roges and runnagates, specially coming with noe lycence, nor commission from theyr owne King: Soe as it should be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicion or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to theyr choise, to yeelde and submitt themselves, or noe. Wherupon the sayd Coronel did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the forte, with all therin, and craved onely mercye, which it being not thought good to shewe them, both for daunger of themselves, yf, being saved, they should afterwardes joyne with the Irish, and also for terrour to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those forrayne succours, and also putt in hope of more ere long; there was noe other way but to make that shorte end of them which was made. Therfore most untruelye and maliciously doe these evill tonges backbite and slaunder the sacred ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose least vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroycall spiritt, they were never able to aspire unto.

Eudox. Trulye, Irenæus, I am right gladd to be thus satisfyed by you in that I have often hearde questioned, and yet was never able, till nowe, to choke the mouth of su detractours with the certayne knowledge theyr slaunderous untruthes: neither is t knowledge herof impertinent to that whic we formerly had in hand, I meane to t thorough prosecuting of that sharpe cour which ye have sett downe for the bringin under of those rebells of Ulster and Co naught, and preparing a way for theyr pe petuall reformation, least happely, by an such sinister suggestions of crueltye and much bloudshedd, all the plott might overthrowen, and all the cost and labo therin employed be utterly lost and ca awaye.

Iren. Ye say most true; for, after th Lordes calling away from thence, the tw Lordes Justices continued but a while: which the one was of mynde, (as it seemet to have continued in the footing of his pr decessour, but that he was courbed and re trayned. But the other was more mildel disposed, as was meete for his profession, an willing to have all the pityfull woundes that commonwealth healed and recured, b not with that heede as they should be. Aft whom Sir John Perrot, succeding (as it wer into another mans harvest, founde an ope way to what course he list, the which he ben not to that poynte which the former gove nours intended, but rather quite contrary as it were in scorne of the former, and in vayne vaunte of his owne counsells, with th which he was to willfullye carryed; for h did treade downe and disgrace all the Eng lish, and sett up and countenaunce the Iris all that he could, whether thinking therb to make them more tractable and buxome t his government, (wherin he thought muc amiss) or privily plotting some other purpose of his owne, as it partly afterwardes appeared but surely his manner of government coul not be sounde nor holsome for that realme being soe contrarye to the former. For i was even as two physitians should take on sicke bodye in hand at two sundrye times of which the former would minister all thinge meete to purge and keepe under the bodye the other to pamper and strengthen it sud dainly agayne, wherof what is to be looke for but a most daungerous relapse? Tha which we see nowe through his rule, and th next after him, happened thereunto, bein nowe more daungerously sicke then eve before. Therfore by all meanes it must b fore-seene and assured, that after once entrin into this course of reformation, there be afterwardes noe remorse or drawing backe for th sight of any such rufull objectes as must therupon followe, nor for compassion of theyr calamityes, seing that by noe other meanes it is possible to recure them, and that these are not of will, but of very urgent necessitye.

Eudox. Thus farre then ye have nowe proceeded to plaunte your garrisons, and to directe theyr services; of the which nevertheless I must needes conceave that there cannot be any certayne direction sett downe, soe that they must followe the occasions that shal be dayly offred, and diligently awayted. But, by your leave (Irenæus), notwithstanding all this your carefull fore-sight and provision, (me thinkes) I see an evill lurke unespyed, that may chaunce to hazarde all the hope of this great service, yf it be not very well looked into; and that is, the corruptions of theyr captaines: for though they be placed never soe carefully, and theyr companyes filled never soe sufficiently, yet may they, yf they list, discarde whom they please, and send away such as will perhaps willingly be ridd of that daungerous and harde service; the which (I wote well) is theyr common custome to doe, when they are layd in garrison, for then they may better hide their defaults, then when they are in campe, where they are continually eyed and noted of all men. Besides, when theyr pay cometh, they will (as they say) detayne the greatest portions therof at theyr pleasure, by an hundreth shiftes that neede not heere to be named, through which they oftentimes deceave the souldiours, abuse the Queene, and greatly hinder the service. Soe that lett the Queene pay never soe fullye, lett the muster-master viewe them never soe diligently, lett the deputye or generall looke to them never soe exactly, yet they can cossen them all. Therfore (me seemes) it were good, yf it be possible, to make some provision for this inconvenience.

Iren. It will surely be very harde; but the cheifest helpe for prevention herof must be the care of the coronel that hath the government of all his garrison, to have an eye to theyr alteration, to knowe the nomber and the names of the sicke souldiours, and the slayne, to marke and observe theyr rankes in theyr daylye rising foorthe to the service, by which he cannot easelye be abused, soe that he himself be a man of speciall assuraunce and integritye. And therfore greate regarde is to be had in the choosing and appoynting of them. Besides, I would not by any meanes that the captaynes should have the paying of theyr souldiours, but that there should be a pay-master appoynted, of speciall trust, which should paye everye man according to his captaynes tickett, and the accoumpte of the clarke of his bande, for by this meanes the captayne will never seeke to falsifye his alterations, nor to diminish his companye, nor to deceave his souldiours, when nothing therof shal be for his gayne. This is the manner of the Spanyardes captaynes, whoe never hath to meddle with his souldiours paye, and indeede scorneth the name as base to be counted his souldiours pagador; whereas the contrary amongest us hath brought thinges to soe badd a pass, that there is noe captayne, but thinkes his band very sufficient, yf he muster threscore, and stickes not to say openly, that he is unwoorthy of a captaynship, that cannot make it woorth 500*l.* by the yeare, the which they right well verefye by the proofe.

Eudox. Truly I thinke this a verye good meane to avoyde that inconvenience of captaynes abuses. But what say you of the coronel? what authoritye thinke you meete to be given him? whether will ye allowe him to protecte, to safe conducte, and to have marshall lawe as they are accustomed;

Iren. Yea verely, but all these to be limitted with verye straight instructions. As thus for protections, that they shall have authoritye after the first proclamation, for the space of twentye dayes, to protect all that shall come in unto them, and them to sende unto the Lord Deputye with theyr safe conducte or pass, to be at his disposition; but soe as none of them returne backe agayne, being once come in, but be presently sent away out of the countrey, unto the next sherriff, and so convayed in safetye. And likewise for marshall lawe, that to the souldiour it be not extended, but by tryall formerly made of his cryme, by a jurye of his fellowe souldiours as it ought to be, and not rashlye at the will or displeasure of the coronel, as I have sometimes seene to lightlye. And as for others of the rebells that shall light into theyr handes, that they be well aware of what condition they be, and what holding they have. For, in the last generall warres there, I knewe many good freeholders executed by marshall lawe, whose landes were thereby saved to theyr heyres, which should otherwise have escheated to her Majestie. In all which, the greate discretion and uprightness of the coronel himself is to be the cheifest stay both for all these doubts, and for many other difficultyes that may in the service happen.

Eudox. Your caution is verye good; but nowe touching the arche-rebell himselfe, I meane the Earle of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submitt himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him receaved, giving good hostages, and sufficient assuraunce of himself?

Iren. Noe, marye; for there is noe doubt, but he will offer to come in, as he hath done diverse times allreadye, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed; neither indede can he nowe, yf he would, come in at all, nor give that assuraunce of himselfe that should be meete, for being, as he is, very suttell-headed, seing himselfe nowe soe farre engaged in this badd action, can he thinke that by his submission he can purchase to himselfe any safetye, but that hereafter, when thinges shal be quieted, these his villanyes will ever be remembred? And whensoever he shall treade awrye (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advauntage wil be taken therof, as a breache of his pardon, and he brought to a reckning for all former matters: besides, howe harde it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjection, that having once sett before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath thereunto founde not onely encouragement from the greatest King of Christendome, but also founde great fayntness in her Majesties withstanding him, whereby he is animated to thinke that his power is to defende him, and to offend further then he hath done, whensoe he please, lett everye reasonable man judge. But yf he himselfe should come in, and leave all other his accomplices without, as O-Donell, Mac-Mahon, Maguecirhe, and the rest, he must needes thinke that then, even they will ere long cutt his throate, which having drawen them all into this occasion, nowe in the middest of theyr trouble giveth them the slip; wherby he must needes perceave howe impossible a thing it is for him to submit himselfe. But yet yf he would doe soe, can he give any good assuraunce of his obedience? For howe weake hold is there by hostages hath to often bene prooved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Neale-is sonnes from him, and setting them up agaynst him is a verye perillous counsell, and not by any meanes to be putt in proofe; for were they lett foorth and could overthrowe him, whoe should afterwardes overthrowe them, or what assuraunce can be had of them? It wil be like the tale in Æsope of the wild horse, whoe, having enmitye agaynst the stagg came to a man to desire his ayde agaynst his foe, whoe yeelding thereunto mounted upon his backe, and s following the stagge ere longe slewe him but then when the horse would have hi light he refused, but kept him ever after i his service and subjection. Such, I doub not, would be the proof of Shane O-Neale- sonnes. Therfore it is most daungerous t attempt any such plott; for even that ver manner of plott, was the meanes by whic this trayterous Earle is nowe made soe grea for whenas the last O-Neale, called Tyrrelag O-Neale, beganne to stand upon some ticke termes, this fellowe, then called Baron Dungannan, was sett up as it were to bear him, and countenaunced and strengthened b the Queene so farre, as that he is nowe ab to keepe her selfe play: much like unto gamester that having lost all, borroweth his next fellow gamester that is the mo winner, somewhat to mayntayne play, wit which he, setting unto him agayne, short therby winneth all from the winner.

Eudox. Was this rebell first sett up b the Quene (as you saie), and now become unduetifull?

Iren. He was (I assure you) the mo outcast of all the O-Neales then, and lifte up by her Majestie out of the dust, to that hath nowe wrought himself unto; and now he playeth like the frozen snake, whoe bein for compassion relieved by the husbandma soone after he was warme begann to hiss, an threaten daunger even to him and his.

Eudox. He surely then deserveth th punnishment of that snake, and should woo thely be hewed in peeces. But yf ye like n of the raysing up of Shane O-Neale-is sonn agaynst him, what say you then of th advise which (I hearde) was given by som to drawe in the Scottes, to serve agaynst him how like you that advise?

Iren. Much woorse then the former; f whoe is he that is experienced in those part and knoweth not that the O-Neales a neerelye allyed unto the Mac-Neales of Sco land, and to the Earle of Argile, from who they use to have all theyr succours of thos Scotts and Reddshankes? Besides, all thes Scotts are, through long continuaunce, ente myngled and allyed to all the inhabitaunt of the North; soe as there is noe hope th they will ever be wrought to serve faythfull agaynst theyr old frendes and kinsemen And yf they would, howe when the warr are finished, and they have overthrowen hi shall they themselves be putt out? Doe w not all knowe, that the Scotts were the fir inhabitauntes of all the North, and that thos which are nowe called North Irish were indeede very Scotts, which challenge the auncient inheritaunce and dominion of all that countrey to be theyr owne aunciently. This then were but to leape out of the pann into the fire; for the cheifest caveat and provisoe in the reformation of the Northe must be to keepe out the Scotts.

Eudox. Indeede, I remember that in your discourse of the first peopling of Ireland, you shewed that the Scythians or Scottes were the first that sate downe in the Northe, whereby it seemeth they may challenge some right therin. Howe comes it then that O-Neale claymes the dominion therof, and this Earle of Tyrone sayeth the right is in him? I pray you resolve me therin; for it is verye needefull to be knowen, and maketh most to the right of the warre agaynst him, whose success useth commonly to be according to the justness of the cause, for which it is made: For yf Tyrone have any right in that segniorye (me seemes) it should be wrong to thrust him out: or yf (as I remember ye sayd in the beginning) that O-Neale, when he acknowledged the King of England for his liege Lord and Soveraigne, did (as he alleageth) reserve in the same submission all his segnioryes and rightes unto himselfe, it should be accoumpted unjust to thrust him out of the same.

Iren. For the right of O-Neale in the segniorye of the Northe, it is surely none at all: For beside that the Kinges of England conquered all the realme, and thereby assumed and invested all the right of that land to themselves and theyr heyres and successours for ever, soe as nothing was left in O-Neale but what he receaved backe from them, O-Neale himselfe never had any auncient segniorye in that countreye, but what by usurpation and encrochement, after the death of the Duke of Clarence, he gott upon the English, whose landes and possessions being formerly wasted by the Scotts, under the leading of Edwarde le Bruce, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eft-sones entred into, and sithence hath wrongfullye detayned, through the other occupations and great affayres which the Kinges of England (soone after) fell into heere at home, soe as they ould not intend to the recoverye of that ountrey of the Northe, nor the restrayning f the insolencye of O-Neale; whoe, finding one nowe to withstand him, raigned in that esolation, and made himselfe Lorde of those ewe people that remayned there, upon whom ever since he hath continued his first usurped power, and nowe exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he list: soe that nowe to subdue or expell an usurper, should be noe unjust enterprize nor wrongfull warre, but a restitution of auncient right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustlye expelled and longe kept out.

Eudox. I am verye gladd herin to be thus satisfyed by you, that I may the better satisfye them whom often I have hearde object these doubtes, and slaunderously to barke at the courses which are held agaynst that trayterous Earle and his adherentes. But nowe that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connaughte, I would be gladd to heare your opinion for the prosecuting of Feugh Mac Hughe, whoe being but a base villeyn, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe continually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under theyr nose, that I disdayne his bold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a caytiff to play such *Rex*, and by his example not only to give harte and encouradgement to all such bold rebells, but also to yeeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majestye, whensoever they flye into his Cummerreeighe: wherfore I would first wish, before you enter into your plott of service agaynst him, that you should laye open by what meanes he, being soe base, first lifted himselfe up to this daungerous greatnes, and how he mayntayneth his parte agaynst the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath bene done and attempted agaynst him. And whether also he hath any pretence of right in the landes which he holdeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

Iren. I will soe, at your pleasure, and since ye desire to know his first beginning, I will not only discover the first beginning of his privat howse, but also the originall of all his sept, of the Birnes and Tooles, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by readinge: This people of the Birnes and Tooles (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) discended from the auncient Brittons, which first inhabited all those Easterne partes of Ireland, as theyr names doe betoken; for Brin in the Brittons language signifyeth hillye, and Tol hole, valley or darke, which names, it seemeth, they tooke of the countreye which they inhabited, which is all very mountayne and woodye. In the which it seemeth that ever sithence the coming in of the English with Deurmuid-ne-Galh, they have continued: Whether that theyr countrey being soe rude and mountaynous was of them dispised, and thought not woorthye the inhabiting, or that they were receaved to grace by them, and suffred to enjoye theyr lands as unfitt for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they did putt foote, and fortifyed with sundrye castells, of which the ruynes onely doe there now remayne, since which time they are growen to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand agaynst all that state; and nowe lately, through the boldness and late good success of this Feugh Mac Hugh, they are soe farr emboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hange. But touching your demaunde of this Feughe-is right unto that countrey or the segniorye which he claymes therin, it is most vayne and arrogaunte. For this ye cannot be ignoraunte of, that it was parte of that which was given in inheritaunce by Deurmuid Mac Murroghe, King of Leinster, to Strangbowe with his daughter, and which Strangbowe gave over to the King and to his heyres, soe as the right is absolutely nowe in her Majestie; and yf it were not, yet could it not be in this Feugh, but in O-Brin, which is the ancient lord of all that countrey; for he and his auncestours were but followers unto O-Brin, and his grandfather, Shane Mac Tirrelaghe, was a man of meanest regarde amongest them, neither having wealth nor power. But his sonne Hughe Mac Shane, the father of this Feughe, first beganne to lift up his head, and through the strength and greate fastness of Glan-Maleeirh, which adjoyneth unto his howse of Ballinecorrih, drewe unto him many theves and out-lawes, which fledd unto the succour of that glinne, as to a saunctuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle of all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to himselfe a greate name thereby amongest the Irish, in whose footing this his sonne continuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and the opinion of his greatness, soe that nowe he is become a daungerous enemy to deale withall.

Eudox. Surely I can comend him that, being of himselfe of soe base condition, hath through his owne hardiness lifted himselfe up to that height that he dare now to fronte princes, and make termes with greate potentates; the which as it is honorable to him, soe it is to them most disgracefull, to be bearded of such a base varlett, that being but of late growen out of the dounghill beginneth nowe to overcrowe soe high mour taynes, and make himselfe greate protectou of all outlawes and rebells that will repayr unto him. But doe you thinke he is now soe daungerous an enemye as he is counte or that it is soe harde to take him downe some suppose?

Iren. Noe verely, there is noe gre reckning to be made of him; for had ever bene taken in hand, when the rest the realme (or at least the partes adjoyning had bene quiett, as the honourable gentellma that nowe governeth there (I meane S William Russell) gave a notable attemp therunto, and had woorthely perfourmed it, his course had not bene crossed unhappel he could not have stoode three monthes, n ever have looked up agaynst a verye mea power: but nowe all the partes about hi being up in a madding moode, as the Moor in Lease, the Kevenaghs in the countye Wexforde, and some of the Butlers in t countye of Kilkennye, they all flocke un him, and drawe unto his countrey, as to strong hold where they thinke to be sa from all that prosecute them: And fro thence they doe at theyr pleasures breake o into all the borders adjoyning, which are w peopled countreyes, as the countyes Dublin, of Kildare, of Catarlaghe, of K kenny, of Wexforde, with the spoiles wher they vittell and strengthen themselves, whi otherwise should in shorte time be starv and soone pined away; soe that what he of himselfe you may hereby soone perceave

Eudox. Then, by soe much as I gath out of your speaches, the next way to e the warres with him, and to roote him qu out, should be to keepe him from invadi those countreyes adjoyning, which (as I su pose) is to be done, either by drawing all t inhabitauntes of those next borders awa and leaving them utterly wast, or by pla ing garrisons upon all those frontiers abo him, that, when he shall breake foortl may sett upon him and shorten his returne

Iren. Ye conceave rightlye, Eudox but for the dispeopling and driving away all the inhabitauntes from the countreys abo him, which ye speake of, should be a gre confusion and trouble, as well for the unwi ingness of them to leave theyr possessio as also for placing and providing for them other countreyes, (me seemes) the bett course should be by plaunting of garriso about him, the which, whensoever he sh looke foorth, or be drawen out with desi of the spoyle of those borders, or for nec itye of vittell, shal be allwayes readye to ntercept his going or coming.

Eudox. Where then doe ye wish these garrisons to be plaunted that they may serve best agaynst him; and howe manye in everye garrison?

Iren. I my selfe, by reason that (as I told you) I am noe martiall man, will not take uppon me to directe so daungerous affayres, but onely as I understood by the purposes and plotts, which the Lord Graye who was well experienced in that service, agaynst him did laye downe: to the perfourmaunce whereof he onely required a 1000 men to be layed in fowre garrisons; that is, at Ballinecorrih 200 footemen and 50 horse, which should shutt him out of his great glinne, whereto he soe much trusteth; at Knockelough 200 footemen and 50 horse, to answere the countye of Catarlaghe; at Arkloe or Wickloe 200 footemen to defend all that side towarde the sea; in Shelelagh 100 footemen which should cutt him from the Kevanaghs, and the countye of Wexforde; and about the three castells 50 horsemen, which should defende all the countye of Dublin; and 100 footemen at Talbots Towne, which should keepe him from breaking out into the countye of Kildare, and be allwayes on his necke on that side: The which garrisons, soe layed, will soe busye him, that he shall never rest at home, nor stirre foorthe abrode but he shall be had; as for his creete they cannot be above grounde, but they must needes fall into theyr handes or starve, for he hath noe fastness nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the Moores, Butlers, and Kevanaghes, they will soone leave him, when they see his fastness and strong places thus taken from him.

Eudox. Surely this seemeth a plott of great reason, and small difficultye which promiseth hope of a shorte end. But what speciall directions will ye sett downe for the services and risings out of these garrisons?

Iren. None other then the present occasions shall minister unto them, and as by good spialls, wherof there they cannot wante store, they shall be drawen continually upon him, soe as one of them shal be still upon him, and sometimes all at one instant bayte him. And this (I assure my selfe) will demaunde no longe time, but wil be all finished in the space of one yeare; which howe small a thing it is, unto the eternall quietness which shall thereby be purchased to that realme, and the great good which shall growe to her Majestie, should (me thinkes) readely drawe on her Highnes to the undertaking of the enterprise.

Eudox. You have very well (me seemes), Irenæus, plotted a course for the atchieving of those warres nowe in Ireland, which seeme to aske noe long time, nor greate charge, soe as the effecting therof be committed to men of sure trust, and some experience, as well in the same countrey as in the manner of those services; for yf it be left in the handes of such rawe captaynes as sare uuallye sent out of England, being therto preferred onely by frendship, and not chosen by sufficiencye, it will soone fall to ground.

Iren. Therfore it were meete (me thinkes) that such captaynes onely were thereunto employed, as have formerly served in that countreye, and bene at least lieutenauntes unto other captaynes there. For otherwise, being brought and transferred from other services abrode, as in Fraunce, in Spayne, and in the Lowe-countreyes, though they be of good experience in those, and have never soe well deserved, yet in these they wil be newe to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buye it with great loss to her Majestie, either by hazarding of theyr companyes, through ignoraunce of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great parte of the time that is required hereunto, being but shorte, in which it might be finished, before they have allmost taken out a newe lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox. You are noe good frend to newe captaynes it seemes, Iren., that you barre them from the creditt of this service: but (to say trueth) me thinkes it were meete, that any one, before he come to be a captayne, should have bene a souldiour; for, 'Parere qui nescit, nescit imperare.' And besides, there is great wrong done to the old souldiour, from whom all meanes of advauncement which is due unto him is cutt of by shuffling in these newe cutting captaynes into the places for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But nowe that you have thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all thinges to that lowe ebbe which ye speake of, what course will ye take for the bringing in of that reformation which ye intend, and recovering all thinges from this desolate estate, in which (me thinkes) I behold them nowe left, unto that perfect establishment and newe commonwealth which ye have conceaved, of which soe great good may redounde to her Majestie, and an assured peace be confirmed? For that is it whereunto we are nowe to looke, and doe greatlye long for, being long sithence made wearye with the huge charge which ye have layed uppon us, and with the strong enduraunce of soe many complayntes, soe manye delayes, soe many doubts and daungers, as will hereof (I know well) arise: unto the which before you come, it were meete (me thinkes) that you should take some order for the souldiour, which is nowe first to be discharged and disposed of, some way; the which yf you doe not well fore-see, may growe to be as great an inconvenience as all this that we suppose you have quitt us from, by the loose leaving of soe many thousand souldiours, which from hence foorth wil be unfitt for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and imployment abrode, which may be daungerous, or els will perhaps imploye themselves heere at home, as may be discomodious.

Iren. You say verye true; and it is a thing indeede much misliked in this our common-wealth that noe better course is taken for such as have bene employed once in service, but that returning, either maymed and soe unable to labour, or otherwise, though whole and sounde, yet afterwardes unwilling to woorke, or rather willing to sett the hangman a woorke. But that needeth another consideration; but to this that we have nowe in hande, it is farre from my meaning to leave the souldiour soe at randowm, or to leave that wast realme soe weake and destitute of strength, which may both defend it agaynst others that might seeke then to sett upon it, and also kepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plott which I would devise, that 6000 souldiours of these whom I have nowe imployed in this service, and made throughly acquaynted both with the state of the countrey, and manners of the people, should hencefoorth be still continued, and for ever mayntayned of the countrey, without any charge to her Majestie; and the rest that either are old, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thrifte, as I have seene manye souldiours after the service to proove verye good husbandes, should be placed in parte of the landes by them wonne, at such rate, or rather better then others, to whom the same shal be sett out.

Eudox. Is it possible, Irenæus? Can there be any such meanes devised, that soe manye men should be kept still in her Majesties service without any charge to her at all? Surelye this were an exceeding greate good, both to her Highnes to have soe many old souldiours allway readye at call, t what purpose soever she list employe then and alsoe to have that land therbye so strengthned, that it shall neither feare an forrein invasion, nor practize, which the Iris shall ever attempte, but shall keepe ther under in continuall awe and firme obedience

Iren. It is soe indeede. And yet thi trulye I doe not take to be any matter o great difficultye, as I thinke it will also soon appeare unto you. And first we will speak of the North parte, for that the same is o most waight and importaunce. Soe soone a it shall appeare that the enemye is brough downe, and the stout rebell either cutt of, o driven to that wretchedness that he is no longer able to hold up his head, but wil come to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be before the end of the secon Winter, I wish that there be a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-lawe will freelye come in, and submitt themselve to her Majesties mercye, shall have liberty soe to doe, where they shall either find tha grace they desire, or have leave to return agayne in safetye: uppon which it is likely that soe manye as survive will come in t sue for grace, of which whoe-soe are though meete for subjection, and fitt to be brough to good, may be receaved, or els all of them (for I thinke that all wilbe but a verye fewe; uppon condicion and assuraunce that they will submit themselves absolutelie to he Majesties ordinaunce for them, by whicl they shal be assured of life and libertye, an be onelye tyed to such condicions as shal b thought by her meete for contayning then ever after in due obedience. To the whicl condicions I nothing doubt but they will almost readelye, and upon theyr knees submitt themselves, by the proof of that whicl I sawe in Mounster. For upon the like proclamation there, they all came in, both tagg and ragge; and when as afterwardes many o them were denyed to be receaved, they bad them doe with them what they would, fo they would not by any meanes returne agayne nor goe foorthe. For in this case who wil not accept allmost of any condicions, rathe then dye of hunger and miserye?

Eudox. It is very likely soe. But wha then is the ordinaunce, and what be the condicions which you will propose unto them which shall reserve unto them an assuraunc of life and libertye?

Iren. Soe soone then as they have give the best assuraunce of themselves whic may be required, which must be (I suppose) some of theyr principall men to remayne in hostage one for another, and some other for the rest, for other suretye I recken of none that may binde them, neither of wife, nor of children, since then perhaps they would gladly be ridd of both from the famine; I would have them first unarmed utterlye and stript quite of all theyr warrlick weapons, and then these condicions sett downe and made knowen unto them, where they shal be placed, and have land given unto them to occupye and to live upon, in such sorte as shall become good subjectes, to labour thencefoorth for theyr living, and to applye themselves to honest trades of civilitye as they shall everye one be founde meete and able for.

Eudox. Where then, a Gods name, will you place them? In Leynster? or will you find out any new lande there for them that is yet unknowen?

Iren. Noe, I will place them all in the countreye of the Brinnes and Tooles, which Pheugh Mac Hughe hath, and in all the landes of the Kevanaghs, which are nowe in rebellion, and all the landes which will fall to her Majestie there-abouts, which I knowe to be verye spacious and large enough to contayne them, being verye neere twentye or thirtye miles wyde.

Eudox. But what then will ye doe with all the Brinnes there, the Tooles, and the Kevanaughs, and all those that nowe are joyned with them?

Iren. At the same very time, and in the same manner that I make that proclamation to them of Ulster, will I have it also made to these; and uppon theyr submission thereunto, I will take like assuraunce of them as of others. After which I will translate all that remayne of them into the places of thother in Ulster, with all theyr creete, and what else they have left them, the which I will cause to be devided amongest them in some meete sorte, as eche may thereby have somewhat to sustayne himself a while withall, untill, by his further travell and labour of the earthe, he shalbe able to provide himselfe better.

Eudox. But will you then give the lande freelye unto them, and make them heyres of the former rebells? soe may you perhaps make them heyres also of all theyr former villanyes and disorders; or howe els will you dispose of them?

Iren. Not soe; but all the landes I will give unto Englishmen whom I will have drawen thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shal be thought meete, and for such rentes as shall eft-sones be rated: under everye of these Englishmen will I place some of the Irish to be tenauntes for a certayne rente, according to the quantitye of such land, as everye man shall have allotted unto him, and shalbe founde able to weelde, wherin this speciall regarde shal be had, that in noe place under any land-lorde there shall remayne manye of them planted togither, but dispersed wide from theyre acquayntaunce, and scattred farre abrode through all the countreye: For that is the evill which I nowe finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell togither by theyr septs, and severall nations, soe as they may practize or conspire what they will; whereas yf there were English shedd amongest them and placed over them, they should not be able once to styrre or murmure, but that it shoulde be knowen, and they shortened according to theyr demerites.

Eudox. Ye have good reason; but what rating of rents meane you? To what end doe you purpose the same?

Iren. My purpose is to rate the rents of all those landes of her Majestie in such sorte, unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they may be well able to live therupon, to yeeld her Majestie reasonable cheverye, and also give a competent mayntenaunce unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongest them; for these souldiours (as I told you) remayning of the former garrisons I cast to be maintayned upon the rente of those landes which shal be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland in such places as shalbe thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romains used in the conquest of England, for they planted some of theyr legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the countrey to maintayne, cutting upon everye portion of lande a reasonable rent, which they called Romescott, the which might not surcharge the tenaunte or free-holder, and defrayed the pay of the garrison: and this hath bene allwayes observed of all princes in all countreyes to them newly subdued, to sett garrisons amongest them to contayne them in dutye, whose burthen they made them to beare; and the wante of this ordinaunce, in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the shorte decaye of that government, and the quicke recoverye agayne of the Irish. Therfore by all meanes it is to be provided for. And this is it that I would blame, yf it should not misbecome me, in the late planting of Mounster, that noe care was had of this ordinaunce, nor any strength of a garrison provided for, by a certayne allowaunce out of all the sayd landes, but onely the present profitt looked unto, and the safe continuaunce therof for ever hereafter neglected.

Eudox. But there is a bande of souldiours layed in Mounster, to the maintenaunce of which, what oddes is there whether the Queene, receaving the rent of the countrey, doe give paye at her pleasure, or that there be a setled allowaunce appoynted unto them out of her landes there?

Iren. There is a great oddes, for nowe that sayd rente of the countrey is not usuallye applyed to the paye of the souldiours, but it is (everye other occasion coming betweene) converted to other uses, and the souldiours in time of peace discharged and neglected as unnecessarye; whereas yf the sayde rente were appoynted and ordayned by an establishment to this ende onelye. it should not be turned to any other; nor in troublesome times, uppon everye occasion, her Majestie be soe troubled with sending over newe souldiours as she nowe is, nor the countrey ever should dare to mutinie, having still the souldiours on theyr necke, nor any forreyne enemye dare to invade, knowing there soe stronge and great a garrison allwayes readye to receave them.

Eudox. Sith then ye thinke that this Romescott of the paye of the souldiours uppon the lande to be both the readyest way to the souldiours, and least troublesome to her Majestie, tell us (I pray you) how ye would have the sayd landes rated, that both a rente may rise thereout unto the Queene, and also the souldiours paye, which (me seemes) wilbe harde?

Iren. First we are to consider how much lande there is in all Ulster, that according to the quantitye therof we may cesse the sayd rente and allowaunce issuing therout. Ulster (as the auncient recordes of that realme doe testifye) doth contayne nine thousand plowelandes, everye of which plow-landes contayneth six score acres, after the rate of 21 foote to every pearche of the sayd acre, which amounteth in the whole to 124000 acres, every of which plow-landes I will rate at 46*s.* 8*d.* by the yeare; which is not much more then 1½*d.* an acre, the which yearely rent amounteth in the whole to 18000*l.* besides 6*s.* 8*d.* chiefrie out of every plow-land. But because the countye of Louthe, being a parte of Ulster, and contayning in it 712 plow-landes, is not wholye to escheate unto her Majestie as the rest, they having in all those warres continued for the most parte dutifull, though otherwise nowe a greate parte thereof is under the rebells, there is an abatement to be made thereout of 400 or 500 plow-landes, as I estimate the same, the which are not to pay the whole yearely rent of 46*s.* 8*d.* out of everye plow-land, like as the escheated landes doe, but yet shall paye for theyr composition of cesse towardes the mayntenaunce of souldiours 20*s.* out of everye plow-land; soe as there is to be deducted out of the former summe 200 or 300*l.* yearely, the which nevertheless may be supplyed by the rent of the fishing, which is exceeding greate in Ulster, and also by an encrease of rente in the best landes, and those that lye in the best places neere the sea-cost. The which 18000*l.* will defraye the intertaynment of 1500 souldiours, with some overplus toward the paye of the vittaylers which are to be imployed in the vittayling of the garrisons?

Eudox. Soe then, belike you meane to leave 1500 souldiours in garrison for Ulster, to be payed principallye out of the rent of those landes which shal be there escheated to her Majestie; the which, where (I praye you) will you have garrizoned?

Iren. I will have them devided into three partes; that is, 500 in every garrison, the which I will have to remayne in three of the same places where they were before appoynted; to weete, 500 at Strabane and about Loghefoyle, soe as they may holde all the passages of that parte of the countrey, and some of them be putt in wardes, upon all the straytes thereaboutes, which I knowe to be such, as may stopp all passages into the countreye on that side; and some of them also upon the Ban, up towardes Logh-Sidney, as I formerlye directed. Also other 500 at the forte upon Logh-Earne, and wardes taken out of them which shal be layed at Fermanagh, at Belicke, at Ballishannon, and on all the straites towardes Conaughte, the which I knowe doe so stronglie commaund all the passages that waie as that none can passe from Ulster into Connaught, without their leave. The last 500 shall also remayne in theyr forte at Monaghane, and some of them be drawen into wardes, to keepe the keies of all that countrey, both downewardes, and also towardes O-Relyes countrey, and the pale; and some at Eniskillin, some at Belturbut, some at the Blacke Forte, and soe alonge that river, as I ormerlye shewed in the first plaunting of hem. And moreover at everye of those fortes would have the state of a towne layed oorthe and encompassed, in the which I would vish that there should be placed inhabit-untes of all sortes, as marchauntes, artificers, nd husbandmen, to whom there should be harters and fraunchises graunted to incor-orate them. The which, as it wil be no matter f difficultye to drawe out of England persons hich should very gladlye be soe placed, oe would it in shorte space turne those partes greate comoditye, and bring ere longe to er Majestie much profitt; for those places are oe fitt for trade and trafficke, having most onvenient out-gates by diverse rivers to the ea, and in-gates to the richest partes of the nde, that they would soone be enriched, and ightelye enlarged, for the verye seating of he garrisons by them: besides, the safetye nd assuraunce that they shall woorke unto hem will alsoe drawe thither store of people nd trade, as I have seene examples at Mari-oroughe and Phillipstowne in Leynster, here by reason of these two fortes, though here were but small wardes left in them, here are two good townes nowe growen, which re the greatest staye of both those two coun-yes.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) three such ownes, as you say, would doe verye well in hose places with the garrisons, and in shorte pace would be soe augmented, as they would e able with litle helpe to wall themselves tronglye: but, for the plaunting of all the est of the countrey, what order would ye ake?

Iren. What other then (as I sayd) to bring eople out of England, which should inhabite he same; whereunto though, I doubte not, ut greate troupes would be readye to runne, et for that in such cases, the woorst and nost decayed men are most readye to remove, would wish them rather to be chosen out f all partes of the realme, either by discre-ion of wise men thereunto appoynted, or by ott, or by the drumme, as was the old use in ending foorthe of colonyes, or such other ood meanes as shall in theyr wisedome be hought meetest. Amongest the chiefest of hich I would have the lande sett into egnioryes, in such sorte as it is nowe in Iounster, and devided into hundreds and arrishes, or wardes, as it is in England, and yed out into shires as it was auinciently; z. the countye of Downe, the countye of ntrim, the countye of Louthe, the countye f Armaghe, the countye of Cavan, the countye of Colrane, the countye of Monahon, the countye of Tyrone, the countye of Fermanagh, the countye of Donnegall, being in all tenne. Over all which Irish I wish a Lord President and a Counsell to be placed, which may keepe them afterwardes in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equitye.

Eudox. Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and nowe I desire to heare your like opinion for Conaughte.

Iren. By that which I have allreadye sayd of Ulster you may gather my opinion for Conaughte, being verye answerable unto the former. But for that the landes, which therin shall escheate unto her Majesty, are not soe intierlye togither as that they can be accoumpted in one somme, it needeth that they be considered severallye. The province of Conaughte contayneth in the whole (as appeareth by the Recordes of Dublin) 7200 plow-landes of the former measure, and is of late devided into six shires or countyes: the countye of Clare, the countye of Leutrum, the countye of Roscomman, the countye of Gallowaye, the countye of Maiho, and the countye of Sleugho. Of the which, all the countye of Sleugho, all the countye of Maiho, the most parte of the countye of Roscomman, the most parte of the countye of Leutrum, a greate parte of the countye of Galloway, and some of the countye of Clare, is like to escheate unto her Majestie for the rebellion of theyr present possessours. The which two countyes of Sleugho and Maiho are supposed to contayne allmost 3000 plow-landes, the rente wherof, ratabile to the former, I vallewe allmost at 6000*l.* *per annum.* The countye of Roscomman, saving what pertayneth to the howse of Roscomman and some fewe other English there latelye seated, is all one, and therfore it is wholye likewise to escheate to her Majestye, saving those portions of English inhabitauntes; and even those English doe (as I understand by them) paye as much rente to her Majestie as is sett upon those in Ulster, counting theyr composition monye therewithall, soe as it may runne all into one reckning with the former two countyes: Soe that this countye of Roscomman, contayning 1200 plow-landes, as it is accoumpted, amounteth to 2400*l.* by the yeare, which with that former two countyes rente maketh about 8300*l.* for the former wanted somewhate. But what the escheated landes of the countyes of Galloway and Leutrum will arise unto is yet uncertayne to define, till survay therof be made, for that those landes are intermingled with the Earle of Clanrickarde, and others; but it is thought they be the one halfe of both these countyes, soe as they may be counted to the valewe of one whole countye, which contayneth above one thousand plowlandes; for soe manye the least countye of them all comprehendeth, which maketh two thousand poundes more, that is, in all, 10 or 11000*l.* Thother two countyes must remayne till theyr escheates appeare, the which letting pass, yet as unknowen, yet thus much is knowen to be accounted for certayne, that the composition of these two countyes, being rated at 20*s.* every plow-land, will amounte to above 2000*l.* more: all which being layed togither to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 13000*l.* the which somme, togither with the rente of the escheated landes in the two last countyes, which cannot yet be valewed, being, (as I doubt not,) no less then a 1000*l.* more, will yeeld a pay largely unto a thousand men and theyr victuallers, and a thousand poundes over towardes the Governour.

Eudox. Ye have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of these landes of Conaughte even at a verye venture, soe as it should be harde to builde any certayntye of charge to be raysed upon the same.

Iren. Not altogither upon uncertayntyes: for thus much may easelye appeare unto you for certayne, as the composition mony of every plowland amounteth unto; for this I would have you principally to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the landes in Ireland at 20*s.* every plowland, for theyr composition toward the garrison. The which I knowe, in regarde of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, wil be readely and most gladly yeelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by theyr old recordes) 43920 plowlandes, the same shall amounte to the sum likewise of 43920*l.*, and the rest to be reared of the escheated landes which fall to her Majestie in the sayd provinces of Ulster, Conaughte, and that parte of Leinster under the rebells; for Mounster we deale not yet withall.

Eudox. But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated landes as you doe upon the rest? for soe (me thinkes) you recken alltogither. And that sure were to much to pay seaven nobles out of every plow-land, and composition mony besides, that is 20*s.* out of every plow-land.

Iren. No, you mistake me; I doe put only seaven nobles rent and composition both upon every plow-land escheated, that is 40*s.* for
composition, and 6*s.* 8*d.* for cheiferie to
Majestie.

Eudox. I doe now conceave you; proce
then (i pray you) to the appoynting of y
garrisons in Conaughte, and shewe us b
how many and where you would have th
placed.

Iren. I would have one thousand lay
Conaughte in two garrisons; namely, 50
the county of Maiho, about Clan Mac Co
lors, which shall keepe the Moores and
Burkes of Mac William Enter: thother
in the countye of Clanrickarde, about Ga
doughe, that they may contayne the Con
and the Burkes there, the Kellyes and M
nyrrs, with all them there-about; for
garrison which I formerly placed at Lou
hearne will serve for all occasions in the cou
of Slegho, being neere adjoynyng thereto,
as in one nights marche they may be all
in any place therof when neede shall req
them. And like as in the former place
garrisons in Ulster, I wished thre corpo
townes to be planted, which under the
garde of that strengthe shall dwell and t
safely with all the countrey about them,
would I also wish to be in this of Connaug
and that besides, there were another es
lished at Athlone, with a convenient w
in the castell there for theyr defence.

Eudox. What should that neede, sith
Governour of Connaughte useth to lye t
allwayes, whose presence wil be a defenc
all that towneship?

Iren. I knowe he doth soe, but tha
much to be disliked that the Gover
should lye soe farr of, in the remotest p
of all the province, wheras it were me
that he should be continually abiding in
middest of his charge, that he might
looke out alike into all places of his gov
ment, and also be soone at hand in any p
where occasion shall demaunde him; for
presence of the Governour is (as you sa
great stay and bridle unto them that ar
disposed: like as I see it is well observe
Mounster, where the daylye good ther
continually apparaunt: and, for this c
also doe I greatly dislike the Lord Depu
seating at Dublin, being the outest corne
the realme, and least needing the awe of
presence; whereas (me seemes) it were fi
since his proper care is of Leinster, thoug
hath care of all besides generally, that
should seate himselfe about Athie, or th
abouts, upon the skirte of that unqu
countrey, so that he might sitt, as it wer
the very mayne mast of his shipp, whence

night easely over looke and sometimes overeache the Moores, the Butlers, the Dempies, the Keatins, the Connors, O-Carrell, -Molloy, and all that heape of Irish nations vhich there lye hudled togither without any o over-rule them, or contayne them in dutye. or the Irishman (I assure you) feares the Government no longer then he is within ight or reache.

Eudox. Surely (me thinkes) herein you bserve a matter of much importaunce, more hen I have hearde ever noted; but sure hat seemes soe expedient, as that I wonder t hath bene heeretofore ever omitted; but suppose the instaunce of the cittizens of ublin is the greatest lett therof.

Iren. Truly, then it ought not to be soe; or noe cause have they to feare that it wil be ny hindraunce for them; for Dublin wil be till, as it is, the key of all passages and ransportations out of England thither, to noe ess profitt of those cittizens then it nowe is, nd beside other places will thereby receave ome benefitt. But lett us nowe (I pray you) ome to Leinster, in the which I would wish he same course to be observed as in Ulster.

Eudox. You meane for the leaving of the arrisons in theyr fortes, and for planting of nglish in all those countreyes betwene the ountye of Dublin and the countye of Wexorde; but those wast wilde places, I thinke, vhen they are wonne unto her Majestie, that here is none that wil be hastye to seeke to nhabite them.

Iren. Yes enough, (I warraunte you;) for hough the whole tracke of the countrey be nountayne and woodye, yet there are many oodly valleyes amongest them, fitt for ayre habitations, to which those mounayns adjoyning wil be a greate increase of asturage; for that countrey is a very greate oyle of cattell, and verye fitt for breede: as or corne it is nothing naturall, save onely or barley and otes, and some places for rye, nd therfore the larger penniwoorthes may be llowed unto them, though otherwise the vildness of the mountayne pasturage doe ecompence the badness of the soyle, so as I oubt not but it will fynde inhabitantes and ndertakers enoughe.

Eudox. Howe much then doe you thinke hat all those landes which Feugh Mac Hughe oldeth under him may amounte unto, and vhat rent may be reared therout to the nayntenaunce of the garrisons that shal be ayed there?

Iren. Truly, it is impossible by ayme to ell it, and as for experience and knowledge thereof I doe not thinke that there was every any of the particulars therof, but yet I will (yf it please you) gesse therat, uppon grounde onely of theyr judgement which have formerly devided all that countrey into two shires or countyes, namely the countye of Wicklow, and the countye of Fearnes: the which two I see noe cause but that they should wholye escheate unto her Majestie, all but the barronye of Arckloe which is the Earle of Ormond-is auncient inheritaunce, and hath ever bene in his possession; for all the whole lande is the Queenes, unless there be some graunte of any parte therof to be shewed from her Majestie: as I thinke there is onely of New-castell to Sir Henry Harrington, and of the castell of Fearnes to Sir Thomas Masterson, the rest, being allmost thirtye miles over, I doe suppose can contayne noe less then two thousand plowlandes, which I will estimate at 4000*l.* by the yeare. The rest of Leinster, being seaven countyes, to witt, the countye of Dublin, Kildare, Katarlaghe, Wexford, Kilkennye, the King and Queenes countyes, doe contayne in them 7400 plowlandes, which amounteth to soe many poundes for composition to the garrison, that makes in the whole 11,400 poundes, the which somme will yeelde paye unto a thousand souldiours, litle wanting, which may be supplyed out of other landes of the Kavanaghes, which are to be escheated unto her Majestie for the rebellion of theyr possessours, though otherwise indeede they be of her Majesties owne auncient demeane.

Eudox. It is greate reason. But tell us nowe where would you wishe those garrisons to be layed, whether altogither, or to be dispersed in sundrye places of the countrey?

Iren. Marye, in sundrye places, to witt, in this sorte, or much like as may be better devised, for 200 in a place I doe thinke to be enough for the safegarde of the countrey, and keeping under all suddayne upstartes, that shall seeke to trouble the peace therof: therfore I wish to be layed at Ballinecorrih, for the keeping of all badd parsons from Glanmalour, and all the fastness there-aboutes, and also to contayne all that shal be planted in those landes thencefoorthe, 200. Another 200 at Knocklough in theyre former place of garrison, to keepe the Briskelagh and all those mountaynes of the Kavanaghs; 200 more to lie at Fearnes, and upwardes, inward upon the Slane; 200 to be placed at the forte of Lease, to restrayne the Moores, Ossorye, and O-Carrell; other 200 at the forte of Ofalye, to courbe the O-Connors, O-Moloys, Mac

Coghlane, Maccagehan, and all those Irish nations bordering there-abouts.

Eudox. Thus I see all your thousand men bestowed in Leinster: what say you then of Meathe? Which is the first parte?

Iren. Meathe, which contayneth both East Meath and West Meath, and of late the Analie nowe called the countye of Loongforde, is accoumpted therunto: But Meath it selfe, according to the old recordes, containeth 4320 plowlandes, and the countye of Longfoorde 947, which in the whole make 5267 plowlandes, of which the composition monye will amounte likewise to five thousand, two hundred, threscore and seaven poundes to the mayntenaunce of the garrison. But because all Meathe, lying in the bosome of that kingdome, is allwayes quiett enough, it is needelesse to put any garrison there, soe as all that charge may be spared. But in the countye of Longfoorde I wish 200 footemen and fiftye horsemen to be placed in some convenient seate betwene the Analie and the Brenie, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, soe as they mighte keepe both the O-Relyes, and also the O-Farrels, and all that out-skirte of Meathe in awe; the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having contynuall enmitye amongest themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those partes, the charge wherof being 3400 and odd poundes is to be cutt out of that composition monye for Meath and Longfoorde, the over-plus, being allmost 2000*l.* by the yeare, will come in clearlye to her Majestie.

Eudox. It is woorth the harkening unto. But nowe that you have done with Meath, proceede (I pray you) with Mounster, that we may see howe it will rise there for the mayntenaunce of the garrison.

Iren. Mounster contayneth by recorde at Dublin 16000 plow-landes, the composition wherof, at the least, will make 16000*l.* by the yeare, out of the which I would have a thousand souldiours to be mayntayned for the defence of that province, the charge of which with the vittaylers wages, will amounte to 12000*l.* by the yeare; the other 4000*l.* will defraye the charges of the President and the Counsell of that province.

Eudox. The reckning is easye; but in this accoumpte, by your leave, (me thinkes) you are deceaved, for in this somme of the composition monye ye counte the landes of the undertakers of that province, whoe are, by theyr graunte from the Queene, to be free from all such impositions whatsoever, excepting theyr onelye rent, which is surely
enough.

Iren. Ye say true, I did soe; but the sam
20*s.* for every plowland I ment to have de
ducted out of that rent due upon them t
her Majestie, which is noe hinderaunce, no
charge at all more to her Majestie then i
nowe is, for all that rent which she receave
of them, she putteth foorthe agayne to th
mayntenaunce of the Presidencye there, th
charge wherof it doth scarcely defraye; wher
as in this accoumpte both that charge of th
Presidencye, and also of 1000 souldiours mor
shal be mayntayned.

Eudox. It should be well, if it could b
brought to that. But nowe where will yo
have your thousand men garrisoned?

Iren. I would have 100 of them placed a
the Baintree where is a most fitt place, no
onely to defend all that side of the west part
from forrayne invasion, but also to answer
all occasions of troubles, to which that coun
trey, being soe remote, is very subject. An
surely heere also would be planted a goo
towne, having both a verye good haven an
plentifull fishing, and the lande being al
readye escheated to her Majestie, but forcebl
kepte from her by a ragtayle kerne tha
proclaymeth himselfe the bastarde sonne
the Earle of Clancare, being called Don
Mac Cartye, whom it is meete to fore-see
cutt of; for whensoever the Earle shall dy
all those landes after him are to come un
her Majestie: he is like to make a fow
stirre there, though of himselfe of noe powe
yet through supportaunce of some othe
whoe lye in the winde, and looke after th
fall of that inheritaunce. Another 100 wou
I have placed at Castell-Mayne, whic
should keepe all Desmonde and Kerye, f
it answereth them both most convenientl
Also about Kilmore in the countye of Corc
would I have placed 200, the which shou
breake that nest of theeves there, and aw
sweare equallie both to the countie of Lyn
ericke, and also the countie of Corke: Anoth
hundred would I have lye at Corcke, as we
to comaunde the towne, as also to be ready
for any forreyne occasion: Likewise
Waterford, would I place 200, for the san
reasons, and also for other privye cause
that are noe less important. Moreover
this side of Arlo, neere to Moscrie Whirk
which is the countrey of the Bourkes, abo
Kill-Patricke, I would have 200 more to
garrisoned, which should scoure both th
White Knightes countrey and Arlo, an
Moscrie Whirke, by which places all th

assages of theeves doe lye, which convaye heyre stealthes from all Mounster downewardes towardes Tippararye, and the English Pale, and from the English Pale also up unto Mounster, wherof they use to make a common rade. Besides that, ere long I doubt that he countye of Tippararye it selfe will neede uch a strength in it, which were good to be here readye before the evill fall, that is daylye of some expected: And thus you see ll your garrisons placed.

Eudox. I see it right well, but lett me I pray you) by the way aske you the eason whye in those cittyes of Mounster, amely Waterford and Corcke, ye rather placed garisons then in all thothers in Ireland? For they may thinke themselves o have great wronge to be soe charged above all the rest.

Iren. I will tell you: those two cittyes, above all the rest, doe offer an in-gate to the Spanyards most fitlye, and also the inhabitauntes of them are most ill affected to the English government and most frendes to the Spayniardes; but yet, because they shall not take exceptions to this that they are charged above all the rest, I will also laye a charge upon the others likewise; for indeede t is noe reason that the corporat townes, enjoying greate fraunchises and privileges from her Majestie, and living therby not onlye safe, but drawing to them the wealth of all the lande, should live soe free as not to be partakers of the burthen of this garrison for theyr owne safetye, specially in this time of trouble, and seing all the rest burthened; and therfore I will thus charge them all ratablye, according to theyr abilityes, towardes theyr maintenaunce, the which her Majestie may (yf she please) spare out of the charge of the rest, and reserve towardes her other costes, or els adde to the charge of the Presidencye in the Northe.

Waterforde	100	Wexford	25
Corcke	50	Drogheda	25
Limericke	50	Rosse	25
Gallwaye	50	Dundalke	10
Dingellechooishe	10	Mollingiare	10
Kinsale	10	Newrye	10
Youghill	10	Trimme	10
Kilmallocke	10	Ardye	10
Clonmell	10	Kells	10
Cashell	10	Dublin	100
Fetherte	10		
Kilkennye	25	Somme	580

Eudox. It is easye, Irenæus, to laye a charge upon any towne, but to fore-see howe the same may be answered and defrayed is the cheifest parte of good advisement.

Iren. Surely this charge which I putt upon them I knowe to be soe reasonable as that it will not much be felte; for the porte townes that have benefitt of shipping may cutt it easelye of theyr trading, and all inland townes of theyr corne and cattell: nether doe I see, but since to them speciallye the benefitt of peace doth redounde, that they speciallye should beare the burthen of theyr safegarde and defence, as we see all the townes of the Lowe-Countreyes doe cutt upon themselves an excise of all thinges towarde the mayntenaunce of the warre that is made in theyr behalfe, to which though these are not to be compared in riches, yet are they to be charged according to theyr povertye.

Eudox. But nowe that you have thus sett up these forces of souldiours, and provided well (as ye suppose) for theyr paie, yet there remayneth to fore-cast how they may be vittayled, and where purveyaunce therof may be made; for in Ireland it selfe I cannot see allmost howe any thing is to be had for them, being allreadye so pitifully wasted as it is with this shorte time of warre.

Iren. For the first two yeares indeede it is needefull that they be vittayled out of England throughlye, from halfe yeare to halfe yeare, aforehand, which time the English Pale shall not be burthened at all, but shall have time to recovere itselfe; and Mounster also, being nowe reasonablye well stored, will by that time, (yf God send reasonable weather) be throughlye well furnished to supplye a greate parte of that charge, for I knowe there is greate plentye of corne sente over sea from thence, the which yf they might have sale for at home, they would be gladd to have monye soe neerehand, specially yf they were straightly restrayned from transporting of it. Thereunto also there wil be a greate helpe and furtheraunce given in the putting forward of husbandrye in all meete places, as heereafter shall in due place appeare. But hereafter, when thinges shall growe unto a better strengthe, and the countrey be replenished with corne, as in shorte space it would, yf it be well followed, for the countrey people themselves are great plowers, and small spenders of corne, then would I wish that there should be good store of howses and magasins erected in all those greate places of garrison, and in all great townes, as well for the vittayling of souldiours and shippes, as for all occasions of suddayne services, as also for preventing of all times of dearthe and scarcitye: and this wante is much to be complayned of in England above all other countreyes, whoe, trusting to much to the usuall blessing of the earthe, doe never forecast any such harde seasons, nor any such suddayne occasions as these troublous times may everye day bring foorth, when it will be to late to gather provision from abrode, and to bring it perhaps from farre for the furnishing of shippes or souldiours, which peradventure may neede to be presently employed, and whose wante may (which God forbidd) happyle hazzarde a kingdome.

Eudox. Indeede the wante of these magasins of vittayls, I have hearde oftentimes complayned of in England, and wondred at in other countreyes, but that is nothing nowe to our purpose; but as for these garrisons which ye have nowe soe strongly plaunted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with souldiours, shall there be noe end of them? For nowe thus being (me seemes) I doe see rather a countrey of warre then of peace and quiet, which ye earst pretended to worke in Ireland; for if you bringe all thinges to that quietness which you sayd, what neede then to mayntayne soe great forces as you have charged upon it?

Iren. I will unto you, Eudoxus, in privitye discover the drifte of my purpose: I meane (as I tolde you) and doe well hope heereby both to settell an eternall peace in that countrey, and also to make it verye profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must be brought in by a stronge hand, and soe continued, till it runne in a stedfast course of government, the which in this sorte will neither be difficile nor daungerous; for the souldiour being once brought in for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it and Connaughte, I will not have him to laye downe his armes any more, till he have effected that which I purpose; that is, first to have this generall composition for the mayntenaunce of these throughout all the realme, in regarde of the troublous times, and daylye daunger which is threatned to this realme by the King of Spayne: And therupon to bestowe all my souldiours in such sorte as I have done, that noe parte of all that realme shal be able or dare soe much as to quinche. Then will I eftsones bring in my reformation, and therupon establish such an order of government as I may thinke meetest for the good of that realme, which being once established, and all thinges pu into a right way, I doubt not but they wi runne on fayrely. And though they wou ever seeke to swarve aside, yet shall the not be able without forreyne violence onc to remove, as you your selfe shall soone (hope) in your own reason readely conceave which yf ever it shall appeare, then ma her Majestie at pleasure with-drawe som of her garrisons, and turne theyr paye int her purse, or yf she will never please soe t doe (which I would rather wish), then sha she have a number of brave old souldiou allwayes readye for any occasion that sh will imploye them unto, supplying they garrisons with fresh ones in theyr steede the mayntenaunce of whom shal be n more charge to her Majestie then nowe tha realme is; for all the revennue therof, an much more, she spendeth, even in the mos peaceable times that are there, as thinge nowe stand. And in time of warre, whic is nowe surelye every seaventh yeare, sh spendeth infinite treasure besides to smal purpose.

Eudox. I perceave your purpose; bu nowe that you have thus strongly mad waye unto your reformation, as that I se the people soe humbled and prepared tha they will and must yeelde to any ordenaunc that shal be given them, I doe much desir to understand the same; for in the beginning you promised to shewe a mean howe to redresse all those inconvenience and abuses, which you shewed to be in tha state of government, which nowe stande there, as in the lawes, customes, and religion: wherin I would gladly knowe firs whether, insteede of those lawes, ye woul have newe lawes made? for nowe, for ough that I see, you may doe what you please.

Iren. I see, Eudoxus, that you well remember our first purpose, and doe rightl continue the course therof. First therfor to speake of Lawes, since we first begonn with them, I doe not thinke it convenient though nowe it be in the power of th Prince to change all the lawes and mak newe; for that should breede a great trouble and confusion, as well in the Englis now dwelling there and to be plaunted, as als in the Irish. For the English, having ben trayned up allwayes in the English government, will hardly be enured unto any othe and the Irish will better be drawen to th English, then the English to the Iris government. Therfore since we canno nowe applye lawes fitt for the people, as i ıe first institution of common-wealthes it ught to be, we will applye the people, and tt them to the lawes, as it most conveiently may be. The lawes therfore we esolve shall abide in the same sorte that hey doe, both Common Lawe and Stattes, onelye such defectes in the Common ,awe, and inconveniences in the Statutes, s in the beginning we noted and as men of leepe insight shall advise, may be chaunged oy some other newe Actes and ordinaunces o be by a Parliament there confirmed: As hose of tryalls of Pleas of the Crowne, and orivate rightes betwene partyes, colourable conveyaunces, accessaryes, &c.

Eudox. But howe will those be redressed oy Parliament, when as the Irish which sway most in Parliament (as you sayd), shall oppose themselves agaynst them?

Iren. That may nowe be well avoyded: For nowe that soe many Free-holders of English shal be established, they togither with Burgesses of townes, and such other loyall Irish-men as may be preferred to be Knightes of the Shire, and such like, wil be able to bearde and counter-poise the rest; whoe also, being nowe broughte more in awe, will the more easely submitt to any such ordinaunces as shal be for the good of themselves, and that realme generallye.

Eudox. You say well for the increase of Freeholders, for theyre numbers will hereby be greatlye augmented; but howe shall it pass through the higher howse, which will still consist all of Irish?

Iren. Marye, that also may well be redressed by the example of that which I have hearde was done in the like case by King Edward the Thirde (as I remember), whoe, being greatly bearded and crossed by the Lordes of the Cleargye, they being then by reason of the Lordes Abbots and others, to manye and to stronge for him, soe as he could not for theyr frowardness order and reforme thinges as he desired, was advised to directe out his writtes to certayne Gentellmen of the best abilitye and trust, entitling them therin Barrons, to serve and sitt as Barrons in the next Parliament. By which meanes he had soe many Barrons in his Parliament, as were able to waigh downe the Cleargye and theyr frendes; the which Barrons they say, were not afterwardes Lordes, but only Barronetts, as sundrye of them doe yet retayne the name. And by the like devise her Majestie may nowe likewise courbe and cutt shorte these Irish and unrulye Lordes that hinder all good proceedinges.

Eudox. It seemeth noe less then for reforming of all those inconvenient statutes that ye noted in the beginning, and redressing of all those evill customes, and lastly, for settling sound religion amongest them: me thinkes ye shall not neede any more to goe over those particulars agayne, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembred, but to leave all to the reformation of such Parliamentes, in which, by the good care of the Lord Deputye and Counsell they may all be amended. Therfore nowe you may come to that generall reformation which you spake of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you sayd all men should be contayned in dutye ever after, without the terrour of warlicke forces, or violent wrestinge of thinges by sharpe punnishments.

Iren. I will soe at your pleasure, the which (me seemes) can by noe meanes be better plotted then by example of such other realmes as have bene annoyed with like evills, that Ireland nowe is, and useth still to be. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest, by reporte of the Chronicles and auncient writers, that it was greatlye infested with robbers and out-lawes, which lurked in woodes and fast places, whence they used oftentimes to breake foorthe into the highe wayes, and sometimes into the small villages to robbe and spoyle. For redress wherof it is written that King Allured, or Alfred, who then raigned, did devide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundrethes, and the hundrethes into rapes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tithinges: Soe that tenn tithinges made an hundrethe, and five made a lathe or wapentake, of which tenn, ech one was bounde for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tithingman or Burseholder that is, the eldest pledge, became suretye for all the rest. Soe that yf any one of them did starte into any undutifull action, the Burseholder was bounde to bringe him foorthe, whoe joyning eft-sones with all his tithing, would followe that loose person through all places, till they broughte him in. And yf all that tithing fayled, then all that lath was charged for that tythinge, and if that lath failed, then all the hundred was demaunded for them; and yf the hundred, then the shire, whoe, joyning eft-sones togither, would not rest till they had founde out and delivered in that undutifull fellowe which was not amenable to lawe. And herin it seemeth, that that good Saxon King followed the Counsell of Jethro to Moyses, whoe advised him to devide the people into hundredes, and to sett Captaynes and wise men of trust over them, which should take the charge of them, and ease him of that burthen. And soe did Romulus (as you may reade) devide the Romaynes into tribes, and the tribes into Centuries or hundreds. By this ordinaunce the King brought this realme of England, (which before was most troublesome) into that quiett state, that noe one badd person could starte but he was straight taken holde of by those of his owne tithing, and theyr Burseholder, whoe being his neghbour or next kinsman were privye to all his wayes, and looked narrowlye into his life. The which institution (yf it were observed in Ireland) would woorke that effecte which it did then in England, and keepe all men within the compass of dutye and obedience.

Eudox. This is contrarye to that you sayde before; for, (as I remember,) you sayd there was a greate disproportion betwene England and Ireland, soe as the lawes which were fitting for one would not fitt the other. Howe comes it then, nowe, that you would transferre a principall institution from England to Ireland?

Iren. This lawe was made not by a Norman Conquerour, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as nowe it standes: for it was (as I tolde you) greatlye annoyed with robbers and outlawes, which troubled the whole state of the realme, everye corner having a Robin Hoode in it, that kepte the woodes, and spoyled all passagers and inhabitauntes, as Ireland nowe hath; soe as, me seemes, this ordinaunce would fitt verye well, and bring them all into awe.

Eudox. Then, when you have thus tithed the comunaltye, as ye say, and set Burseholders over them all, what would ye doe when ye come to the gentellmen? would ye holde the same course?

Iren. Yea, marye, most speciallye; for this you must knowe, that all the Irish allmost boast themselves to be gentellmen, noe less then the Welsh; for yf he can derive himselfe from the head of a septe, as most of them can, (and they are experte by theyr Bardes,) then he holdeth himselfe a gentellman, and therupon scorneth eftsones to woorke, or use any handye labour, which he sayeth is the life of a peasaunte or churle; but thencefoorth becometh either an horseboy, or a stokaghe to some kearne, enuring
himselfe to his weapon, and to his gent
trade of stealing, (as they counte it.) S
that yf a gentellman, or any woorthy yeoman
them, have any children, the eldest perha
shal be kept in some order, but all the re
shall shifte for themselves, and fall to th
occupation. And moreover it is a comm
use amongest some of theyr best gentellme
sonnes, that soe soone as they are able to u
theyre weapons, they straight gather
themselves three or fowre stragglers,
kerne, with whom wandring a while ide
up and downe the countrey, taking onely
meate, he at last falleth into some bac
occasion that shal be offred, which bein
once made knowen, he is thencefoort
counted a man of woorthe, in whome there
couradge; wherupon there drawe unto hi
many other like loose yong men, whic
stirring him up with encouradgement, pr
voke him shortly to flatt rebellion; and th
happenes not onlye sometimes in the sonn
of theyr gentellmen, but oftentimes also
theyr nobellmen, speciallye of theyr bas
sonnes, as there are fewe without some
them. For they are not ashamed onely
acknowledge them, but also boast of the
and use them in such secrett services as the
themselves will not be seene in, as to plagu
theyr enemyes, to spoyle theyr neghbour
to oppress and crush some of their owne
stubburne free-holders, which are not trac
able to theyr bad willes. Two such ba
tardes of the Lord Roches there are nowe o
in Mounster whom he doth not onely cou
tenaunce but also privilye mayntayne an
releive mightely against his tenauntes; suc
other is there of the Earle of Clancartye
Desmonde, and many others in many mo
places.

Eudox. Then it seemes that this ordi
aunce of tithing them by the polle is n
onelye fitt for the gentellmen, but also f
the nobellmen, whom I would have thoug
to have bene of soe honorable myndes,
that they should not neede such a bas
kinde of being bounde to theyr alleageaunc
who should rather have helde in and stay
all others from undutifulness, then neede
be forced thereunto themselves.

Iren. Yet soe it is, Eudoxus; but y
because the nobellmen cannot be tithed, ther
being not many tithinges in them, and als
because a Burseholder over them should n
onlye be a greate indignitye, but also a daung
to add more power to them then they hav
or to make one the commaunder of tenn,
hold it meete that there were onely suretye

taken of them, and one bounde for another, whereby, yf any shall swarve, his suretyes shall for safegarde of theyr bandes either bring him in, or seeke to serve upon him: and besides this, I would wish them all to be sworne to her Majestie, which they never yet were, but at theyr first creation; and that oath would sure contayne them greatlye, or the breache of it bring them to shorter vengeaunce, for God useth to punnish perjurye sharpelye. Soe I reade, that in the raigne of Edwarde the Second, and also of Henry the Seaventh, (when the times were verye broken) that there was a corporat oth taken of all the lordes and best gentell-men, of fealtye to the King, which nowe is noe less needfull, because many of them are suspected to have taken another othe privilye to some badd purposes, and therupon to have receaved the Sacrament, and bene sworne to a preist, which they thinke bindeth them more then theyr alleageaunce to theyr Prince, or love of theyr countrey.

Eudox. This tithing of that common-people, and taking suretyes of lordes and gentellmen, I like verye well, but that it wilbe very troublesome: should it not be as well to have them all booked, and the lordes and gentell-men to take all the meaner sorte upon themselves? for they are best able to bring them in, whensoever any of them tarteth out.

Iren. This indeede (Eudoxus) hath bene hitherto, and yet is a common order amongest them, to have all the people booked by the ordes and gentellmen, but yet it is the woorst order that ever was devised; for by this booking of men all the inferiour sorte are brought under the comaunde of theyr lordes, and forced to followe them into any action whatsoever. Nowe this you are to understand, that all the rebellions that you see from time to time happen in Ireland are not begonne by the common people, but by the ordes and captaynes of countreyes, upon pride or willfull obstinacye agaynst the government, which whensoever they will enter nto, they drawe with them all theyr people nd followers, which thinke themselves bounde to goe with them, because they have booked them and undertaken for them. And this is the reason that ye have fewe such badd occasions here in England, by reason that the noblemen, however they should happen to be ill disposed, should have noe commaunde at all over the comunaltye, though dwelling under them, because that everye man standeth uppon himselfe, and buildeth his fortunes upon his owne fayth and firme assuraunce: the which this manner of tithing the polls will woorke also in Ireland. For by this the people are broken into many small partes, like litle streames, that they cannot easely come togither into one head, which is the principall regarde that is *to* be had in Ireland to keepe them from growing to such a head, and adhering unto great men.

Eudox. But yet I can not see howe this can be well brought, without doing great wrong to the noblemen there; for at the conquest of that realme, those great segnioryes and lordships were given them by the King, that they should be the stronger agaynst the Irish, by the multitude of followers and tenauntes under them: all which hold theyr tenementes of them by fealtye, and such services, whereby they are (by the first graunt of the King) made bounde unto them, and tyed to rise out with them into all occasions of service. And this I have often hearde, that when the Lord Deputye hath raysed any generall hostinges, the noblemen have claymed the leading of them, by graunte from the Kinges of England under the Greate Seale exhibited; soe as the Deputyes would not refuse them to have the leading of them, or, yf they did, they would soe woorke, as none of theyr followers should rise foorthe to the hosting.

Iren. You say verye true; but will you see the fruite of these grauntes? I have knowen when these lordes have had the leading of theyr owne followers under them to the generall hosting, that they have for the same cutt upon every plowland within theyr countrey 40*s.* or more, wherebye some of them have gathered above 7 or 800*l.*, and others much more, into theyr purse, in lieu wherof they have gathered unto themselves a nomber of loose kearne out of all partes, which they have carryed foorth with them, to whom they never gave pennye of entertaynement, allowed by the countrey or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countreyes, and extort upon all men where they come; for that people will never aske better entertaynement then to have a colour of service or employment given them, by which they will poll and spoyle soe outragiously, as the verye Enemye can not doe much woorse; and they also sometimes turne to the Enemyes.

Eudox. It seemes the first intent of these grauntes was agaynst the Irish, which nowe some of them use agaynst the Queene her selfe. But nowe what remedye is there for this? Or howe can these grauntes of the Kinges be avoyded, without wronging of those lordes which had those landes and lordships given them?

Iren. Surely they may be well enough; for most of those lordes, since theyr first grauntes from the Kinges by which these landes were given them, have sithence bestowed the most parte of them amongest theyr kinsfolkes, as every lorde perhaps in his time hath given one or other of his principall castells to his yonger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amplye as they were given to him; and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which were not in theyr first graunte, which nowe nevertheless they bring within the compass therof, and take and exacte upon them, as upon their first demeanes, all those kinde of services, yea and the verye wilde Irish exactions, as Coignye and Liverye, for him, and such like, by which they poll and utterly undoe the poore tenauntes and freeholders unto them, which either through ignoraunce knowe not theyr tenures, or through greatness of theyr newe lordes dare not challenge them; yea, and some lordes of countreyes also, as greate ones as themselves, are nowe by strong hand brought under them, and made theyr vassalls. As for example Arondell of Stronde in the Countye of Corcke, whoe was aunciently a greate lorde, and was able to spend 3500*l.* by the yeare, as appeareth by good Recordes, is nowe become the Lord Barryes man, and doth to him all the services which are due unto her Majestie. For reformation of all which, it were good that a commission should be graunted foorth under the Great Seale, as I have seene once recorded in the old counsell booke of Mounster; It was sent foorthe in the time of Sir William Drurye unto persons of speciall trust and judgement, to enquire throughout all Ireland, beginning with one countye first, and soe resting a while till the same were settled, by the verdicte of a sounde and substantiall jurye, how everye man holdeth his landes, of whom, and by what tenure, soe that everye one should be admitted to shewe and exhibite what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in cheif or in socadge, or in knightes service, or howe else soever. Therupon would appeare, first howe all those greate English lordes doe clayme those great services, what segnioryes they usurpe, what wardeships they take from the Queene, what landes of hers they conceale: and then howe those Irish captaynes of countreyes have encroched upon the Queenes free-holders an tenauntes, howe they have translated th tenures of them from English holding unt Irish Tanistrie, and defeated her Majestie c all the rightes and dutyes which are t accrewe to her therout, as wardeship liveryes, mariadges, fines of alienations, an manye other comodityes; which nowe ar kepte and concealed from her Majestie to th value of 60,000*l.* yearely, I dare undertak in all Ireland, by that which I knowe in on countye.

Eudox. This, Irenæus, would seeme daungerous commission, and readye to stirr up all the Irish into rebellion, whoe knowin that they have nothing to shewe for all thos landes which thoy holde, but theyr swoordes would rather drawe them then suffer they landes to be thus drawen away from them.

Iren. Nether should theyr landes be take away from them, nor the uttermost advauntages enforced agaynst them: But this b discretion of the commissioners should b made knowen unto them, that it is not he Majesties meaning to use any such extremitye, but onely to reduce thinges int order of English lawe, and make them to hol theyr landes of her Majestie, and restore t her her due services, which they detayne ou of those landes which were aunciently hel of her. And that they should not onelye no be thrust out, but also have estates an grauntes of theyr landes nowe made to them from her Majestie, soe as they should thencefoorth holde them rightfullye, which they nowe usurpe most wrongfullye; and yet withall I would wish, that in all those Irish countreyes there were some land reserved t her Majesties free disposition for the bette contayning of the rest, and entermedlin them with English inhabitauntes and customes, that knowledge might still be had by them, and of all theyr doinges, soe as noe manner of practize or conspiracye should be had in hand amongest them, but notice shoul be given therof by one meanes or other, an theyr practises prevented.

Eudox. Trulye neither can the English nor yet the Irish lords, thinke themselves wronged, nor hardlye dealt withall herin, to have that indeede which is none of they owne at all, but her Majesties absolutly, given to them with such equall condicions, as that both they may be assured therof, better then they are, and also her Majestie not defrauded of her right utterlye; for it is a grea grace in a prince, to take that with condicions which is absolutely her owne. Thus shall the rish be well satisfyed, and as for the great en which had such grauntes made them at rst by the Kinges of England, it was in re- arde that they should keepe out the Irish, and efend the Kinges right, and his subjectes: but owe seeing that, insteede of defending them, hey robbe and spoyle them, and, insteede of eeping out the Irish, they doe not onelye ake the Irish theyr tenauntes in those ndes, and thrust out the English, but also ey themselves become meere Irish, with arrying with them, fostring with them, d combining with them agaynst the Queene; hat reason is there but that those grauntes d priviledges should be either revoked, or at ast reduced to the first intention for which ey were graunted? For sure in myne pinion they are more sharply to be chastised d reformed then the rude Irish, which, being erye wilde at the first, are nowe become omewhat more civill, when as these from vilitye are growen to be wilde and meere rish.

Iren. Indeede as you say, Eudoxus, these e neede a sharper reformation then the erye Irish, for they are much more stubborne, d disobedient to lawe and government, then e Irish be, and more malicious to the Eng- sh that daylye are sent over.

Eudox. Is it possible I pray you? Howe omes it to pass, and what may be the reason erof?

Iren. Marye! they say that the lande is eyrs onely by right, being first conquered by eyr auncestours, and that they are wronged y the newe English mens intruding therunto, hom they call Alloonagh with as greate re- roche as they would rate a dogge. And for at some of theyr auncestours were in times ast (when they were civill and incorrupted) ustices and Deputyes of the lande, they thinke at the like authoritye should be given to em, and the charge of the realme left in eyr handes; which, for that they see it nowe therwise disposed, and that trust not given em (which theyr auncestours had) they inke themselves greatly indignifyed and dis- raced, and thereby growe both discontented d undutifull.

Eudox. In truth, Irenæus, this is more then ver I hearde, that English-Irish there should e woorse then the wilde Irish: Lord! howe uickly doth that countrey alter mens natures! t is not for nothing (I perceave) that I have eard, that the Counsell of England thinke it oe good pollicie to have that realme reformed, r planted with English, least they should rowe as undutifull as the Irish, and become much more daungerous: as appeareth by the example of the Lacies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spoke of, that shooke of theyr alleageaunce to theyr naturall Prince, and turned to the Scott (Edward le Bruce), devising to make him King of Ireland.

Iren. Noe times have bene without badd men: but as for that purpose of the Counsell of England, which ye spake of, that they should keepe that realme from reformation, I thinke they are most lewdly abused, for theyr great carefulness and earnest endevours doe witness the contrarye. Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the badd myndes of them, whoe having bene brought up at home under a straight rule of dutye and obedience, being allwayes restrayned by sharpe penaltyes from lewde behaviour, soe soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slacklye tended, and the harde restraynt which they were used unto nowe slacked, they growe more loose and careless of theyr dutye: and as it is the nature of all men to love libertye, soe they become flatt libertines, and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the lawe, through the presumption of favour and frendship, then any Irish dare.

Eudox. Then yf that be soe, (me thinkes) your late advisement was every evill, wherby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinckled with the English, and in all the Irish countreyes to have English plaunted amongest them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English be sooner drawen to the Irish then the Irish to the English: for as you sayd before, if they must runne with the streame, the greater number will carrye away the less: Therfore (me seemes) by this reason it should be better to parte the Irish and English, then to mingle them togither.

Iren. Not soe, Eudoxus; for where there is noe good stay of government, and strong ordinaunces to holde them, there indeede the fewer will followe the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe formost, and the woorse shall followe. And therfore nowe, since Ireland is full of her owne nation, that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English allreadye, and more to be, I thinke it best by an union of manners, and conformitye of myndes, to bring them to be one people, and to putt away the dislikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which wil be by noe meanes better then by this entermingling of them: That neither all the Irish may dwell togither, nor all the English, but by translating of them and scattring of them by small numbers amongest the English, not onely to bring them by dailye conversation unto better liking of ech other, but also to make both of them less able to hurte. And therfore when I come to the tithing of them, I will tithe them one with another, and for the most parte will make an Irish man the tithing man, wherby he shall take the less exception to parcialitye, and yet be the more tyed thereby. But when I come to the Headborough, which is the head of the Lathe, him will I make an English man, or an Irish man of noe small assuraunce: as also when I come to appoynte the Alderman, that is the head of that hundred, him will I surely choose to be an English man of speciall regarde, that may be a staye and piller of all the bouroughes under him.

Eudox. What doe you meane by your hundred, and what by your bourough? By that, which I have reade in auncient recordes of England, an hundred did contayne an hundreth villages, or as some say an hundreth plowlandes, being the same which the Saxons called a Cantred; the which cantred, as I finde recorded in the blacke booke of Ireland, did contayne 30 Villatas terræ, which some call, quarters of land, and every Villata can maintayne 400 cowes in pasture, and the 400 cowes to be devided into fowre heardes, so as none of them shall come neere another: every Villata containeth 17 plowlands, as is there sett downe. And by that which I have reade of a bourough it signifieth a free towne, which had a principall officer, called a headbourough, to become ruler, and undertaker for all the dwellers under him, having for the same fraunchises and priviledges graunted them by the King, wherof it was called a free bourough, and of the lawyers *Franciplegium*.

Iren. Both that which you say, Eudoxus, is true, and yet that which I say not untrue; for that which ye spake of deviding the countrey into hundreds was a division of the landes of the realme, but this which I tell, was of the people, whoe were thus devided by the poll: soe that an hundreth in this sense signifieth an hundreth pledges, which were under the comaunde and assuraunce of theyr alderman, the which (as I suppose) was also called a wapentake, soe named of touching the wapen or sparke of theyr alderman, and swearing to followe him faythfullye and serve theyr Prince trulye. But others thinke that a wapentake was 10 hundreds or bouroughs: Likewise a bouroughe, as I here use it, and as the old lawe still use it, is no
bourough towne, as they nowe call it, that
a fraunchise towne, but a mayne pledge of
hundreth free persons, therfore called a fr
bourough or (as ye say) *franciplegium*: F
Borh in old Saxon signifyeth a pledge
suretye, and yet it is soe used with us in so
speaches, as Chaucer sayeth; St. John
borrowe, that is for assuraunce and warrant

Eudox. I conceave the difference. B
nowe that ye have thus devided the peo
into those tithinges and hundreds, howe w
you have them soe preserved and continue
For people doe often chaunge theyr dwe
inges, and some must dye, whilst otherso
doe growe up unto strength of yeares, a
become men.

Iren. These hundreds I would wish th
to assemble themselves once every ye
with theyr pledges, and to present the
selves before the justices of the peace, whi
shal be thereunto appoynted, to be survey
and numbred, to see what chaunge ha
happened since the yeare before; and t
defectes to supplye of those yong plaun
late growen up, the which are diligently
be overlooked and viewed of what condic
and demeanour they be, soe as pledges m
be taken for them, and they putt into or
of some tithing: of all which alterations n
is to be taken, and bookes made thereof
cordingly.

Eudox. Nowe (me thinkes) Irenæus,
are to be warned to take heede, least u
wares ye fall into that inconvenience whi
you formerly found faulte with in othe
namely, that by this booking of them, y
doe not gather them unto a newe head, a
having broken theyr former strengthe,
not agayne unite them more stronglye:
everye alderman, having all these free pled
of his hundred under his comaund, (
thinkes) yf he be ill disposed, may drawe
his companie unto any evill action. A
likewise, by this assembling of them onc
yeare unto theyr alderman by theyr wape
takes, take heede least ye also give them
casion and meanes to practise any harme
any conspiracye.

Iren. Neither of both is to be doubt
for the aldermen and headbouroughes w
not be such men of power and countenaun
of themselves, being to be chosen thereun
as neede to be feared: Neither, yf he were,
his hundred at his comaunde further then
Princes service; and also everye tithing-m
may controll him in such a case. And as
the assembling of the hundred, much less

ny daunger therof to be doubted, seing it is o be before a justice of peace, or some high onstable to be thereunto appoynted: Soe as f these tithinges there can noe perill ensue, ut a certayne assuraunce of peace and great ood; for they are thereby withdrawen from heyr lordes, and subjected to theyr Prince. Ioreover for the better breaking of those eades and septs, which (I tolde you) was ne of the greatest strengthes of the Irish, ne thinkes, it should doe very well to renewe hat old statute in Ireland that was made in he realme of England (in the raigne of Edward the Fourth), by which it was commaunded, that wheras all men then used to be alled by the name of theyr septs, according to heyr severall nations, and had noe surnames t all, that from thencefoorth ech one should ake unto himselfe a severall surname, either f his trade or facultye, or of some qualitye f his body or mynd, or of the place where he lwelt, soe as everye one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most arte, wherby they shall not onely not depend pon the head of theyr sept, as nowe they loe, but also shall in shorte time learne quite o forgett this Irish nation. And heerewithall vould I also wish all the Oes and Macks, vhich the heads of the septs have taken to heyr names, to be utterlye forbidden and extinguished; for that the same being an old nanner (as some say) first made by O-Brien or the strengthning of the Irish, the abrogating therof will as much enfeeble them.

Eudox. I like this ordinaunce verye well; out nowe that ye have thus devided and distinguished them, what other order will ye ake for theyr manner of life? For all this, hough perhaps it may keepe them from lisobedience and disloyaltye, yet will it not oring them from theyr barbarisme and savadge life.

Iren. The next thing that I will doe shalbe to appointe to everye one, that is not ible to live of his free-holde, a certayne trade of life, to which he shall finde himselfe fittest, nd shalbe thought ablest, the which trade e shalbe bounde to followe, and live onely herupon. All trades therfore, it is to be understood, are to be of three kindes, manuall, ntellectuall, and mixt. The first contayning all such as needeth exercise of bodylye abour to the perfourmaunce of theyr profession; the other consisting onelye of the exercise of witt and reason; the third sort, partly of bodelye labour, and partly of witt, out depending most of industrye and carefullness. Of the first sorte be all handycraftes and husbandrye labour. Of the second be all sciences, and those which are called the liberall artes. Of the thirde is marchandize and chafferie, that is, buying and selling; and without all these three there is noe commonwealth can allmost consist, or at the least be perfect. But that wretched realme of Ireland wanteth the most principall of them, that is, the intellectuall; therfore in seeking to reforme her state it is specially to be looked unto. But because of husbandrye, which supplyeth unto us all necessarye thinges for foode, wherby we cheifly live, therfore it is first to be provided for. The first thing therfore that we are to drawe these newe tithed men unto, ought to be husbandrye. First, because it is the most easye to be learned, needing onely the labour of the bodye; next, because it is most generall and most needefull; then, because it is most naturall; and lastlye, because it is most enemy to warre, and most hateth unquiettness: As the Poet sayeth,

——'bella execrata colonis:'

for husbandrye being the nurse of thrift, and the daughter of industrye and labour, detesteth all that may woorke her hinderaunce, and distroye the travell of her handes, whose hope is all her lives comforte unto the plowgh: therfore all those Kearne, Stokaghs, and Horseboyes are to be driven and made to employe that ablenesse of bodye, which they were wonte to use to thefte and villanye, hencefoorth to labour and industrye. In the which, by that time they have spente but a litle payne, they will finde such sweetness and happy contentment, that they will afterwardes hardly be hayled away from it, or drawen to theyr woonted lewde life in theeverye and rogerye. And being thus once entred thereunto, they are not onely to be countenaunced and encouradged by all good meanes, but also provided that theyr children after them may be brought up likewise in the same, and succeede in the roomes of theyr fathers. To which end there is a Statute in Ireland allreadye well provided, which commaundeth that all the sonnes of husbandmen shal be trayned up in theyr fathers trade, but it is (God wote) very slenderlye executed.

Eudox. But doe you not counte, in this trade of husbandrye, pasturing of cattell, and keeping of theyr cowes, for that is reckned as a parte of husbandrye?

Iren. I knowe it is, and needfullye to be used, but I doe not meane to allowe anye of those able bodyes, which are able to use bodely labour, to followe a fewe cowes grasing, but such impotent persons, as being unable for strong travell, are yet able to drive cattell to and fro the pasture; for this keeping of cowes is of it selfe a verye idle life, and a fitt nurserye of a theefe. For which cause ye remember that I disliked the Irish manner of keeping Bolyes in Sommer upon the mountaynes, and living after that savadge sorte. But yf they will algates feede many cattell, or keepe them on the mountaynes, lett them make some townes neere the mountaynes side, where they may dwell togither with neghbours, and be conversaunt in the viewe of the world. And, to say truth, though Ireland be by nature counted a great soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer cowes kept, and men better mannered, then to have such huge encrease of cattell, and noe encrease of good condicions. I would therfore wish that there were made some ordinaunces amongest them, that whosoever keepeth twentye kine should keepe a plough going, for otherwise all men would fall to pasturing, and none to husbandrye, which is a great cause of this dearth nowe in England, and a cause of the usuall stealthes nowe in Ireland: For looke into all countreyes that live in such sorte by keeping of cattell, and you shall finde that they are both verye barbarous and uncivill, and also greatly given to warre. The Tartarians, the Muscovites, the Norwayes, the Gothes, the Armenians, and many others doe witness the same. And therefore since nowe we purpose to drawe the Irish from desire of warres and tumults, to the love of peace and civilitye, it is expedient to abridge theyr great custome of hearding, and augment theyr more trade of tillage and husbandrye. As for other occupations and trades, they neede not to be enforced to, but every man bounde onelye to followe one that he thinkes himselfe aptest for. For other trades of artificers wil be occupied for verye necessitye, and constrayned use of them; and soe likewise will marchandise for the gayne therof; but learning, and bringing up in liberall sciences, will not come of it selfe, but must be drawen on with straight lawes and ordinaunces: And therfore it were meete that such an acte were ordayned, that all the sonnes of lordes, gentellmen, and such others as are able to bring them up in learning, should be trayned up therin from theyr child-hoode. And for that end everye parrish should be forced to keepe one pettye school-master, adjoyning to the parish church, to be the more in viewe, which should bring up theyr children in the first rudimentes of letters: and that, in everye countre or barronye, they should keepe an other abl school-master, which should instructe then in grammer, and in the principles of science to whom they should be compelled to sen theyr youth to be disciplined, wherby the will in shorte time growe up to that civil conversation, that both the children will lot theyr former rudeness in which they wer bredd, and also the parentes will, even b the example of theyr yong children, perceav the fowleness of theyr owne brutish behaviour compared to theyrs: for learning hat that wonderfull power in it selfe, that it ca soften and temper the most sterne and savag nature.

Eudox. Surelye I am of your mynd, tha nothing will bring them from theyr uncivil life sooner then learning and discipline, nex after the knowledge and feare of God. An therfore I doe still expect, that ye shoul come therunto, and sett some order for reformation of religion, which is first to be respected according to the saying of CHRIST, 'Firs seeke the kingdome of heaven, and the righteousnes therof.'

Iren. I have in mynde soe to doe; bu lett me (I pray you) first finish that which had in hand, wherby all the ordinaunce which shall afterwardes be sett for religio may abide the more firmelye, and be observe more diligentlye. Nowe that this people i thus tithed and ordered, and everye on bound unto some honest trade of life, whic shal be particularly entred and sett downe i the tithing booke, yet perhaps there wil b some stragglers and runnagates which will no of themselves come in and yeeld themselve to this order, and yet after the well finishin of this present warre, and establishing of th garrisons in all strong places of the countrey where theyre woonted refuge was most, I do suppose there will fewe stand out, or yf the doe, they will shortly be brought in by th eares: But yet afterwardes, least any on of these should swarve, or any that is tyed t a trade should afterwardes not followe th same, according to this institution, but shoul straggle up and downe the countrey, or mich in corners amongest theyr frendes idlye, a Carooghs, Bardes, Jesters, and such like, would wish that there were a Provost Marsha appoynted in everye shire, which should continuallye walke through the countrey, wit halfe a douzen, or half a score of horsemen, t take up such loose persons as they shoul finde thus wandring, whom he should punnis y his owne authoritye, with such paynes as he persons should seeme to deserve : for yf he e but once taken soe idlye roging, he may unnish him more lightlye, as with stockes, r such like; but yf he be founde agayne soe oytring, he may scourge him with whippes, or oddes, after which yf he be agayne taken, lett im have the bitterness of the marshall lawe. ikewise yf any relickes of the old rebellion e founde by him, that have not either come and submitted themselves to the lawe, or hat having once come in, doe breake foorthe gayne, or walke disorderlye, lett them taste f the same cupp in Gods name; for it was ue unto them for theyr first guilte, and nowe eing revived by theyr later looseness, lett hem have theyr first desarte, as nowe being ounde unfitt to live in a commonwealth.

Eudox. This were a good manner; but me hinkes it is an unnecessarye charge, and lso unfitt to continue the name or forme of ny marshall lawe, when as there is a proper fficer allreadye appoynted for these turnes, o witt the sheriff of the shire, whose peculiar ffice it is to walke continuallye up and owne his baly-wick, as ye would have a arshall, to snatche up all those runnagates nd unprofitable members, and to bring them his goale to be punnished for the same. herfore this may well be spared.

Iren. Not soe, me seemes; for though the herriff have this authoritye of himselfe to ake up all such stragglers, and imprison hem, yet shall he not doe soe much good, or woorke that terrour in the hartes of them, hat a marshall shall, whom they shall knowe have power of life and death in such cases, nd speciallye to be appoynted for them: either doth it hinder but that, though pertayne to the sherriff, the sherriff may oe therin what he can, and yet the marshall ay walke his course besides; for both of em may doe the more good, and more rrifye the idle rogues, knowing that though e have a watche upon the one, yet he may ght upon the other. But this proviso is eedefull to be had in this case, that the eriff may not have the like power of life s the marshall hath, and as heertofore they ave bene accustomed; for it is daungerous give power of life into the handes of him hich may have benefitt by the partyes eath, as, yf the sayd loose liver have any oods of his owne, the Sherriff is to seaze erupon, wherby it hath often come to pass, at some that have not deserved perhaps dgement of death, though otherwise perhaps ffending, have bene for theyr goodes sake caught up, and carryed straight to the boughe; a thing indeede very pittiful and verye horrible. Therfore by noe meanes I would wish the Sherriff to have such authoritye, nor yet to emprison that loosell till the sessions, for soe all gayles might soone be filled, but to send him to the Marshall, whoe, eftsones finding him faultye, shall give him meete correction, and ridd him away foorthwith.

Eudox. I doe nowe perceave your reason well. But come we nowe to that wherof we earst spake, I mean, to religion and religious men; What order will you sett amongest them?

Iren. For religion litle have I to saye, my selfe being (as I sayd) not professed therin, and it selfe being but one, soe as there is but one waye therin; for that which is true onelye is, and the rest are not at all, yet in planting of religion thus much is needfull to be observed, that it be not sought forcebly to be impressed into them with terrour and sharpe penalties, as nowe is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildeness and gentleness, soe as it may not be hated afore it be understood, and theyr Professors dispised and rejected. For this I knowe that the most of the Irish are soe farre from understanding of the popish religion as they are of the protestauntes profession; and yet doe they hate it though unknowen, even for the very hatred which they have of the English and theyr government. Therfore it is expedient that some discreete Ministers of theyr owne countrey-men be first sent amongest them, which by theyr milde persuasions and instructions, as also by theyr sober life and conversation, may drawe them first to understand, and afterwardes to embrace, the doctrine of theyr salvation; for yf that the auncient godly Fathers, which first converted them, beinge infidells, to the faith, were able to drawe them from Infidelitye and paganisme to the true beleefe in Christ, as St. Pattricke, and St. Columbi howe much more easelie shall the godlye teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they allready profess? wherin it is greate wonder to see the oddes which is betwene the zeale of Popish preistes, and the Ministers of the Gospell; for they spare not to come out of Spayne, from Rome, and from Rhemes, by long toyle and daungerous travell hither, where they knowe perrill of death awayteth them, and noe rewarde nor richess is to be founde, onely to drawe the people to the Church of Rome; wheras some of our idell Ministers, having a waye for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livinges of the countrey offered them, without paynes, and without perrill, will neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they might doe by winning of soe many sowles to God, be drawen foorth from theyr warme nests and theyr sweete loves side to looke out into Godes harvest, which is even readye for the sickle, and all the fieldes yellowe long agoe: doubtless those good old godly Fathers will (I feare me) rise up in the Daye of Judgement to condemne them.

Eudox. Surelye, it is great pittye, Ireneus, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England, good, sober, and discreet men, which might be sent over thither to teache and instructe them, and that there is not as much care had of theyr sowles as of theyr bodyes; for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never soe many sent over they should doe smal good till one enormitye be taken from them, that is, that both they be restrayned from sending theyr yonge men abrode to other Universities beyond the seas, as Rhemes, Doway, Lovayne, and the like, and that others from abrode be restrayned from coming to them; for they lurking secretly in theyr howses and in corners of the countrey doe more hurte and hinderaunce to religion with theyr private persuasions, then all the others can doe good with theyr publicke instructions; and though for these later there be a good statute there ordayned, yet the same is not executed, and as for the former there is noe lawe nor order for theyr restrainte at all.

Eudox. I marvayle it is noe better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which, I remember, you mencioned in your abuses concerning the profitts and revenues of the landes of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certayne colourable conveyaunces are sent continuallye over unto them, to the comforting of them and others agaynst her Majestie, for which heere in England there is good order taken; and whye not then as well in Ireland? For though there be noe statute there enacted therfore, yet might her Majestie, by her onelye prerogative, seaze all the fruits and profitts of those fugitives landes into her handes, till they come over to testifye theyr true alleageaunce.

Iren. Indeede she might soe doe; but the combrous times doe perhaps hinder the regarde therof, and of many other good intentions.

Eudox. But why then did they not myn it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to theyr grav considerations, but proceede we forwards Next care in religion is to builde up and repayre all the ruinous churches, wherof th most parte lye even with the grounde, an some that have bene lately repayred are so unhandsomelye patched, and thatched, tha men doe even shunne the places for th uncomeliness therof; therfore I would wish that there were order taken to have the builte in some better forme, according to the churches of England; for the outward shewe (assure your selfe) doth greatlye drawe the rude people to the reverencing and frequenting therof, what ever some of our late to nice fooles saye,—'there is nothing in the seemelye forme and comely orders of the churche.' And, for soe keeping and continuing them, there should likewise Churchwardens of the gravest men in the parrish be appoynted, as there be heere in England, which should take the yearely charge both herof, and also of the schoole-howses, which I wished to be builded neere to the sayd churches; for mayntenaunce of both which, it were meete that some severall portion of lande were allotted, sith no more mortmains are to be looked for.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it would be soe convenient; but when all is done, howe will ye have your churches served, or your Ministers mayntained? since the livinges (as you sayd) are not sufficient scarce to make them a newe gowne, much less to yeelde meete maintenaunce according to the dignitie of theyr degree.

Iren. There is noe way to helpe that, but to laye two or thre of them together, untill such time as the countrey growe more riche and better inhabited, at which time the tithes and other oblations will also be more augmented and better valewed: But now that we have gone thus through all tha theyr sortes of trades, and sett a course for theyre good establishment, lett us (yf you please) goe next to some other needefull pointes of other publicke matters, noe less concerning the good of the commonweale, though but accidentallye depending on the former. And first I wish that order were taken for the cutting downe and opening of all paces through woodes, soe that a wide waye of the space of a hundreth yardes might be layed open in everye of them for the safetie of travellers, which use often in such perilous places to be robbed, and sometimes murered. , Next, that bridges were builte on all rivers, and all the foordes marred d spilte, soe as none might pass any other aye but by those bridges, and everye idge to have a gate and a small gate-wse sett theron; wherof this good will me that noe night stealthes (which are mmonlye driven in by-wayes and by inde foordes unused of anye but such like) al be convayed out of one countrey into other, as they use, but they must pass by ose bridges, where they may be either ply encountred, or easely tracked, or not ffred to pass at all, by meanes of those te-howses: Also that in all straytes and rrowe passages, as betwene two bogges, through any deepe foorde, or under any ountayne side, there should be some litle rtilage, or wooden castell sett, which ould keepe and comaunde that strayte, herby any rebell that should come in the untrey might be stopped the waye, or pass ith great perill. Moreover, that all highe ayes should be fenced and shutt up on th sides, leaving onely fortye foote eadthe for passage, soe as none should be le to passe but through the highe waye, herby theeves and night robbers might be e more easely pursued and encountred, hen there shal be noe other waye to drive eyr stollen cattell but therin, as I former-e declared. Further, that there should be sundrye convenient places, by the high ayes, townes appoynted to be builte, the hich should be free Bouroughes, and in-rporate under Bayliffes, to be by theyr habitaunts well and strongly intrenched, otherwise fenced with gates at each side erof, to be shutt nightlye, like as there is manye places of the English Pale, and all e wayes about it to be stronglye shutt up, e that none should passe but through those wnes: To some of which it were good that e priviledge of a markett were given, the her to strengthen and enable them to eyr defence, for nothing dothe sooner use civilitye in anye countreye then nye markett townes, by reason that people airing often thither for theyr needes, will ylye see and learne civill manners of the ter sort. Besides, there is nothing doth re staye and strengthen the countreye n such corporate townes, as by proofe in ny rebellions hathe bene seene; in all ich when the countreyes have swarved, townes have stood stiffe and fast, and lded good relief to the souldiours in all asions of service. And lastly there doth nothing more enriche any countreye or realme then manye townes; for to them will all the people drawe and bring the fruites of theyr trades, as well to make money of them, as to supplye theyr needefull uses; and the countreymen will also be more industrious in tillage, and rearing all husbandrye comodityes, knowing that they shall have readye sale for them at those townes: and in all those townes should there be convenient Innes erected for the lodging and harbourghing of all travellers, which are now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abrode in weake thatched howses, for wante of such safe places to shrowde themselves in.

Eudox. But what profitt shall your markett townes reape of theyr markett, whereas each one may sell theyr corne and cattell abrode in the countrey, and make theyr secrett bargaynes amongest themselves, as nowe I understand they use?

Iren. Indeede, Eudoxus, they doe soe, and thereby noe small inconvenience doth arise to the commonwealth; for nowe, when any one hath stollen a cowe or a garron, he may secretlye sell it in the countreye without privitye of anye, wheras yf he brought it in the markett towne it would perhaps be knowen, and the theif discovered. Therfore it were good that a straighte ordinaunce were made, that none should buye or sell any cattell but in some open markett (there being nowe markett townes everye where at hand) upon a great penaltye; neither should they likewise buye any corne to sell the same agayne, unless it were to make malte therof; for by such engrossing and regrating we see the dearthe that nowe comonly raigneth heere in England to have bene caused. Heereunto also is to be added that good ordinaunce, which I remember was once proclaymed throughout all Ireland, That all men should marke theyr cattell with an open severall marke upon theyr flanckes or buttocks, soe as yf they happened to be stollen, they might appeare whose they were, and they which should buye them might therby suspecte the owner, and be warned to abstayne from buying of them of a suspected person with such an unknowen marke.

Eudox. Surely these ordinaunces seeme verye expedient, but speciallye that of free townes, of which I wonder there is such small store in Ireland and that in the first peopling and planting therof they were neglected and omitted.

Iren. They were not omitted; for there were, through all places of the countrye convenient, manye good townes seated, which through that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterlye wasted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in manye places to be seene, and of some noe signe at all remayning, save onelye theyr bare names, but theyr seates are not to be founde.

Eudox. But howe then cometh it to pass, that they have never since recovered, nor their habitations reedifyed, as of the rest which have bene noe less spoyled and wasted?

Iren. The cause therof was for that, after theyr desolation, they were begged by gentellmen of the Kinges, under colour to repayre them and gather the poore reliques of the people agayne togither, of whom having obtayned them, they were soe farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endevoured to keepe them wast, least that, being repayred, theyre charters might be renewed, and their Burgesses restored to theyr landes, which they had nowe in their possession; much like as in these old monumentes of abbeyes, and religious howses, we see them likewise use to doe: For which cause it is judged that King Henry the Eight bestowed them upon them, knowing that therby they should never be able to rise agayne. And even soe doe these Lordes, in those poore old corporate townes, of which I could name you diverse but for kindling of displeasure. Therfore as I wished manye corporate townes to be erected, soe would I agayne wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the commaundement of anye but the Governour. And being soe, they will both strengthen all the countreye rounde about them, which by theyr meanes wil be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continuall holdes for her Majestie, yf the people should revolte and breake out agayne; for without such it is easye to forraie and over-runne the whole lande. Lett be for example, all those free-bouroughes in the Lowe-countreyes, which are nowe all the strength therof. These and other like ordinaunces might be delivered for the good establishment of that realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might be afterwardes verye easelye kept and mayntayned, with small care of the Governours and Counsell there appoynted, soe as that it should in shorte space yeeld a plentifull revenue to the crowne of England; which nowe doth but sucke and consume the treasurye therof, through those unsounde plottes and changefull orders which are dayl devised for her good, yet never effectua prosecuted or perfourmed.

Eudox. But in all this your discours have not marked any thing by you spok touching the appoyntment of the princip Officer, to whom you wish the charge a perfourmaunce of all this to be committe Onelye I observed some fowle abuses by y noted in some of the late Governours, t reformation wherof you left for this prese time.

Iren. I delighte not to laye open t blames of soe great Magistrats to the rebu of the woorlde, and therfore theyr reformati I will not meddle with, but leave unto t wisedome of greater heades to be considere onelye this much I will speake genera therof, to satisfye your desire, that t Government and cheif Magistracye I wish continue as it doth; to weete, that it ruled by a Lorde Deputye or Justice, that it is a very safe kinde of rule: b there-withall I wish that over him the were placed also a Lord Lieutenaunt, of so of the greatest personages in England (su an one I could name, upon whom the eye all England is fixed, and our last hopes n rest); whoe being entitled with that dignit and being allwayes heere resident, may bac and defende the good cause of the gover ment agaynst all malignours, which else wi through theyr cunning woorking under ha deprave and pull backe what ever thin shal be well begunne or intended there, as commonlye see by experience at this day, the utter ruine and desolation of that po realme: and this Lieutenauncye should noe discountenauncing of the Lord Deputy but rather a strengthning and maintayni of all his doinges; for nowe the cheif evill that government is, that noe Governour suffred to goe on with any one course, b upon the least information heere, of this that, he is either stopped or crossed, a other courses appoynted him from hen which he shall runne, which howe inco venient it is, is at this howre to well felt And therfore this should be one principle the appoyntment of the Lord Deputyes a thoritye, that it shoulde be more ample a absolute then it is, and that he should ha uncontrolled power to doe any thing th he, with the advisement of the Counse should thinke meete to be done: for it not possible for the Counsell heere, to dire a Governour there, whoe shal be forc oftentimes to followe the necessitye of pr ent occasions, and to take the suddayne advauntage of time, which being once loste vill not be recovered; whilest, through expecting directions from hence, the delayes vherof are oftentimes through other greater ffayres most irkesome, the opportunitye there n the meane time passes away, and greate launger often groweth, which by such timely revention might easely be stopped. And his (I remember) is woorthelye observed by Machiavell in his discourses upon Livye, vhere he comendeth the manner of the Romayne government, in giving absolute power o all theyr Counsuls and Governours, which f they abused, they should afterwardes learely answeare it: And the contrarye herof he reprehendeth in the States of Venice, of Florence, and many other principalities of Italye, whoe use to limitte heyr cheif officers soe straightly, as that herby oftentimes they have lost such appye occasions as they could never come nto agayne. The like wherof, whoe soe ath bene conversaunte in that government of Ireland, hath to often seene to theyr great indraunce and hurte. Therfore this I ould wish to be redressed, and yet not soe ut that in particular thinges he should be estrayned, though not in the generall overnment; as namelye in this, that noe offices should be solde by the Lord Deputye or monye, nor noe pardons, nor protections ought for rewardes, nor noe beeves taken for Captaynries of countreys, nor noe shares of Bishopricks for nominating theyr Bishops, nor noe forfeytures, nor dispensations with enall Statutes given to theyr servauntes or rendes, nor noe selling of licences for transportation of prohibited wares, and speciallye f corne and flesh, with manye the like; which neede some manner of restraint, or ls very great trust in the honourable disposition of the Lord Deputye.

Thus I have, Eudoxus, as breifly as I could, and as my remembraunce would serve me, runne throughe the state of that whole countrey, both to lett you see what it nowe is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment: Not that I take upon me to chaunge the pollicye of soe greate a kingdome, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling therof, but onelye to shewe you the evills, which in my small experience I have observed to be the cheif hinderaunces of the reformation therof; and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse therof, and establishing a good course for that government; which I doe not deliver for a perfect plott of myne owne invention, to be onelye followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultacions and actions of verye wise Governours and Counsellours whom I have sometimes hearde treate thereof. Soe have I thought good to sett downe a remembraunce of them for myne owne good, and your satisfaction, that whoe so list to overlooke them, allthough perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at least, by comparison herof, may perhaps better his owne judgement, and by the light of others fore-going him may followe after with more ease, and happely finde a fayrer waye thereunto then they which have gone before.

Eudox. I thanke you, Irenæus, for this your gentell paynes; withall not forgetting, nowe in the shutting up, to putt you in mynde of that which you have formerlye halfe promised, that heereafter when we shall meete agayne uppon the like good occasion, ye will declare unto us those your observations which ye have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.

APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Page 4 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), col. 2, l. 9, *i*. All the early editions read *v*.

P. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 13, *faire* 1609), *fare* (1590)

P. 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 17, *eedes* (1609). The 4to. 1590 has *reede*.

P. 9 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col. 1, l. 30, *overains*. The 4to. 1590 reads *soverain*, but fol. 611 has *soveraignes*.

Page 11, book I. canto i. stanza 4, line 5, *my eeble* (1596), *mine feeble* (1590).

P. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 12, l. 5, *your stroke*. The to. 1590 reads *your hardy stroke;* but it is cor- ected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the ncorrect reading is retained in the 4to. 1596, and the fol. 1611.

P. 13, bk. I. c. i. st. 15, l. 7, *shapes* (1590), *hape* (1596).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 21, l. 5, *later spring*. The ditions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins avale* (*to avale*), but this lection is corrected in Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 23, l. 9, *oft* (1590), ? *off* (Col- er).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 24, l. 8, *raft* (1590), *reft* 1609).

P. 14, bk. I. c. i. st. 30, l. 9, *sits* (1590), *fits* (1609).

P. 16, bk. I. c. i. st. 42, l. 8, *sights*. The 4to. 590 reads *sighes*. In the 'Faults escaped in the 'rint' we are told to read *sights*.

P. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 3, *He thought have* 1590), *He thought t' have* (1611).

P. 17, bk. I. c. i. st. 50, l. 8, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679).

P. 17, bk. I. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *stead* (1596). The to. 1590 has *steps*.

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 14, l. 4, et passim (Books I. . III.) *off* (1596), *of* (1596).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 5, *cruell spies*. The tos. 1590, 1596, and fol. 1609 read *cruelties*, which corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 17, l. 9, *die* (1609), *dies* 590).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 18, l. 1, *quoth* (1596) *qd.* 590).

P. 19, bk. I. c. ii. st. 19, l. 9, et passim (Books I. III.) *whither* (1596), *whether* (1590).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 22, l. 5, *thy* (1590), *your* 596).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 2, *shade him thither* 590), *shade thither* (1596), *shadow thither* (1609).

P. 20, bk. I. c. ii. st. 29, l. 3, *now ymounted*. *now that mounted* (1590, 1596). The reading in the text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 21, bk. I. c. ii. st. 32, l. 9, *plaints* (1596), *plants* (1590).

P. 26. bk. I. c. iii. st. 38, l. 7, *the* (1590), *that* in errata.

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 16, l. 3, *hurtlen* (1590), *hurlen* (1609).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 23, l. 7, *dry dropsie* (1590), ? *dire dropsie* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier).

P. 29, bk. I. c. iv. st. 24, l. 3, *whally* (1590), *walled* (?).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelpe* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 29, l. 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw* (1609).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *neighbours* (1596), *neibors* (1590).

P. 30, bk. I. c. iv. st. 32, l. 9, *fifte*. *first* (1590), but *fifte* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 39, l. 2, *faery* (1596), *fary* (1590).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 41, l. 9, *renverst* (1590), *re'nverst* (1609).

P. 31, bk. I. c. iv. st. 43, ll. 1, 3, *pledge*, *edge* (1596), *pledg*, *edg* (1590).

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 2, l. 5, *hurld*. The 4to. 1590 has *hurls*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the incorrect reading.

P. 33, bk. I. c. v. st. 7, l. 9, *And hewen helmets deepe* (1590), *And helmets hewen deepe* (1596).

P. 34, bk. I. c. v. st. 15, l. 2, *thristy* (1590), *thirstie* (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 35, l. 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596).

P. 36, bk. I. c. v. st. 38, l. 6, *cliffs*. The editions 1590, 1596, and 1609 read *clifts*. The correction is supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 37, bk. I. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *nigh* (1590), *high* (1596).

P. 38, bk. I. c. v. st. 52, l. 9, *ensewd* (1596), *ensewed* (1590).

P. 38, bk. I. c. vi. st. 1, l. 5, *in*, The 4tos. and folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata.

P. 40, bk. I. c. vi. st. 15, l. 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590), *Of Bacchus* (1596); Hughes, *If Bacchus*.

P. 41, bk. I. c. vi. st. 23, l. 8, *nousled* (1590), *noursled* (1596).

P. 41, bk. I. c. vi. st. 26, l. 5, *fiers and fell* (1596), *swift* and *cruell* (1590).

P. 42, bk. I. c. vi. st. 33, l. 9, *woods* (1596), *wods* (1590).

P. 42, bk. I. c. vi. st. 39, l. 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).

P. 43, bk. I. c. vi. st. 47, l. 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *stound* (1596), *stoond* (1590).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 13, l. 8, *smoke* (1596), *smok* (1590).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 18, ll. 4, 5, *braught*, *naught* (1590), *brought*, *nought* (1596).

P. 45, bk. I. c. vii. st. 20, l. 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 46, bk. I. c. vii. st. 22, l. 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to. 1590, but is found in the 4to. 1596.

P. 46, bk. I. c. vii. st. 29, l. 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 32, l. 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 37, l. 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1590).

P. 47, bk. I. c. vii. st. 37, l. 8, *chauft* (1596), *chaust* (1590).

P. 48, bk. I. c. vii. st. 43, l. 5, *ronne*. The 4to. 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 48, bk. I. c. vii. st. 47, l. 3, *hands* (1596). The 4to. 1590 reads *hand*.

P. 49, bk. I. c. vii. st. 52, l. 4, *That*. All the early editions read *that*, but ? *the*.

P. 49, bk. I. c. viii. Arg. l. 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but *the gyaunt* is among the errata.

P. 49, bk. I. c. viii. st. 1, l. 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590).

P. 50, bk. I. c. viii. st. 7, l. 6, *wise*. The 4to. 1590 reads *wist*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 21, l. 5, *their* ? *his*, i. e. Argoglio's (Church).

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 21, l. 7, *powre* (1596), *poure* (1590).

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 22, l. 4, *right* (so in all old editions). Most modern editions read *left*.

P. 51, bk. I. c. viii. st. 24, l. 6, *his* (1596), *her* (1590).

P. 53, bk. I. c. viii. st. 44, l. 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton).

P. 54, bk. I. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *bands* (1596). The text of the 4to. 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 55, bk. I. c. ix. st. 9, l. 3, *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.') Ed. 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends.

P. 56, bk. I. c. ix. st. 12, l. 9, *on* (from 'Faults escaped in the Press'). The text has *at*.

P. 56, bk. I. c. ix. st. 17, l. 8, *prowes* (1590), *prowesse* (1609).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 32, l. 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590).

P. 58, bk. I. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *ypight* (1596), *yplight* (1590).

P. 58, bk. I. st. 35, l. 4, *griesie* (1590), *grie* (1611).

P. 59, bk. I. c. ix. st. 42, l. 7, *holds*. The 4 1590 reads *hold*.

P. 59, bk. I. c. ix. st. 46, l. 7, *falsed* (159 *falsest* (1590).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 52, l. 1, *saw* (1596), *hea* (1590).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 52, l. 3, *reliv'd* (1590), *liev'd* (1611).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 53, l. 2, *feeble* (1590), *s* (1596), *silly* (1609).

P. 60, bk. I. c. ix. st. 53, l. 6, *greater* (159 *greter* (1590).

P. 62, bk. I. c. x. st. 20, l. 5, *Dry-shod*, &c. T line is found in fol. 1609, but is omitted in the 4t

P. 63, bk. I. c. x. st. 27, l. 6, *His blamefull b in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in salt wa smarting sore* (1596).

P. 64, bk. I. c. x. st. 36, l. 4, *their*. The 4 1590 reads *there*.

P. 65, bk. I. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *Brings*. The 4 1590 has *Bring*.

P. 65, bk. I. c. x. st. 52, l. 6. *them* (1590) ? or for *traveiler* (l. 4) read *travellers*.

P. 66, bk. I. c. x. st. 57, l. 5, *pretious*, adop from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Pri The text of the 4to. 1590 has *piteous*, which is tained by the fol. 1611.

P. 66, bk. I. c. x. st. 59, l. 2, *frame*. The e tions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame*, thou *frame* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped the Print.'

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 4, *As wretched*, (1590). The 4to. 1596 reads *Quoth he, as wretc and liv'd in like paine*.

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 8, *And bitter batta* &c. (1590), *And battailes none are to be fought* (159

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 62, l. 9, *they* (1590) is om ted in 1596 and 1611.

P. 67, bk. I. c. x. st. 65, l. 3, *face* (1590), *pl* (1596).

P. 68, bk. I. c. xi. st. 3, This stanza is not fou in the first 4to., but is in second 4to. 1596.

P. 70, bk. I. c. xi. st. 22, l. 1, *his* (1590), ? (Church).

P. 70, bk. I. c. xi. st. 26, l. 6, *swinged* (159 *singed* (1609).

P. 71, bk. I. c. xi. st. 30, l. 5, *one*. The 4t read *its* though *one* is in 'Faults escaped in Print.' Mr. Collier says there is no authority reading *one*.

P. 71, bk. I. c. xi. st. 37, l. 2, *yelled* (160 *yelded* (1590).

P. 72, bk. I. c. xi. st. 41, l. 4, *Nor* (1609), (4tos. 1590, 1596).

P. 73, bk. I. c. xi. st. 54, l. 7, *poyse* (1590) ? *no*

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 11, l. 2, *too* (1596). *to* (159

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 11, l. 4, *gossibs* (1590), *sips* (1596).

P. 75, bk. I. c. xii. st. 17, l. 4, *note* (1590), *n* 1596).

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 32, l. 6, *wylie* (1596), *w* (1590).

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 34, l. 2, *vaine*, adopted fr the errata. The text of the 4to. 1590 has *fa* Church thinks that *faine* = *faigned* or *feigned* good reading.

P, 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 34, l. 3, *improvided* (1590), *provided* is found in some modern editions.

P. 77, bk. I. c. xii. st. 36, l. 7, *bains* (1590), *banes* 596).

P. 78, bk. I. c. xii. st. 39, l. 9, *sprite* (1590). Some er editions, as 1611, read *spreete*.

P. 78, bk. I. c. xii. st. 40, l. 9, *His* (1590), *Her* 596).

P. 79, bk. II. Prol. st. 2. l. 8, *Amazon*. The fol. 09, following the text of 4to. 1590, reads *Amazons*, t *Amazon* is among the errata in 'Faults esped in the Print.'

P. 79, bk. II. st. 4, l. 6, *thou* (1596), *then* (1590).

P. 80, bk. II. c. i. st. 3, l. 2, *food* (1590), *feude* 609).

P. 81, bk. II. c. i. st. 12, l. 9, *chalenge* (1596), *aleng* (1590).

P. 81, bk. II. c. i. st. 16, l. 1, *liefe* (1596, 1609), *e* (1590).

P. 82, bk. II. c. i. st. 20, l. 2, *quit* (1590), *quite* 596).

P. 82, bk. II. c. i. st. 20, l. 7, *blotted* (1596), *tting* (1590).

P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 28, l. 3, *well becommeth* (1590, 96), *ill becommeth* (1679).

P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 31, l. 4, *on* (1596), *one* 590).

P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 32, l. 7, *must* (1596), *most* 590).

P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 33, l. 8, *thrise* is adopted om the errata of 4to. 1590, but *these* occurs in all l editions.

P. 83, bk. II. c. i. st. 34, l. 6, *steedy* (1590), *adie* (1609).

P. 84, bk. II. c. i. st. 39, l. 4, *dolour* (1590), *bour* (1596).

P. 84, bk. II. c. i. st. 42, l. 9, *stout courage* (1590), *urage stout* (1609).

P. 85, bk. II. c. i. st. 47, l. 2, *sight* (1590), *sigh't*, 609).

P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 58, l. 4, *frye* (1590) ? *fryze* hurch).

P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 59, l. 2, *common* (1596), *nmen* (1590).

P. 86, bk. II. c. i. st. 59, l. 8, *great* (1596), *greet* 590).

P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 4, l. 3, *lieu* (1590), ? *love* hurch).

P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 5, l. 3, *hard* (1596), *hart* (1590).

P. 87, bk. II. c. ii. st. 7, l. 7, *pray* (Collier). It is *ace* in all the old editions.

P. 88, bk. II. c. ii. st. 12, l. 8, *fame* (1596), *frame* 90).

P. 88, bk. II. c. ii. st. 21, l. 2, *hond* (1609), *hand* 96).

. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 28, l. 2, *their champions*. e 4to. 1590 reads *her champions*, but 4to. 1596 *their champion*.

. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 30, l. 1, *there* (1609), *their* 90, 1596).

. 89, bk. II. c. ii. st. 30, l. 3, *bloodguiltinesse* 09), *bloodguiltnesse* (1590, 1596).

. 90, bk. II. c. ii. st. 34, l. 9, *her* (1590), *their* 96).

. 90, bk. II. c. ii. st. 38, l. 5, *forward* (1590), *oward* (cf. l. 7 of st. 38).

. 91, bk. II. c. ii. st. 42, l. 6, *to hold*. All the old tions read *to make*.

P. 91, bk. II. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *enrold*. The 4to. 1590 reads *entrold*, the fol. 1609 *introld*.

P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 3, l. 7, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).

P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 4, l. 5, *A pleasing vaine of glory*, &c. (1590), *A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find* (1596).

P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 6, l. 9, '*Mercy!*' *loud* (so all old editions), ? '*Mercy, Lord!*'

P. 92, bk. II. c. iii. st. 11, l. 4, *courser* (1596), *course* (1590).

P. 93, bk. II. c. iii. st. 20, l. 5, *does greatly them affeare* (1590), *their haire on end does reare* (1596). For *greatly* (in the *errata*) the text of the 4to. 1590 has *unto*.

P. 94, bk. II. c. iii. st. 26, l. 9, *fringe* (so all the 4tos.).

P. 95, bk. II. c. iii. st. 35. l. 4, *many bold emprize* (1590), ? *many a bold emprize* (Jortin).

P. 96, bk. II. c. iii. st. 45, l. 4, *one foot* (1609), *on foot* (1590).

P. 96, bk. II. c. iii. st. 46, l. 9, *erne* (1590), *yerne* (1609).

P. 96, bk. II. c. iv. Arg. l. 3, *Phaon* (1590), *Phedon* (1596).

P. 97, bk. II. c. iv. st. 4, l. 6, *loosely* (1596), *loosly* (1590).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 12, l. 3, *hong* (1590), *hung* (1609).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 12, l. 8, *tonge*. The text has *tongue*, which is altered to *tonge* in the errata of the 4to. 1590.

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 13, l. 6, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1609).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 6, *one* (1596), *wretch* (1590).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 8, *occasion* (1596), *her guilful trech* (1590).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 17, l. 9, *light upon* (1596), *wandring ketch* (1590).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 18, l. 5, *chose* (1590), *chuse* (1609).

P. 98, bk. II. c. iv. st. 18, l. 8, *Or* (1590), *Our* (1609).

P. 100, bk. II. c. iv. st. 38, l. 4, *this word was* (so all the old editions), *these words were* (Hughes's second edition).

P. 101, bk. II. c. iv. st. 40, l. 3, *should* (1596), *shold* (1590).

P. 101, bk. II. c. iv. st. 45, l. 5, *that did fight* (1590), *thus to fight* (1596).

P. 102, bk. II. c. v. Arg. l. 1, *Pyrochles*, &c. (1590). The second 4to. 1596 reads :—

Pyrrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds;
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.

P. 102, bk. II. c. v. st. 5, l. 9, *doe me not much fayl* (1590), *doe not much me faile* (1596).

P. 102, bk. II. c. v. st. 8, l. 7, *hurtle* (1590), *hurle* (1596), *hurlen* (1611).

P. 103, bk. II. c. v. st. 10, l. 7, *enimyes* (1596), *enimye* (1590).

P. 103, bk. II. c. v. st. 15, l. 9, *who selfe* (1590), *whose selfe* (1609).

P. 104, bk. II. c. v. st. 19, l. 4, *shee* (1609), *hee* (1590, 1596).

P. 104, bk. ii. c. v. st. 19, l. 7, *garre* (1590), *do* (1596).

P. 104, bk. ii. c. v. st. 21, l. 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609).

P. 104, bk. ii. c. v. st. 22, l. 5, *spight* (1590), *spright* (1609).

P. 104, bk. ii. c. v. st. 23, l. 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609).

P. 105, bk. ii. c. v. st. 29, l. 5, *prickling* (1590), *pricking* (1596).

P. 105, bk. ii. c. v. st. 31, l. 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c. (1590), *Gaynd in Nemea* (1596).

P. 105, bk. ii. c. v. st. 32, l. 6, *meriments.* All old copies read *meriment.*

P. 105, bk. ii. c. v. st. 34, l. 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609).

P. 106, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 1, l. 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596).

P. 106, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 3, l. 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her breath was gone* (1596).

P. 106, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 3, l. 6, *That to her might move* (1590), *That might to her move* (1596).

P. 107, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 12, l. 9, *and throwe her sweete smels*, &c. (1590), *and her sweet smells throw*, &c. (1596).

P. 107, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *whiles* (1596), *whils* (1590).

P. 107, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596).

P. 108, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 18, l. 7, *wave . . . griesy* (1590), *waves . . . griesly* (1609).

P. 108, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 21, l. 8, *bonds* (1590), *bounds* (1609).

P. 109, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 27, l. 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590).

P. 109, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 29, l. 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609).

P. 110, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 38, l. 5, *salied* (1590), *sailed* (1609).

P. 110, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 43, l. 7, *hath lent this cursed light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590).

P. 111, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 48, l. 6, *wondred* (1596), *woundred* (1590).

P. 111, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 50, l. 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell* (1590).

P. 111, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 51, l. 5, *fire too inly* (1596), *fier inly* (1590).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 1, l. 2, *to a stedfast starre*, ? *to the stedfast starre*, i. e. the *pole-star* (Church).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 3, l. 9, *fire-spitting* (1590), *fire-spetting* (1609).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 4, l. 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 5, l. 6, *Ingowes* (1590), *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1679).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 5, l. 9, *straunge* (1596), *straung* (1590).

P. 112, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 7, l. 3, *rich hils* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596).

P. 113, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 10, l. 1, *ill besits* (1590), *ill befits* (1609).

P. 113, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590).

P. 114, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 19, l. 5, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltnesse* (1590, 1596).

P. 114, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 21, l. 5, *internall Pa* (1590), *infernall Payne* (1596). Perhaps *infer* *Payne*=*infernal punishment* should stand in the t Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading.

P. 114, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 24, l. 7, *ought* (15 *nought* (1590).

P. 115, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 30, l. 4, *yron* (15 *dying* (1590).

P. 115, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 37, l. 1, *when an* (15 *when as* (1596).

P. 116, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 39, l. 8, *mesprise* (15 *mespise* (1596).

P. 116, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *golden* (15 *yron* (1590).

P. 116, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 40, l. 7, *But* (1596), (1590).

P. 116, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 3, *sterne was* *looke* (1590), *sterne was to looke* (1596).

P. 117, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 52, l. 6, *with which.* the old copies read *which with.*

P. 118, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 60, l. 4, *intemper* (1596), *more temperate* (1590).

P. 118, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 64, l. 9, *of his p* (1590), *of the pray* (1596).

P. 119, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 3, l. 8, *Come hith* *hither* (1609), *Come hether, Come hether* (1590).

P. 120, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 16, l. 7, *tomb-bla* (1596), *tomblacke* (1590).

P. 121, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 25, l. 1, *Which th* *his cruell foes* (from the errata in 'Faults esca in the Print'). The text of the 4tos. read :—

Which those same foes that stand hereby,

The folios (1609, 1611) have :—

Which those same foes, that doen awaite hereby.

P. 122, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 29, l. 7, *upheave.* old editions read *upreare.*

P. 122, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 32, l. 3, *lodge* (15 *lodg* (1590).

P. 122, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 35, l. 5, *in his* (15 *on his* (1609).

P. 123, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 37, l. 3, *rayle* (15 *traile* (1609).

P. 123, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 40, l. 4, *so well as h* *ought* (1590), *so wisely as it ought* (1609).

P. 123, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 44, l. 8, *no more* (15 *not thore*, i.e. *not there* (1590).

P. 124, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 47, l. 4, *swerd* (15 *sword* (1596).

P. 124, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 47, l. 9, *this* (15 1596, 1609, 1611), *he* (1679).

P. 124, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 48, l. 8, *Prince Arth* (1609), *Sir Guyon* (1590).

P. 124, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 49, l. 7, *tred* (15 *treed* (?).

P. 125, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 55, l. 3, *bowing with.* the old editions read *with bowing*; but WITH directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Fau escaped in the Print.'

P. 125, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 4, l. 5, *liefe* (1590), (1679).

P. 126, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 6, l. 9, *Arthegall* (15 *Arthogall* (1590)

P. 126, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 7, l. 5, *Seven times* *Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596).

P. 126, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 7, l. 6, *Hath wal* *about* (1590), *Walkte round aboute* (1596).

P. 126, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 9, l. 1, *weete.* All editions read *wote.*

P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 15, l. 3, *Capitaine* (1609), *otaine*, (1590).

P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 18, l. 3, *woo'd* (1596), *ped* (1590).

P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *them* (1596), *s* (1590).

P. 127, bk. II. c. ix. st. 21, l. 3, *fensible* (1590), *sible* (1596).

P. 128, bk. II. c. ix. st. 28, l. 4, *meate* (1590), *et* (1679).

P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 37, l. 8, *doen you love* 09), *doen your love* (1590).

P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 2, *mood*. All old tions read *word*.

P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 38, l. 9, *three years* 90), *twelvemoneths* (1596).

P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 41, l. 7, *Castory* (from ata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts 1590, 1596 read *lastery*.

P. 129, bk. II. c. ix. st. 42, l. 1, *cheare* (1596), *re* (1590). If the reader prefers *cleare* (the ding which Collier prints and defends), he must e it as a substantive in the sense of *clearness*, *enity*.

P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 48, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* 90).

P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *reason*, (so all ies). Mr. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of fol. 1611 *reason* is altered to *season*.

P. 130, bk. II. c. ix. st. 52, l. 9, *th' house* (1609), *house* (1590).

P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 6, l. 6, *For safëly that* 90), *For safeties sake that* (1596).

P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 7, *liveden* (1590), *lived* *n* (1596).

P. 132, bk. II. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *sternnesse* (1596), *nesse* (1590)

P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 15, l. 9, *munificence* (1596), *nifience* (1590).

P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 19, l. 5, *upon the present* *re* (1590), *in that impatient stoure* (1596).

P. 133, bk. II. c. x. st. 20, l. 2, *to sway* (1590), *sway* (1596).

P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 24, l. 8, *it mote* (1596), *he* *e* (1590).

P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 30, l. 2, *weeke* (1590), *e* (1609).

P. 134, bk. II. c. x. st. 31, l. 1, *too* (1596), *to* 90).

P. 135, bk. II. c. x. st. 34, l. 7, *then* (1590), *till* 96), *when* (1609).

P. 135, bk. II. c. x. st. 41, l. 1, *Gurgiunt* (1590), *gunt* (1596).

P. 136, bk. II. c. x. st. 43, l. 1, *Sisillus*. All ies read *Sifillus*.

P. 137, bk. II. c. x. st. 53, l. 2, *in great* (1590), *h great* (1609).

P. 138, bk. II. c. x. st. 65, l. 9, *have forst* (1590), *orst* (1596).

P. 140, bk. II. c. xi. st. 9, l. 9, *they that Bulwarke* *ely rent* (1596), *they against that Bulwarke lent* 90).

P. 140, bk. II. c. xi. st. 10, l. 2, *assignment* (1590), *signment* (1596).

P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 11, l. 4, *dismayd* (so all tions, ancient and modern) but ? *mis-mayd*, i. e. *-made*, *made amiss*, *mis-shaped*, *ill-shaped* (Child). this conjecture be right, and it is extremely plausible, the *comma* after ape should be *deled*. Church thought that *dismayd*=*dismayed* (frightened), and that '*Some like to houndes, some like to apes*,' should be read as in a parenthesis, so that *dismayd* will refer to *feends of hell*, cf. 'ghastly spectacle *dismayd*,' 'F. Q.' bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 3.

P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 2, *is* (1590), *was* (1596).

P. 141, bk. II. c. xi. st. 13, l. 5, *assayed* (1590), *assayled* (1596).

P. 142, bk. II. c. xi. st. 21, l. 8, *there . . . there* (1609), *their . . . their* (1590).

P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 30, l. 9, *survive* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of the 4to. 1590, and folios 1609, 1611 read *revive*.

P. 143, bk. II. c. xi. st. 32, l. 5, *unrest* (1596), *infest* (1590).

P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 1, *by* (1596), *through* (1590).

P. 145, bk. II. c. xii. Arg. l. 2, *passing through* (1596), *through passing* (1590).

P. 146, bk. II. c. xii. st. 8, l. 4, *hoars* (1590), *hoarse* (1596).

P. 146. bk. II. c. xii. st. 13, l. 9, *Apolloes temple* (1590), *Apolloes honor* (1596).

P. 147, bk. II. c. xii. st. 21, l. 1, *heedful* (1596), *earnest* (1590).

P. 147, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *monoceroses* (Child), *monoceros* (1590).

P. 148, bk. II. c. xii. s. 27, l. 4, *sea resounding* (1609), *sea the resounding* (1590).

P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 39, l. 8, *upstaring* (1590), *upstarting* (1596).

P. 149, bk. II. c. xii. st. 43, l. 7, *mightiest* (1596), *migtest* (1590).

P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 47, l. 6, *foresee* (1609), *forsee* (1590).

P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 51, l. 1, *Therewith* (1590), *Thereto* (1596).

P. 150, bk. II. c. xii. st. 54, l. 7, *Hyacine* (1611), *Hyacint* (1590).

P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 60, l. 5, *curious ymageree* (1590), *pure imageree* (1609).

P. 151, bk. II. c. xii. st. 61, l. 8. *fearefully* (1590), *tenderly* (1596).

P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 76, l. 8, *That* (1596), *Thot* (1590).

P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 77, l. 5, *alablaster* (1590, 1596, 1609, 1611), *alabaster* (1679).

P. 153, bk. II. c. xii. st. 81, l. 4, *that same* (1596), *the same* (1590).

P. 154, bk. II. c. xii. st. 83, l. 7, *spoyle* (1590), *spoyld* (1596).

P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 1, l. 2, *The fayrest* (1590), *That fayrest* (1596)

P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Prol. st. 4, l. 2, *thy selfe thou* (1590), *your selfe you* (1596)

P. 155, bk. III. c. i. Arg. l. 3, *Malecastaes* (from errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of 4tos. 1590, 1596, and folios 1609, 1611, read *Malecastaes*.

P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 41, l. 8, *lightly* (1609), *highly* (1590).

P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 47, l. 7, *which* (1596), *that* (1590).

P. 160, bk. III. c. i. st. 48, l. 2, *brust* (1590), *burst* (1609).

P. 161, bk. III. c. i. st. 56, l. 8, *Bascimano* (1590), *Bascio mani* (1609).

P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 8, *wary* (1609), *weary* (1590).

P. 162, bk. III. c. i. st. 60, l. 9, *fond* (1590), *fand* (1609).

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 3, l. 6, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *She traveiling with Guyon by the way* (so all old editions). Upton proposed to read *the Redcrosse Knight* instead of *Guyon*. Todd suggested *Redcrosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S. George*.

P. 163, bk. III. c. ii. st. 8, l. 5, *Which to prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596).

P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 15, l. 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679).

P. 164, bk. III. c. ii. st. 16, l. 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609). Mr. Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr. Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*.

P. 166, bk. III. c. ii. st. 30, l. 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596).

P. 167, bk. III. c. ii. st. 44, l. 1, *minde* (1590), *mine* (1609).

P. 168, bk. III. c. ii. st. 50, l. 2, *breaded* (1590), *braided* (1609).

P. 168, bk. III. c. iii. st. 1, l. 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh!* (1609).

P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 3, l. 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609).

P. 169, bk. III. c. iii. st. 4, l. 8, *protense* (1590), *pretence* (1596).

P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 23, l. 5, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679).

P. 171, bk. III. c. iii. st. 29, l. 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596).

P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 35, l. 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 172, bk. III. c. iii. st. 37, l. 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 5, *yeares* (in 1590) is omitted by the 4to. 1596 and fol. 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete.

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 6, *Ere they to former rule*, &c. (1596), *Ere they unto their former rule* (1590).

P. 173, bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 9, *Hee* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of 4to. 1590 reads *she*, and omits *as earst*, which are supplied from the fol. 1609.

P. 174, bk. III. c. iii. st. 53, l. 3, (*need makes good schollers*) *teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596).

P. 175, bk. III. c. iv. st. 5, l. 8, *she* (1596), *he* (1590).

P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 8, l. 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596).

P. 176, bk. III. c. iv. st. 15, l. 6, *speare* (1609), *speares* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *fleshly* (1596), *fleshy* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *swowne* (1596), *swound* (1590).

P. 178, bk. III. c. iv. st. 33, l. 4, *raynes* (1590), *traynes* (1596).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 39, l. 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 40, l. 6, *gelly-blo* (1590), *jelly'd blood* (1611).

P. 179, bk. III. c. iv. st. 43, l. 4, *vauted* (159 *vaulted* (1609).

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 46, l. 2, *great* (159 *gret* (1590).

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 48, l. 1, *off* (1590), *of* (159

P. 180, bk. III. c. iv. st. 49, l. 8, *forhent* (159 *forehent* (1609).

P. 181, bk. III. c. iv. st. 59, l. 5, *Dayes dear children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590).

P. 182, bk. III. c. v. st. 3, l. 2, *till that at l* (1590), *till at the last* (1609).

P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 19, l. 5, *no* (1596), *n* (1590).

P. 184, bk. III. c. v. st. 21, l. 9, *blood*. The 4t 1590 reads *flood*, (1596) *bloud*.

P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 30, l. 7, *beller* (159 *bitter* (1590).

P. 185, bk. III. c. v. st. 37, l. 3, *did* (1590) ? *h* (Collier).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 39, l. 9, *his* (1596), *th* (1590).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 4, *loves sweet tee* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 9, *liking* (159 *living* (1596).

P. 186, bk. III. c. v. st. 44, l. 5, *bountie ? beau* (Collier).

P. 187, bk. III. c. iv. st. 50, l. 8. *to all th'* (159 *to* is omitted in fol. 1609.

P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 51, l. 9, *let to* (1590), *it* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Tod assertion that the fol. 1611 reads *let it*.

P. 187, bk. III. c. v. st. 53, l. 9, *weare* (160 *were* (1590).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 3, l. 9, *were* (1590), *u* (1596).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 5, l. 3, *bare* (1596), *b* (1590).

P. 188, bk. III. c. vi. st. 6, l. 5, *his beamës*. T fol. of 1609 has *his hot beames*.

P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 2, *aspect*. T 4to. 1590 reads *aspects*.

P. 189, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 4, *beautie* (159 *beauties* (1596).

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 20, l. 5, *chau* . . . *straunge*. The 4to. 1590 reads *chaung* . *straung*; the 4to. 1596 has *change*, *strange*.

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 25, l. 5, *Which as* (160 *From which* (4tos. 1590, 1596). Church proposed read *Of which a fountaine*, &c.

P. 190, bk. III. c. vi. st. 26, l. 4, *both farre a neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to. 1590.

P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *thence* (159 *hence* (1596).

P. 191, bk. III. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *Gnidus* (159 *Gnidas* (1590).

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 39, .1, *and to all* (159 *to* is omitted in fol. 1611.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 40, l. 6, *saw*. All t old copies read *spyde*.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 42, l. 5, *heavy* (159 *heavenly* (1590).

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 4, *And dearest l* (in 1609), omitted in the 4tos.

P. 192, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 5, *Narcisse* (159 *Marcisse* (1590).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vi. st. 48, l. 9, *losen* (1590), *osen* (1609).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vi. st. 52, l. 9, *launched* (1596), *unch* (1590), *launced* (1609).

P. 193, bk. III. c. vii. Arg. l. 4, *Gyaunts.* It is *ynant* in 1590, and *Gyants* in 1596.

P. 193, bk. III. c. vii. st. 1, l. 8, *she did* (1596), *did* (1590).

P. 194, bk. III. c. vii. st. 5, l. 1, *the tops* (1590), *' tops* (1609).

P. 194, bk. III. c. vii. st. 9, l. 3, *to* (1596); *two* 590).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 13, l. 6, *hath* (1590), *ıd* (1609).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 18, l. 5, *Might by the itch or by her sonne compast* (1590). The verb *be* ust be understood before *compast*. *Might be the itch or that her sonne* (1596).

P. 195, bk. III. c. vii. st. 19, l. 6, *her* (1590), *at* (1609).

P. 196, bk. III. c. vii. st. 23, l. 4, *he* (1596), *she* 590).

P. 197, bk. III. c. vii. st. 32, l. 7, *muchell* (1596), *uch ill* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting odd's assertion respecting the lection of the fol. 11.

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 43, l. 8, *nere.* The o. 1590 has *were*; the 4to. 1596 reads *neare.*

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 5, *from him* 590), *him from* (1609).

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 46, l. 8, *the* (1590), *that* 596).

P. 198, bk. III. c. vii. st. 48, l. 4, *And many ath to* &c. (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to* &c. 590).

P. 200, bk. III. c. viii. st. 2, l. 7, *golden* (1590), *oken* (1596).

P. 200, bk. III. c. viii. st. 5, l. 1, *advice:—device* 590), *advise* (1596).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 6, l. 7, *wex* (1590), *ax* (1609).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 7, l. 4, *to womens* 590), *a womans* (1596).

P. 201, bk. III. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *whom* (1609), *ho* (4tos.).

P. 202, bk. III. c. viii. st. 17, l. 3, *brought, rough.* The 4to. 1590 has *broght, throgh.*

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 25, l. 6, *hond.* It is *nd* in all old editions.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 30, l. 3, *frory* (1609), *owy* (1590), but see p. 204, st. 35, l. 2.

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 32, l. 7, *Had . . . soyld* (so all the old editions). Church proposed read *Did . . . assoyle.*

P. 203, bk. III. c. viii. st. 33, l. 9, *her by* (1590), *ereby* (1596).

P. 204, bk. III. c. viii. st. 37, l. 9, *hight* (1596), *h* (1590).

P. 205, bk. III. c. viii. st. 47, l. 5, *surely.* Upton ggested *sorely.*

P. 205, bk. III. c. viii. st. 49, l. 2, *T'have* (1596), *have* (1590).

P. 206, bk. III. c. ix. st. 2, l. 4, *atone* (1596), *nce* (1590).

P. 206, bk. III. c. ix. st. 7, l. 3, *misdonne* (1596), *donne* (1590).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 20, l. 9, *persant* (1590), *sent* (1609), *present* (1611).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 1, *Bellona* (1590), *Minerva* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 5, *her speare* (1590), *the speare* (1596).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 5, *that glaunces* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590).

P. 208, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 7, *demeasnure* (1590), *demeanure* (1609).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 32, l. 8, *glad* (1596), *yglad* (1590).

P. 209, bk. III. c. ix. st. 37, l. 7, *glories* (1590, 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 43, l. 9, *remoud* (1590), *remou'd* (1609), *remov'd* (1679).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 45, l. 3, *neck* (1596), *necks* (1590).

P. 210, bk. III. c. ix. st. 47, l. 3, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).

P. 211, bk. III. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *Which, after rest* (1596), *And after rest* (1609).

P. 211, bk. III. c. x. st. 2, l. 2, *grievously* (1596), *grivously* (1590).

P. 212, bk. III. c. x. st. 8, l. 9, *to* (1596), *with* (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 18, l. 4, *Then* (1596), *So* (1590).

P. 213, bk. III. c. x. st. 21, l. 9, *earned* (1590), *yearned* (1609).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 3, *and with thy* (1596), *that with thy* (1590).

P. 214, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 7, *vertues pay* (1609), *vertuous pray* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st, 33, l. 7, *over-ronne.* It is *overonne* in 1590.

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 1, *addresse.* All, old copies have *addrest.*

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l, 3, *wastefull* (1596), *faithfull* (1590).

P. 215, bk. III. c. x. st. 41, l. 7, *wide forest,* (1590), *wild forest* (1609).

P. 216, bk. III. c. x. st. 47, l. 1, *the* (1609), *his* (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 2, l. 3, *golden* (1609), *golding* (1590).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 4, l. 4, *all that I ever,* &c. (1590), *that I did ever,* &c. (1596).

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 6, l. 6, *has* (1590), *was* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the fol. 1611.

P. 218, bk. III. c. xi. st. 7, l. 6, *of* (1590), *off* (1596).

P. 219, bk. III. c. xi. st. 12, l. 1, *singults* (1609), *singulfes* (1590).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 19, *death* (1590), ? *life* (Jortin).

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 22, l. 8, *the which* (1596). In 4to. 1590 *the* is omitted.

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 23, l. 2, *Inglorious, beastlike.* The 4to. 1590 reads *Inglorious and beastlike.* In fol. 1611 *and* is omitted. Collier is wrong in saying that no old edition omits *and.*

P. 220, bk. III. c. xi. st. 27, l. 7, *entred* (1596), *decked* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 28, l. 8, *Like a* (1596), *Like to a* (1590).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 33, l. 9, *her* (1590), *his* (1609).

P. 221, bk. III. c. xi. st. 36, l. 7, *thee* (1596), *the* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 38, l. 5, *fire* (1590), *fier* (1596).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 6, *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590).

P. 222, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 8, *stag* (suggested by Jortin). All old copies read *hag.*

P. 223, bk. III. c. xi. st. 47, l. 9, *hevens hight* (suggested by Church). All old editions read *heven bright.*

P. 224, bk. III. c. xii. st. 7, l. 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 9, l. 3, *other* (1609), *others* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 3, *too or froe* (1590), *to and fro* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 6, *winged* (1590), *wingy* (1596).

P. 225, bk. III. c. xii. st. 17, l. 6, *did tosse* (so all copies). Church would omit *did,* and for *tosse* read *tost: In her right hand a fiërbrand she tost.*

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 5, *drad* (1596), *dread* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 8, *hony-laden.* All old editions read *hony-lady.*

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 7, *fading.* Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *failing.*

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 8, *still* (1596), *skill* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 23, l. 5, *hand* is omitted in 4tos., but is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 26, l. 7, *by the* (1590), *with that* (1596).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 3, *and bore all away* (1596), *nothing did remayne* (1590).

P. 226, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611). Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios.

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 28, l. 1, *there* (1609). The 4tos. read *their.*

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 29, l. 1, *wandering* (1590), *wondering* (1611).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 33, l. 3, *to herselfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590).

P. 227, bk. III. c. xii. st. 34, l. 4, *unto her* (1609), *unto him* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 38, l. 5, *bor'd* (1596), *sor'd,* i.e. made sore, hurt (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 40, l. 6, *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590).

P. 228, bk. III. c. xii. st. 45, l. 9, *Whilest here I doe respire.*

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Fairie Queene' the two lovers, Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books; and, among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz. 43, 44, 45. *More easie issew now,* &c. By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following;—

43.

" At last she came unto the place, where late
" She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
" Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
" Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
" And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
" There on the cold earth him now thrown s
" found,
" In wilfull anguish and dead heavinesse,
" And to him cald; whose voices knowen soun
" Soon as he heard, himself he reared light fr
" ground.

44.

" There did he see, that most on earth him joyd
" His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
" Whose too long absence him had sore annoy
" And wearied his life with dull delayes.
" Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes
" And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
" Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
" In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse,
" Which he in chace endured hath, now ni
" breathlesse.

45.

" Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
" And streightly did embrace her body bright,
" Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
" Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delig
" But she, faire Lady, overcommen quight
" Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
" And in sweete ravishment pourd out h
" spright.
" No word they spake, nor earthly thing th
" felt,
" But like two senceles stocks in long embraceme
" dwelt.

46.

" Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thoug
" That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodi
" Which that rich Romane of white mar
" wrought,
" And in his costly Bath causd to bee site.
" So seemd those two, as growne together qui
" That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse,
" Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
" And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
" In vain she wisht, that fate n'ould let her y
" possesse.

47.

" Thus doe those louers, with sweet countervayl
" Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
" But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
" All woxen weary of their journall toyle:
" Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
" At this same furrowes end, till a new day;
" And ye, faire Swayns, after your long turmoy
" Now cease your worke, and at your pleas
" play:
" Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy da

P. 229, bk. IV. c. i. l. 4, *Triamond.* All the ea editions have *Telamond.*

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 4, *griefull* (159 *griefe-full* (1609).

P. 231, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 7, *none* (1596), (1609).

P. 236, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 2, l. 5, *concented* (159 *consented* (1679).

. 237, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 19, l. 1, *besitting* (1596), *itting* (1679).

. 238, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 22, l. 7, *avizing*. The os. have *advizing*, the folios *avising*.

. 241, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 52, l. 9, *so be* (1596), *be* (?).

. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 7, l. 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*, 96).

. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 8, l. 8, *avengement* (1609), *vengement* (1596).

. 242, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 9, l. 6, *n'ote* (1609), *not* 96).

. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 13, l. 8, *other brethren* all copies). It should be *second brother* hurch).

. 243, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 20, l. 1, *adventure* (so copies). It has been proposed to read *advantage*; t *adventure*=opportunity.

. 245, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 36, l. 3, *wards* (so all ies). Church proposed to read *swords*.

. 247, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 52, l. 9, *elswhere* (1609), *vere* (1596).

. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 1. l. 4, *minds* (1596), *s* (1609).

. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 3, *als* (1609), *els* 96).

. 247, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 2, l. 4, *Blandamour* 79), *Scudamour* (1596).

. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 8, l. 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *rat* (1596).

. 248, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 10, l. 5, *worse* (1609), *rst* (1596).

. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 17, l. 4, *maiden-headed* 96), ? *satyr-headed* (Church).

. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 9, *swound*. The , has *sound*.

. 249, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 24, l. 1, *beam-like* (1609), *velike* (1596).

. 250, bk. IV. c. iv. st. 29, l. 6, *cuffing* (1611), *ling* (1596).

. 252, bk. IV. c. v. st. 4, l. 4, *Lemno* (1596), *nos* (1611).

. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 5, l. 5, *Acidalian* (1596), *dalian* (1609).

. 253, bk. IV. c. v. st. 6, l. 8, *Martian* (1596), *artial*.

. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 16, l. 1, *that* (1596), *the* 09).

. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 21, l. 8, *one* (so all old ies). Hughes reads *own*.

. 254, bk. IV. c. v. st. 23, l. 7, *sens* (1596), *e* (1609).

. 255, bk. IV. c. v. st. 25, l. 5, *one* (1609), (1596).

. 255, bk. IV. c. v. st. 31, l. 3, *his* (1609), *her* 96).

. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 35, l. 4, *unpared* (1596), *pared* (1611).

. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 37, l. 2, *Pyracmon* (1609). 1596 reads *Pynacmon*.

. 256, bk. IV. c. v. st. 40, l. 7, *wheresoever* 96). *wheresoere* (1611).

. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 24, l. 8, *feare* (1609), *feare* (1596).

. 260, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *Him* (proposed Upton and Church). *Her* (1596). *He* (1609).

. 261, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 33, l. 6, *ranging* (1596), *ing* (1611).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 44, l. 4, *in* (1596). Some modern editors, following fol. 1609, alter to *on*.

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vi. st. 46, l. 5, *whom* (1609), *who* (1596).

P. 262, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 1, l. 1, *darts* (1609), *dart* (1596).

P. 263, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 10, l. 9, *over-sight* (1596), *ore-sight* (1609).

P. 264, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 12, l. 1, *caytive* (1596). Some editors have proposed to read *captive*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 22, l. 1, *Nor hedge* (1596). Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *For hedge*.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 23, l. 3, *to* (1596) is omitted in 1679.

P. 265, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 25, l. 1, *which* (1609), *with* (1596).

P. 266, bk. IV. c. vii. st. 34, l. 1, *sad* (1609), *said* (1596).

P. 267, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 1, l. 9, *infixed* (1596), *infected* (1611).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9. *pertake* (1596), *partake* (1609).

P. 268, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 12, l. 3, *her* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. viii. st. 64, l. 1, *this* (1596), *his* (1609).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *Æmylia* (suggested by Church), *Pœana* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 1, l. 8, *vertuous* (1609), *vertues* (1596).

P. 274, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 3, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1609).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 11, l. 9, *them* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 275, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 12, l. 2, *he* (1596), ? *they* or *was* (Church).

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 14, l. 8, *dyde*=*dyed*, complexioned. Church suggested *eyde*.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 5, *quest*. It is *guest* in 1596 and in all old copies.

P. 276, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 17, l. 7, *bequest* (1596), *request* (1611).

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 23, l. 8, *wide*. Mr. J. P. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. of 1611 *wilde* is suggested as an emendation for *wide*.

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 26, l. 1, *Then gan* (proposed by Church). In 1596 it is *their gan*, in 1611 *there gan*.

P. 277, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 30, l. 8, *repayed* (1609), *repayred* (1596).

P. 278, bk. IV. c. ix. st. 37, l. 2, *Knight* (1596), ? *Knights* (Upton).

P. 279, bk. IV. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *ancient* (1609), *ancients* (1596).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 9, l. 1, *earne* (1596), *yearne* (1611).

P. 280, bk. IV. c. x. st. 17, l. 5, *adward* (1596), *award* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 19, l. 1, *meanest* (1609), *nearest* (1596).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 2, *ghesse* (1596), *bee* (1609).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 23, l. 8, *to bee* (1596), *to ghesse* (1609), *I ghesse* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 26, l. 9, *aspire* (1596), *inspire* (1611).

P. 281, bk. IV. c. x. st. 27, l. 1, *Hyllus* (1596), *Hylus* (1609).

P. 282, bk. IV. c. x. st. 35, l. 6, *hell* (so all copies). Some editors have suggested *mell*=confound; but *hell*=O. E. *hill* or *hele*=cover, which agrees with its nominative *waters. And fire devoure the ayre* is a parenthetical clause.

P. 284, bk. IV. c. x. st. 51, l. 9, *girlonds* (so all editions), ? *gardians* (Church), ? *guerdons* (J. P. Collier).

P. 284, bk. IV. c. x. st. 55, l. 8, *warie* (1596), ? *wearie* (Church and Upton).

P. 285, bk. IV. c. x. st. 56, l. 4, *at* (1596), *on* (1609).

P. 285, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 4, l. 2, *dredd* (1596), *drad* (1609).

P. 285, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 4, l. 6, *seven* (1596), *three* (1609).

P. 287, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 17, l. 6, *age.* All old copies read *times.*

P. 287, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611).

P. 289, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 34, l. 5, *Grant* (Child). The ed. of 1596 reads *Guant.*

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 45, l. 1, *lovely* (1596), *loving* (1609).

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 48, l. 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Eudore* (Child).

P. 290, bk. IV. c. xi. st. 52, l. 7, *but* (so all copies). Some editors have proposed to read *both.*

P. 292, bk. IV. c. xii. st. 13, ll. 1, 2, *Thus whilst,* &c. (1596),

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with, &c.
And mighty courage something mollifide (1609).

P. 293, bk. IV. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611).

P. 295, bk. V. Prol. st. 2, l. 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611).

P. 295, bk. V. Prol. st. 2, l. 9, *degendered* (1596), *degenered* (1611).

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 7, l. 8, *thirtie* (1596), ? *thirteen.*

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 9, l. 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611).

P. 296, bk. V. Prol. st. 11, l. 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596).

P. 297, bk. V. c. i. st. 4, l. 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596).

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *Munera,* &c. The 4to. has *Momera.* The correct reading was adopted by Hughes.

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. st. 2, l. 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596).

P. 300, bk. V. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596).

P. 301, bk. V. c. ii. st. 11, l. 4, *When as.* All editions read *Who as.* Church proposed to read *Tho as=then as.*

P. 303, bk. V. c. ii. st. 32, l. 4, *earth* (1609), *eare* (1596).

P. 304, bk. V. c. ii. st. 38, l. 1, *these* (1596), *those* (1609).

P. 304, bk. V. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *way* (1596), *weigh* (1609).

P. 304, bk. V. c. ii. st. 45, l. 8, *weight* (so all editions), ? *scale* (Church).

P. 305, bk. V. c. ii. st. 46, l. 9, *way* (1596), *lay* (1609).

P. 308, bk. V. c. iii. st. 20, l. 2, *adrewed* (so all editions). Upton suggested *had viewed.*

P. 310, bk. V. c. iii. st. 40, l. 6, *we here* (1609 *were here* (1596).

P. 310, bk. V. c. iv. st. 1, l. 3, *Had neede ha* (1596), *Had need of* (1611).

P. 311, bk. V. c. iv. st. 8, l. 8, *doure* (1596 *dowre* (1609).

P. 313, bk. V. c. iv. st. 22, l. 2, *pinnoed* (1596 *pinniond* (1611).

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 36, l. 1, *watchman* (1609 *watchmen* (1596).

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 36, l. 8, *halfe like a ma* (1596), *ar m'd like a man* (1609).

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 37, l. 3, *so few* (so a copies). Church proposed to alter *neare* in l. 1 *new*, so as to rhyme with *few.* Mr. J. P. Colli proposes to read *to feare* instead of *so few*, thu making a suitable rhyme for *neare.*

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 37, l. 6, *there* (1596 *their* (1611).

P. 314, bk. V. c. iv. st. 39, l. 3, *doale* . . *divide* (1609), *doile* . . . *davide* (1596).

P. 323, bk. V. c. vi. st. 5, ll. 6, 7, *For houre* &c. (so all editions); but we ought to read, sa Church,

For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed wer
She told but weekes, &c.

P. 323, bk. V. c. vi. st. 13, l. 9, *singults* (1609 *singulfs* (1596).

P. 324, bk. V. c. vi. st. 16, l. 7, *things compac* Mr. J. P. Collier, following Church, reads *thi* *compacte*=a concerted thing. But the clause ma stand if we look upon *things* as in the geniti case.

P. 324, bk. V. c. vi. st. 17, l. 5, *Heard* (1609 *Here* (1596).

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 24, l. 1, *their* (1596), *h* (1609).

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 25, l. 9, *nights.* Churc suggested *Knight's.*

P. 325, bk. V. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *glims* (1596 *glimse* (1609), *glimpse* (1679).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 32, l. 7, *did* (1596), ? *ha*

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 33, l. 7, *avenge* (1596 *revenge* (1609).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 34, l. 7, *their* (1596 *that* (1611).

P. 326, bk. V. c. vi. st. 35, l. 5, *vilde* (1596), *vi* (1609).

P. 327, bk. V. c. vii. st. 6, l. 9, *her wreathe* (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church).

P. 328, bk. V. c. vii. st. 13, l. 5, *to robe* (1596 *to be* (1611).

P. 331, bk. V. c. vii. st. 38, l. 5, *bad* (1596), *sa* (1609).

P. 331, bk. V. c. vii. st. 42, l. 3, *Princess* (1609 *Princes* (1596).

P. 335, bk. V. c. viii. st. 34, l. 8, *curat* (1596 *curas* (1679).

P. 336, bk. V. c. viii. st. 40, l. 6, *knowen* (1609 *knowne* (1596).

P. 337, bk. V. c. viii. st. 48, l. 6, *whether* (1596 *whither* (1609).

P. 337, bk. V. c. viii. st. 50, l. 8, *cowhear* (1596), *coward* (1609).

P. 339, bk. V. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *knights* (1596 *knight* (1611).

P. 340, bk. V. c. ix. st. 26, l. 4, *Font.* Th 4to. of 1596 reads *Fons.*

P. 341, bk. V. c. ix. st. 33, l. 8, *rebellious* (1609), *bellious* (1596).

P. 342, bk. V. c. ix. st. 44, l. 1, *appose* (1596), *pose* (1609).

P. 343, bk. V. c. x. st. 6, l. 4, *and her* (1609), *d of her* (1596).

P. 344, bk. V. c. x. st. 8, l. 4, *Idols* ? *Idol* hurch).

P. 345, bk. V. c. x. st. 18, l. 8, *fastnesse* (1596), *fenesse* (1611).

P. 345, bk. V. c. x. st. 23, l. 1, *whether* (1596), *uither* (1611).

P. 345, bk. V. c. x. st. 23, l. 4, *threating* (1596), *'eatning* (1611).

P. 346, bk. V. c. x. st. 26, l. 3, *so now* ? *now so* hurch).

P. 347, bk. V. c. x. st. 37, l. 6, *hard preased* 596), *had preaced* (1609).

P. 348, bk. V. c. xi. st. 5, l. 9, *have rive* (1596), *t rive* (1611).

P. 349, bk. V. c. xi. st. 12, l. 4, *to them* (1596), *them* (1679).

P. 349, bk. V. c. xi. st. 13, l. 9, *through* (1609). . 1596 reads *throgh*.

P. 352, bk. V. c. xi. st. 40, l. 6, *shall sure y.* The 4to. 1596 omits the two words *all sure*, which are supplied from the folio 11.

P. 352, bk. V. c. xi. st. 41, l. 2, *too blame* (1596), *blame* (1679).

P. 352, bk. V. c. xi. st. 41, l. 6, *know* (suggested Upton), *knew* (1596).

P. 353, bk. V. c. xi. st. 54, l. 9, *corruptfull* 596), *corrupted* (1609).

P. 354, bk. V. c. xi. st. 61, l. 7, *meed* (so all itions). The rhyme requires *hyre* (Church).

P. 354, bk. V. c. xi. st. 61, l. 8, *froward* (1609), *ward* (1596).

P. 354, bk. V. c. xii. st. 1, l. 9, *enduren* (1609), *dure* (1596).

P. 355, bk. V. c. xii. st. 5, l. 9, *the Eagle* (1596), *Eagle* (1609).

P. 356, bk. V. c. xii. st. 17, l. 5, *such* (1596), *re* (1609).

P. 356, bk. V. c. xii. st. 19, l. 2, *shame* (1596), *iarme* (Collier).

P. 357, bk. V. c. xii. st. 30, l. 6, *hungrily* (1596), *ngerly* (1609).

P. 360, bk. VI. Prol. st. 6, l. 9, *fame* (adopted by llier), *name* (1596).

P. 362, bk. VI. c. i. st. 8, l. 7, *wretched* (1596), *ked* (1611).

P. 364, bk. VI. c. i. st. 28, l. 6, *ere he* (1609), *ere thou* 596).

P. 364, bk. VI. c. i. st. 34, l. 2, *swound* (adopted Child), *sound* (1596).

P. 365, bk. VI. c. i. st. 37, l. 5, *potshares* (1596), *'shards* (1611).

P. 365, bk. VI. c. i. st. 40, l. 9, *yearne* (1596), *'ne* (1609).

P. 366, bk. VI. c. ii. st. 3, l. 2, *deed and word* 609), *act and deed* (1596).

P. 366, bk. VI. c. ii. st. 3, l. 3, *eares.* All old tions read *eyes*.

P. 366, bk. VI. c. ii. st. 3, l. 4, *eyes.* All old itions read *eares*.

P. 370, bk. VI. c. ii. st. 39, l. 2, *implements* 596), *ornaments* (1609).

P. 371, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 1, l. 3, *a man* (1596). In 1679 *a* is omitted.

P. 372, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 12, l. 7, *save hole* (1596), *salve hole* (1611).

P. 373, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 21, l. 8, *default* (1596), ? *assault* (Collier).

P. 374, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 24, l. 5, *Crying aloud to shew* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *Crying aloud in vaine to shew*, &c.

P. 374, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 28, l. 6, *soft footing* (1679), *softing foot* (1596).

P. 374, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 30, l. 9, *thorough* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *through*.

P. 375, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 35, l. 3, *which* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *that*.

P. 376, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 42, l. 4, *approve* (1609), *reprove* (1596).

P. 376, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 42, l. 7, *reprove* (1609), *approve* (1596).

P. 376, bk. VI. c. iii. st. 48, l. 2, *and all* (so all old editions), ? *with all*.

P. 378, bk. VI. c. iv. st. 13, l. 8, *where* (1609), *there* (1596).

P. 378, bk. VI. c. iv. st. 16, l. 8, *hurt* (1611), *hurts* (1596).

P. 380, bk. VI. c. iv. st. 31, l. 5, *of our unhappie paine* (so all old copies). Church proposed *of this our happie paine*.

P. 380, bk. VI. c. iv. st. 35, l. 3, *Lo!* (1609), *Low* (1596).

P. 381, bk. VI. c. v. Arg. l. 1, *Serena* (Hughes), *Matilda* (1596).

P. 384, bk. VI. c. v. st. 28, l. 2, *lives* (1596), ? *live*. Professor Child prints *lived*.

P. 385, bk. VI. c. v. st. 36, l. 4, *off* (1609), *of* (1596).

P. 385, bk. VI. c. v. st. 39, l. 3, *gree* (1609), *glee* (1596).

P. 385, bk. VI. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *there* (1609). The 4to. has *their*.

P. 386, bk. VI. c. vi. st. 4, l. 4, *Of which* (1596), *In which* (1611).

P. 387, bk. VI. c. vi. st. 11, l. 9, *Makes.* The 4to 1596 has *Make*.

P. 387, bk. VI. c. vi. st. 17, l. 7, *Calepine* (Hughes), *Calidore* (1596).

P. 389, bk. VI. c. vi. st. 35, l. 6, *fight* (1609), *right* (1596).

P. 391, bk. VI. c. vii. st. 3, l. 7, *armed* (1609). The 4to. has *arm'd*.

P. 392, bk. VI. c. vii. st. 15, l. 9, *yearned* (1596), *earned* (1609).

P. 395, bk. VI. c. vii. st. 38, l. 7, *through* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *throgh*.

P. 395, bk. VI. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *tyreling* (1596), *tyrling* (1679).

P. 396, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 3, l. 9, *misust* (1596), *misus'd* (1609).

P. 397, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 11, l. 9, *two* (1609), *tow* (1596).

P. 398, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 15, l. 3, *pownded* (1596), *powned* (1609).

P. 398, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 17, l. 6, *From* (1609), *For* (1596).

P. 400, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 30, l. 4, *daintest* (1596), *daintiest* (1609).

P. 401, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 47, l. 3, *toyle* (1609), *toyles* (1596)

P. 401, bk. VI. c. viii. st. 50, l. 4, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609).

P. 402, bk. VI. c. ix. st. iv. l. 9, *time* (1596), ? *tine* (Church and Upton).

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 28, l. 6, *th' heavens* (1596). Some modern editions read *the heaven*.

P. 405, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 3, *addrest* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 36, l. 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to. 1596 and all old editions).

P. 406, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 45, l. 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. ix. st. 46, l. 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596).

P. 407, bk. VI. c. x. st. 2, l. 9, *in the port* (1609). The 4to. has *on the port*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 22, l. 5, *Æacidee*. The 4to. has *Æcidee*.

P. 409, bk. VI. c. x. st. 24, l. 7, *froward* (1611), *forward* (1596).

P. 410, bk. VI. c. x. st. 34, l. 9, *her*. Collier suggests *ere* = before.

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 36, l. 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 42, l. 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church).

P. 411, bk. VI. c. x. st. 44, l. 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *pretended* ? *protended* (Collier).

P. 414, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 24, l. 1, *reliv'd* (1596), *reviv'd* (1609).

P. 417, bk. VI. c. xi. st. 45, l. 4, *lyful* (1596), *lifeful* (1609).

P. 419, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 12, l. 8, *loos* (1596), *praise* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 40, l. 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609).

P. 422, bk. VI. c. xii. st. 41, l. 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 53, l. 6, *unto* (1609). The folio 1611 has *unto unto*.

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vi. st. 54, l. 8, *champain* (1611), *champian* (1609).

P. 429, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 2, l. 3, *feeble*. The folios have *sable*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 8, l. 9, *showe* (1611), *shew* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 9, l. 7, *kinde*. The folios have *kindes*.

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 10, l. 7, *they*:—*which they* (1611).

P. 430, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 12, l. 5, *Peleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609).

P. 431, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 16, l. 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611).

P. 432, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 28, l. 3, *bloosmes did* (1609). The ed. of 1611 omits *did*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 5, *rode* (so all copies); the rhyme requires *rade*.

P. 433, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 41, l. 7, *Idæan* (Upton). The folios read *Iæan*.

P. 435, bk. VII. c. vii. st. 55, l. 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 1, l. 7, *to cast* (1609), *and cast* (1611)

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, *Sabaoth* (161 *Sabbaoth* (1609).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, For *that* M Collier suggests *thou*. But there should perha be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will an optative one signifying '0 *may* that great G of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest ete nal.' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion to t ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, i *visio pacis*.

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaot* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church).

P. 436, bk. VII. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth G* (1611), *Sabbaoth God* (1609).

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR.

P. 440, l. 4, *Noblesse* (1579), *noblenesse* (1597).

P. 440, l. 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611).

P. 441, col. 1, l. 16, *of few* (1579), *of a fewe* (1597

P. 441, col. 2, l. 25, *coveting* (1579), *coveri* (1597).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 5, *common*. The 4to. (1579) h *commen*.

P. 442, col. 1, l. 49, *seene* (1586), *seme* (1579 ar 1581).

P. 442, col. 1, l. 57, *to be counted straunge* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579).

P. 442, col. 2, l. 27, *ungyrt* (1579). All other o editions read *unright*.

P. 443, col. 1, l. 24, *as one that* (1597), *as th* (1579).

P. 443, col. 2, l. 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1597).

P. 443, col. 2, ll. 1, 2 from bottom, *thys* 10. (1579 *the tenth* (1597).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 13, *more . . . then* (1597), *mo . . . and* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 17, *Invencion*. The ed. 15 has *Invericion*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 18, *these* (1597), *his* (1579).

P. 444, col. 1, l. 24, *definition*. The ed. 1579 h *difinition*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 35, *Æglogues* (1597). The e 1579 reads *Æclogues*.

P. 444, col. 1, l. 40, *containe* (1597), *concei* (1579).

P. 445, col. 1, l. 4, *Abib*. All old editions rea *Abil*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 8, *entraunce*. The ed. 1579 ha *enrraunce*.

P. 445, col. 2, l. 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (1579).

P. 445, col. 2, ll. 21, 22, *of thone part . . .* *thother* (1579), *of the one part . . . of the other* (1597

P. 445, col. 2, l. 25, *Shepheards* (1597), *She heard* (1579).

P. 446 (Januarie), Arg. l. 1, *him* (1579), *himsel* (1597).

P. 446, Arg. l, 5, *delights* (1579), *delight* (1597).

P. 446, l. 34, *bloosmes* (1579), *blossomes* (1581).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 1, *who that hath* (1597 *who hath* (1579).

P. 447 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *counter feicting* (1579), *counterfaiting* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1, *Poesye* (1579), *Pos* (1597).

P. 448 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 3, *notwithstandein* The ed. 1579 reads *notwithstande*.

P. 448 (FEBRUARIE), l. 17, *threttie* (1579), *thirtie* 597).

P. 448, l. 52, *youngth* (1579), *youth* (1597).

P. 448, l. 57, *hast* (1597), *hath* (1579).

P. 449, l. 86, *tadvaunce* (1579), *to advance* (1597).

P. 449, l. 142, *overcrawed* (1597), *overawed* (1579).

P. 450, l. 181, *oft* (1579), *of* (1597).

P. 450, l. 189, *To this the* (1579), *To this this* 597).

P. 450, l. 218, *to the earth* (1579), *to the ground* 611).

P. 451 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9 from the bottom, *anes* (1611). All 4tos. read *meane.*

P. 451 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 11 from bottom, *giveth* 597), *geveth* (1579).

P. 451 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 10, *wexe* (1579), *xe* (1597).

P. 451 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 15, *rash-headed* 579), *raw-headed* (1597).

P. 451 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 8, *God* (1597), *Gods* 579).

P. 452 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 1, *with him* (1579), *him* (1597).

P. 452 (MARCH), col. 1, l. 4, *nighes* (to be pro-unced as a dissyllable). The 4tos. read *nighest,* d fol. 1611 *nigheth.*

P. 452, col. 1, l. 6, *winters* (1579), *winter* (1597).

P. 452, col. 1, l. 40, *als* (1579 and 1597), *alas* 81 and 1586).

P. 453 (Wyllyes Embleme), l. 2, *Gods* (Child). old editions read *God.*

P. 453 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9 from bottom, *Goddesse* 97). The 4to. 1579 has *Goddes.*

P. 454 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 5, *winged love* (1597), *ndring love* (1579).

P. 454 (APRIL), (Arg.), l. 2, *herein* (1579), *here* (1597).

P. 454 (Arg.), l. 4, *alienate* (1579), *alienated* (1597).

P. 455, col. 1, l. 64, *angelick* (1579), *angel-like* 97).

P. 456, col. 1, l. 135, *finenesse* (1597), *finesse* (1579).

P. 456 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *meanesse* 79), *meannes* (1597).

P. 457 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 32, *deffly* (1597), *deaffly* 79).

P. 457, col. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *behight* (1611). e 4tos. 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597, read *bedight.*

P. 458 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 7, *coronation* (1579), *car-ion* (1597).

P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 6, *slea* (1579), *slay* (1597).

P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 9, *of* (1579), *by* (1597).

P. 458 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 19, *blinded* (1579, 1581, 6, 1597). Collier, who reads *blended,* is wrong stating that Todd has no authority for printing *nded* ; fol. 1611 has *blended.*

P. 458 (MAYE), (Arg.), l. 1, *fifte* (1597), *firste* 79).

P. 458, col. 2, l. 19, *no* (1579), *ne* (1581).

P. 459, col. 1, l. 54, *great* (1597), *gread* (1579).

P. 459, col. 1, l. 82, *forsay* (1597), *foresay* (1579).

P. 460, col. 1, l. 150, *say I* (1597, 1611), *sayd I* 579).

P. 460, col. 1, l. 159, *witen* (1579), *twiten* (1611).

P. 460, col. 1, l. 164, *none* (1579), *no* (1597).

P. 460, col. 2, l. 211, *the* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597), (1611).

P. 461, col. 1, l. 273, *forestall* (1597), *forstall* 79).

P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4, *oracles* (1579), *miracles* (1597).

P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *passengers* (1579), *persons* (1597).

P. 462 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Algrind* (1597), *Algrim* (1579).

P. 462 (Glosse), col. 2, ll. 32, 34, *of whom . . . Prometheus,* in 1579 and 1581, but omitted in 1586.

P. 462, col. 2, l. 52, *hys* (1579), *her* (1581).

P. 463, col. 1, l. 2, *and* (1579), *or* (1586).

P. 463, col. 1, l. 29, *Tyranne* (1579), *Tyrant* (1597).

P. 463, col. 2, l. 15, *agreeing* (1597), *a greeting* (1597).

P. 463, col. 2, l. 22, *beware* (1579), *to beware* (1597).

P. 464 (JUNE), col. 1, l. 16, *shroude* (1611), *shouder* (1579).

P. 464, col. 1, l. 24, *ravenes* (1611), *ravene* (1579, 1581, 1586).

P. 464, col. 2, l. 98, *painfull* (1579), *plainefull* (1581, 1586).

P. 465 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, *all* is omitted in 1597.

P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 15, *Lorde* (1579), *Lorde of* (1597).

P. 465 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 16, *noblesse* (1579), *noblenesse* (1597).

P. 466 (Glosse), col. 1, 13, *of* (1597), *of the* (1581).

P. 466 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 12, *undermyne* (1597), *undermynde* (1579).

P. 466 (JULYE), col. 2, l. 35, *witlesse* (1597), *weetlesse* (1579).

P. 466, col. 2, l. 58, *hyllye* (1579), *holy* (1597).

P. 467, col. 1, l. 69, *forsayd* (1597), *foresayd* (1579).

P. 467, col. 1, l. 77, *recourse* (1581), *resourse* (1579).

P. 467, col. 1, l. 99, *a starre* (1611). The 4tos. 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597 have *the starres.*

P. 467, col. 1, l. 129, *And* (1586), *As* (1579, 1581).

P. 468, col. 1, l. 191, *other* (1579), *others* (1597).

P. 468, col. 1, l. 197, *welter* (1579), *weltre* (1597).

P. 468 (Thomalins Embleme). The old editions have *Palinodes Embleme.*

P. 468 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 10, *lapsus* (1579), *lapsu* (1597).

P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 7, *then* (1597), *and* (1579).

P. 468 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *that* (1579), *the* (1586).

P. 469 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 17, *of the* (1597), *of* (1579).

P. 469 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 24, *of a* (1579), *of the* (1597).

P. 470 (AUGUST), (Arg.), l. 2, *choose* (1579), *chose* (1597).

P. 470, col. 1, l. 10, *did passe* (1597), *didst passe* (1579).

P. 470, col. 1, l. 13, *that mischaunce* (1597), *that newe mischaunce* (1579).

P. 470, col. 2, l. 46, *hetheward,* read *hetherward.*

P. 470, col. 2, l. 53, *holy* (1597), *holly* (1579).

P. 471, col. 1, l. 84, *thy hart* (1579), *my hart* (1597).

P. 471, col. 1, l. 104, *curelesse* (Collier). All editions read *carelesse.*

P. 471, col. 2, l. 162, *debarres . . . from* (1579), *debars . . . of* (1611).

P. 471, col. 2, l. 166, *woodes* (1597). The 4to. 1579 has *woddes.*

P. 471, col. 2, l. 167, *or* (1579), *nor* (1597).

P. 471, col. 2, l. 172, *as* (1597), *a* (1579).

P. 472, col. 2, l. 198, *nigheth* (1579). The 4to. 1597 has *higheth* = hieth, hastens.

P. 472 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 4, *shee*, omitted in 4to. 1579, is supplied from the edition of 1597.

P. 472, col. 2, ll. 14, 15, *so . . . partes* (1579), omitted by 1597.

P. 473 (September), col. 1, l. 6, *dirke* (1579), *darke* (1611).

P. 473, col. 1, l. 13, *ripeth* (1579), *rippeth* (1597).

P. 473, col. 1, l. 22, *I wene* (1579), *weele* (1597).

P. 473, col. 1, l. 24, *estate* (1597), *astate* (1579).

P. 474, col. 1, l. 99, *For-thy* (1579), *For they* (1611).

P. 474, col. 1, l. 112, *whote* (1579), *hote* (1597).

P. 474, col. 1, l. 123, *doen* (1579), *do* (1597).

P. 474, col. 2, l. 144, *stay* (1597), *stray* (1579).

P. 474, col. 2, l. 145, *yeed*. The 4tos. have *yeeld*; e folio 1611 reads *yead*.

P. 474, col. 2, l. 158, *walke* (1579), *talke* (1611).

P. 474, col. 2, l. 160, *to* (1597), *two* (1579).

P. 474, col. 2, l. 162, *privé* (1579), *privie* (1597).

P. 475, col. 2, l. 257, *her* (1579), *his* (1597).

P. 475 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 1 from bottom, *Thrise*. The 4to. 1579 has *These*; fol. 1611 *Thrice*.

P. 477 (October), col. 2, l. 75, *be forst to fayne* (1579), *to forst to faine* (1597), *to force to faine* (1611).

P. 477, col. 2, l. 79, *thy place* (1597), *the place* (1579).

P. 477, col. 2, l. 80, *doe* (1579), *doest* (1597).

P. 477, col. 2, l. 103, *weightye*. The 4to. 1579 has *wightye*, the folio 1611 *waightie*.

P. 478, col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *Arcadian*. The 4to. 1579 has *Aradian*, 4to. 1597, fol. 1611 *Arabian*.

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 11, *is*. So all old editions (?) *in*.

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, ll. 27, 28, *from stately discourse* (1579), *to stately course* (1597, 1611).

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 32, *wel knowen to be Virgile* (1579), *well knew noble Virgil* (1597, 1611).

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 38, *flocks* (1579), *flocke* (1597).

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2, *by fire*; omitted in 4to. 1597.

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 13, *layde* (1597), *lay* (1579).

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 40, *Petrarch, saying* (1579), *Petrarchs saying* (1597).

P. 479 (Glosse, col. 2, l. 12 from bottom, *had* (1597), *hath* (1579).

P. 479 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 2 from bottom, *is* (1597), *it* (1579).

P. 480 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 8, *forth* (1579), *out* (1597).

P. 480 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 9, *whom seeing Vulcane so faire* (1579), *whom Vulcan seeing so faire* (1597, 1611).

P. 480 (November), (Arg.), l. 2, *albe* (1597), *albeit* (1597).

P. 481, col. 1, l. 78, *you* is not in 4tos., but occurs in fol. 1611.

P. 481, col. 1, l. 85, *hath displayde*. The 4to. 1579 reads *doth displaye*.

P. 481, col. 1, l. 98, *heame* (1597), *heme* (1579).

P. 481, col. 1, ll. 98, 99, *him* (1597), *hem* (1579).

P. 481, col. 2, l. 115, *colourd* (1597), *coloured* (1579).

P. 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 17, *enjoy* (1579), *rece* (1597).

P. 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 25, *dyed* (1597), *de* (1579).

P. 483 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 5, *signe*. Not in 15 but in 1597.

P. 483 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 7, *Atropos daught* The 4to. 1579 reads *Atropodas ughters*.

P. 483 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 5, *to* (1579), *of* (15

P. 484 (Decem.), col. 1, l. 29, *recked* (1611). T 4tos. read *wreaked*.

P. 484, col. 2, l. 43, *derring-doe*. The 4to. 1 has *derring to*, but *derring doe* is in the Glosse, p. 4 col. 2, l. 1.

P. 484, col. 2, l. 70, *loathed* (1579), *loathing* (161

P. 484, col. 2, l. 76, *season* (1579), *reason* (1611

P. 485, col. 1, l. 89, *t'enrage* (1597), *to tenr* (1579).

P. 485, col. 2, l. 145, *gather together ye* (1597), *gat ye togither* (1579).

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 7, *or* (1579), *of* (1597)

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 21, *nor* (1579), *or* (159

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 27, *leapes* (1579), *hea* (1597).

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 1, l. 41, *in* (1579), *in* (1597).

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 16, *knewest* (1579), *know* (1597).

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 20, *our* (*how our* 1579), *how* is omitted by 1597.

P. 486 (Glosse), col. 2, l. 23, *Thus*. The 4to. 1 has *This*.

P. 486 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 3, *of Poetry* (in 157 is omitted by 1597.

P. 486 (Embleme), col. 1, l. 8, *nec . . . nec*. in all the 4tos. Some mod. editions read *non* . *non*.

P. 486 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 2, *hath* (in 1579) omitted by 1597.

P. 486 (Embleme), col. 2, l. 5, *quod* (1597), *q* (1579).

P. 486 (Epilogue), col. 2, l. 1 from bottom, *desp* (1579), *displease* (1597).

THE RUINES OF TIME.

P. 493, l. 361, *to* (1591), *do* (1611).

P. 493, l. 363, *covetize*. The edition 1591 rea *covertize*.

P. 494, l. 414, *made* (1591), ? *had* (Jortin).

P. 494, l. 447, *For he that now, &c.* (1591), *F such as now have most the world at will* (1611).

P. 494, l. 451, *him that* (1591), *such as* (1611).

P. 494, l. 454, *O let the man* (1591), *O let not th* (1611).

P. 494, l. 455, *Nor alive, &c.* (1591) *Alive nor de be of the Muse adorned* (1611).

P. 494, l. 499, *brickle* (1591), *brittle* (1611).

P. 495, l. 541, *Ocean* (1611), *Occæan* (1591).

P. 495, l. 551, *which* (1611). The ed. 1591 rea *with*.

P. 495, l. 571, *Was but earth, &c.* (1591), *Was of earth and with her weightinesse* (1611).

P. 495, l. 574, *worlds* (1611), *words* (1591).

P. 496, l. 647, *bred was* (1611), *was bred* (1591).

P. 496, l. 664, *the earth* (1591) *th' earth* (1611).

P. 496, l. 675, *worldes*. All old editions re *worlds*.

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

. 498, l. 113, *anew*, (?) *in rew.*

. 499, l. 126, *of sin.* Some mod. editions read *in.*

. 500, l. 232, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1591).

. 501, l. 401, *that winged God* (1591), *the winged*

. 503, l. 576, *Poetresse* (1591), *Poetesse* in some l. editions.

. 503, l. 600, *living* (1611), *loving* (1591).

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

. 504, l. 23, *waves* (1591), ? *wave.*

. 505, l. 122, *heart* (1611). The ed. 1591 has

. 506, l. 149, *Ascrœan.* The ed. 1591 reads *Astn.*

. 508, l. 340, *not* (1611) is omitted by 4to. 1591.

. 508, l. 343, *fire* (1591), *fier* (1611).

. 508, l. 387, *throat.* The 4to. 1591. reads *threat.*

. 508, l. 406, *fluttering* (1611), *flattering* (1591).

. 509, l. 417. *waladay* (1591), *weladay* (1611).

. 510, l. 536, *subtile* (1611), *slye* (1591).

. 510. l. 575, *billowes.* The 4to. 1591 reads *bil-*

. 510, l. 588, *Hercœan* (1591) ? *Ægean.*

MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

. 513, l. 53, *Gossip* (1611), *Goship* (1591).

. 513, l. 67, *lifted upon high* (1591), *lifted high* 1).

. 513, l. 87, *worldës* (1611), *worlds* (1591).

. 515, l. 264, *thetch* (1591), *thatch* (1611).

. 516, l. 340, *carried* (1591), ? *cover'd* (Collier).

. 517, l. 453, *diriges* (1611), *dirges* (1591).

. 517, l. 501, *or* (1591), *ere* (1611).

. 518, l. 629, *she* (1591), *hee* (1611).

. 519, l. 648, *at* (in 1611), omitted by 1591.

. 519, l. 734, *gentrie* (1591). This word must be nounced as three syllables (Todd). Perhaps nser wrote *genterie.*

. 519, l. 735, *lothefull* (1591), ? *slothefull* (Col-).

. 519, l. 830, *kindle.* The 4to. 1591 and the fol. l read *kindly.*

. 522, l. 997, *whether.* The 4to. 1591 has *whi-*

. 522, l. 1012, *stopt.* The 4to 1591 and fol. 1611 e *stept.*

. 522, l. 1019, *whither.* The 4to. 1591 reads *ther.*

. 524, l. 1245, *stal'd* (1591), *stall'd* (1611).

THE RUINES OF ROME.

. 526, l. 21, *Mausolus.* The 4to 1591 has *Mun-s.*

. 526, l. 48, *The Giants old* (1611), *the old Giants* 91).

. 527, l. 119, *palaces.* The line is defective; *laces failed.*

. 528, l. 210, *now* (1611). Omitted by the 4to. 1.

. 529, l. 243, *ornaments.* The 4to. has *orna-nt.*

P. 529, l. 270, *Tethis* (1591), *Thetys* (1611).

P. 529, l. 272, *dimned*, read *dimmed.*

P. 531, l. 414, *stackes* (1611), *stalkes* (1591).

MUIOPOTMOS.

P. 532, l. 34, *yongth* (1591), *youth* (1611).

P. 533, l. 149, *champain o're he.* The 4to. 1591 has *champion he*, but the fol. 1611 reads *champaine o're he.*

P. 534, l. 250, *dispacing.* The 4to. has *displacing.*

P. 535, l. 335, *hayrie* (1591), *ayrie* (1611).

P. 535, l. 354, *enfested* (1591), ? *enfesterd* (Collier).

P. 536, l. 370, *framde craftily* (1611), *did slily frame* (1591).

P. 536, l. 392, *hateful* (1591), *fatall* (1611).

P. 536, l. 431, *yongthly.* The 4to. has *yougthly*, but see p. 532, l. 34.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

P. 537, st. 3, l. 11, *did.* The 4to. 1591 has *doth.*

P. 538, st. 8, l. 12, *native* (1611), *nature* (1591).

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *On.* The 4to. 1591 reads *one.*

P. 538, st. 2, l. 9, *Afrike golds*, ? *Afrikes gold.*

P. 539, st. 9, l. 1, *astonied.* The 4to. 1591 reads *astoined.*

The following is an earlier version of 'The Visions of Bellay,' which is found in the 'THEATRE FOR WORLDLINGS.' '*A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, As also the greate joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely love the word of God. Devised by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman. Anno Domini.* 1569.' 8vo. Then follow two pages of Latin verses—'In commendationem operis ab Nobiliss. et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpiensi æditi, Carmen.' and 'Doctor Gerardus Goossenius Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant. moder. in Zoilum Octastichon.' And a Dedication to Q. Elizabeth, dated 'At London your Majesties Citie and seate royal. The 25. of May. 1569.' and signed, 'Your Majesties most humble servant. *Iean vander Noodt.*'

Next come Spenser's six 'Visions of Petrarch' (called Epigrams), with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled 'Sonets,' with descriptive woodcuts.

Then follow 107 leaves of Prose, entitled 'A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his *visions*, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories. Translated out of French into Englishe by Theodore Roest.' The following is an extract. 'And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the livelier before your eyes, I have broughte in here *twentie sightes or visions, and caused them to be grauen*, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse by writing, to the delight and plesure of the eye and eares, according unto the saying of Horace.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,
Doth in eche poynt all others excell.

Of which oure visions the learned Poete M. Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan *the six firste*, after suche tyme as hee had loved honestly the space of .xxi. yeares a faire, gracious, and a noble Damosell, named Laurette, or (as it plesed him best) Laura, borne of Avinion, who afterward hapned to die, he being in Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares together, and amongest many of his songs and sorowfull lamentations, devised and made a Ballade or song, containyng *the sayd visions, which* bicause they serve wel to our purpose, *I have out of the Brabants speeche, turned them into the Englishe tongue.*' fol. 13.

'The *other ten visions* next ensuing, ar described of one Ioachim du Bellay, Gentleman of France, *the whiche* also, bicause they serve to our purpose, *I have translated them out of Dutch into English.*' fol. 14.

SONETS.*

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of slepe,
The carefull travailes of the painefull day :
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great rivers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me upwarde unto heaven looke.
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What under this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes unstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of ty
In God alone do stay my confidence.

On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant decking the front,
And fashiond were they all in Dorike wise.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
Upon an hundred steps of purest golde.
Golde was the parget : and the sielyng eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floor was Jaspis, and of Emeraude.
O worldes vainenesse. A sodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill even from the bottome deepe,
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone.

Then did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde up unto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reache with sight.
Upon the top therof was set a pot
Made of the mettall that we honour most.
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.
Upon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde.
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this worlde but griefe endures.
A sodaine tempest from the heaven, I saw,
With flushe {? flashe} stroke downe this no
monument.

I saw raisde up on pillers of Ivorie,
Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche side portraide was a victorie.
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
That forgeth thunder dartes for Jove his sire.
Let me no more see faire thing under heauen,
Sith I have seene so faire a thing as this,
With sodaine falling broken all to dust.

Then I behelde the faire Dodonian tree,
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladsome shad
And Conquerors bedecked with his leaves
Along the bankes of the Italian streame.
There many auncient Trophees were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,
To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race,
That erst descended from the Trojan bloud.
Ravisht I was to see so rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.
I hearde the tronke to grone under the wedge.
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heaven,
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still folowing th' example of hir damme :
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes even of the hiest hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings reache
The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of fir
All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine.
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull ligh
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

Then all astonned with this nightly ghost,
I saw an hideous body big and strong,
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face.
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fough
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did give sucke
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
The tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme,
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell,
And faire greene Laurel withered up and dide.

---

* Or 'The Visions of Bellay.'

rd by a rivers side, a wailing Nimphe,
ding hir armes with thousand sighs to heaven,
tune hir plaint to falling rivers sound,
ting hir faire visage and golden haire,
ere is (quod she) this whilome honored face?
ere is thy glory and the auncient praise,
ere all worldes hap was reposed,
en erst of Gods and man I worshipt was?
s, suffisde it not that civile bate
de me the spoile and bootie of the world,
this new Hydra mete to be assailde
n by an hundred such as Hercules,
h seven springing heds of monstrous crimes,
nany Neroes and Caligulaes
st still bring forth to rule this croked shore.

n a hill I saw a kindled flame,
unting like waves with triple point to heaven,
ich of incense of precious Ceder tree
h Balmelike odor did perfume the aire.
ird all white, well fetherd on hir winges
eout did flie up to the throne of Gods,
l singing with most plesant melodie
climbed up to heaven in the smoke.
his faire fire the faire dispersed rayes
ew forth abrode a thousand shining leames,
en sodain dropping of a golden shoure
quench the glystering flame. O grevous chaunge!
t which erstwhile so pleasaunt scent did yelde,
Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel.

w a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,
e as Christall against the Sunny beames,
bottome yellow like the shining land,
t golden Pactol drives upon the plaine.
eemed that arte and nature strived to joyne
re in one place all pleasures of the eye.
re was to heare a noise alluring slepe
many accordes more swete than Mermaids song,
seates and benches shone as Ivorie,
hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
en from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
h hideous cry assembled on the place,
ch with their feete uncleane the water fouled,
ew down the seats, and droue the Nimphs to flight.

ength, even at the time when Morpheus
t truely doth appeare unto our eyes,
rie to see th' inconstance of the heavens:
w the great Typhæus sister come,
head full bravely with a morian armed,
najestie she seemde to matche the Gods.
on the shore, harde by a violent streame,
raisde a Trophee over all the worlde.
hundred vanquisht kings gronde at hir feete,
ir armes in shamefull wise bounde at their backes.
le I was with so dreadfull sight afrayde,
w the heavens warre against hir tho,
seing hir striken fall with clap of thunder,
h so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder.

he sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth sions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's translaof 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for Worldlings;' but four others are substituted, of which the writer thus speaks: 'And to the ende we myght speake more at large of the thing, I have taken *foure visions out of the revelations of S. John*, where as the Holy Ghost by S. John setteth him (Antichrist) out in his colours.' Fol. 20.

I saw an ugly beast come from the sea,
That seven heads, ten crounes, ten hornes did beare,
Having theron the vile blaspheming name.
The cruell Leopard she resembled much:
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
The mightie Dragon gave to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did espie,
Still freshly bleeding of a grievous wounde.
One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withstande?
And then came from the sea a savage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of hir image up.

I saw a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew:
Horrour and dreadfull name of blasphemie
Filde hir with pride. And seven heads I saw,
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare.
She seemde with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde puft up in heart.
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare.
The name of Mysterie writ in hir face;
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Most fierce and fell this woman seemde to me.
An Angell then descending downe from Heaven,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

Then might I see upon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenaunce,
His head did shine with crounes set therupon.
The worde of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
Then saw I from the heaven on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh.
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Joinyng their force to slea the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine
Is pitilesse throwne downe in pit of fire.

I saw new Earth, new Heaven, sayde Saint John.
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.
The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
Descendeth garnisht as a loved spouse.
A voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he shall be their God,
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
Hir brightnesse greater was than can be founde,
Square was this Citie, and twelve gates it had.
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
The houses golde, the pavement precious stone.
A lively streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant seat.
There growes lifes fruite unto the Churches good.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

P. 541, st. 1, l. 5, *mote* (1591), *mought* (Theatre for Worldlings).

P. 541, st. 1, l. 9, *that* (1591), *this* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 2, l. 19, *show* (1591), *shew* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 2, ll. 23—28. In the T. for W. these lines are as follows:—

Strake on a rock, that under water lay.
O great misfortune, O great griefe, I say,
Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde
So great riches, as lyke can not be founde.

P. 541, st. 3, l. 29, *The* (1591), *Then* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 30, *the* (1591), *a* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 31, *Amidst* (1591), *Amidde* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 3, l. 35, *That with*, &c. (1591), *My sprites were ravisht with these pleasures there* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 43, *a* (1591), *the* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, l. 49, *To the soft* (1591), *Unto the gentle* (T. for W.)

P. 541, st. 4, l. 50, *That my glad heart*, &c. (1591), *The sight wherof dyd make my heart rejoyce* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st 4, l. 51, *But, while herein*, &c. (1591), *But while I toke herein*, &c. (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 4, ll. 55, 56, are omitted by T. for W.

P. 541, st. 5, l. 63, *at last* (1591), *at length* (T. for W.)

P. 541, st. 5, ll. 68—70, These three lines are not in T. for W. but instead we have the following concluding line:—*For pitie and love my heart yet burnes in paine.*

P. 541, st. 6, l. 72, *thinking yet* (1591), *in thinking* (T. for W.)

P. 541, st. 6, l. 81, *on* (1591), *in* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 6, l. 82, *and sorrowful annoy* (1591), *That dothe our hearts anoy* (T. for W.).

P. 541, st. 6, ll. 83, 84, are omitted by T. for W.

P. 542, st. 7. This stanza does not occur in T. for W., but the four following lines are added to the Epigrams:—

My Song thus now in thy Conclusions,
Say boldly that these same SIX VISIONS
Do yelde unto thy lorde a sweete request,
Ere it be long within the earth to rest.

P. 542, st. 7, l. 85, *behold.* The 4to. 1591 reads *beheld.*

DAPHNAIDA.

P. 543, l. 79, *unpitied, unplained* (1591). Some mod. editions read *unpitied and unplained.*

P. 544, ll. 159, 160, *fro* (1591), *from* (1611).

P. 547, l. 391, *till* (1596), *tell* (1591).

P. 547, l. 478, *starres* (1591), *starre* (1596).

P. 548, l. 487, *deepe* (1591), *deere* (1596).

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

P. 549, l. 1, *knowen.* The 4to. 1595 reads *knowne.*

P. 550, l. 46, *glorious bright*, i.e. *glorious bright one* (1595). Some mod. editions read *glory bright.*

P. 550, l. 88, *lasse* (1611), *losse* (1595).

P. 550, l. 91, *chose* (1595), *choose* (1611).

P. 551, l. 168, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1595.)

P. 552, l. 315, *bordrags.* The 4to. 1595 reads *bodrags.*

P. 553, l. 382, *there is Corydon.* The 4to. 1595 reads *there is a Corydon.*

P. 554, l. 487, *Urania.* The ed. 1595 rea *Uriana.*

P. 555, l. 600, *clusters.* The 4to. 1595 reads *gluste*

P. 555, l. 601, *braunches* (suggested by Collie The 4to. 1595 has *bunches.*

P. 556, l. 670, *durst.* The ed. 1595 has *darest.*

P. 556, l. 757, *fare* (1611), *far* (1595).

P. 566, l. 762, *drownded* (1595), *drowned* (1611

P. 557, l. 860, *her* (referring to *earth*). So editions read *their.*

P. 557, l. 861, *life-giving.* All old editions re *like giving.*

P. 558, l. 884, *the creatures* (1611). Ed. 1595 h *their creatures.* Collier suggests *these.*

ASTROPHEL.

P. 559, l. 22, *and weetingly* (1595) ? *unweetingly*

P. 560, l. 50, *often* (1611), *oft* (1595). Did Spe ser intend to write *oft had sighed?*

P. 560, l. 53, *sight* i. e. *sighed* (1595), *sigh't* (161

P. 560, l. 89, *needeth* (1611), *need* (1595).

P. 561, l. 149, *beare* (1595), *biere* (1611).

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

P. 562, l. 35, *him did see* (1611), *him see* (1595).

P. 562, l. 50, *fro me* (1611), *me fro* (1595).

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

P. 563, l. 20, *thy ireful.* All old editions re *their ireful.*

P. 563, l. 34, *Seyne.* The old editions read *Rey*

P. 566, l. 193, *to thee let fall.* Some editio read *to let thee fall.*

A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE.

P. 566, l. 29, *testified.* Ed. 1595 has *testfied.*

P. 566, l. 41, *hard* (1595), *sad* (1611).

AN ELEGIE.

P. 568, l. 3, *glasse.* The ed. 1595 reads *grasse.*

P. 568, l. 72, *night* (1611), *might* (1595).

P. 569, l. 109, *never* (1611), *ever* (1595).

P. 569, l. 134, *Astrophill.* The original has *trophrill.*

P. 569, l. 150, *To short-livde* (1595). Some e tions read *The short-livde.*

P. 569, l. 155, *nor* (1595), *or* (1611).

P. 569, l. 177, *do* (1595), *doth* (1611).

P. 570, l. 181, *This word* (1611), *His word* (159

P. 570, l. 206, *of each kinde* (1611), *of kinde* (159

P. 570, l. 234, *discollor* (1611), *discollors* (1595)

AN EPITAPH (II.).

P. 571, l. 25, *parallels* (1611), *parables* (1595).

P. 572, l. 39, *Go, seeke* (1611), *Go, seekes* (1595)

SONNETS.

P. 574, st. 10, l. 7, *captive.* Ed. 1595 reads *c tives.*

P. 574, st. 11, l. 8, *unpittied.* Ed. 1595 reads *pitteid.*

P. 575, st. 15, l. 3, *treasure.* Ed. 1595 rea *treasures.*

P. 576, st. 21, l. 6, *love.* Ed. 1595 reads *loves.*

P. 576, st. 26, l. 4, *braunche is.* The ed. of 1 reads *braunches.*

P. 576, st. 26, l. 5, *rough* read *tough* (1595).

P. 578, st. 33, l. 11, *Sins* (1595), *Sith* (1611).

P. 578, st. 35. This stanza is repeated in ed. 95, and comes between stanzas 82 and 83. There a different reading in l. 6, it is *having it* in our xt, but *seeing it* in the omitted version.

580, st. 47. l. 11, *her* (1595), *their* (1611).

P. 580, st. 50, l. 9, *first* (1595). Some copies read r.

P. 580, st. 53, l. 6, *semblant* (1597), *semblance* 611).

P. 581, st. 55, l. 12, *mind* (1595). Some editions ad *love*.

P. 581, st. 57, l. 10, *these* ? *those*.

P. 581, st. 58, l. 1, *By her*. Some editors prose to read *To* but *By*=concerning.

P. 581, st. 58, l. 8, *glories* (1595). Some editions s 1611) read *glorious*.

P. 583, st. 71, l. 9, *above*. Ed. 1595 reads *about*. id Spenser write :—

But as your worke is all about ywove?

P. 585, st. 82, l. 2, *placed*. Ed. 1595 has *plac'd*.

P. 586, st. 87, l. 9, *the idœa* (1611), *th' idœa*, 595).

P. 586, st. 88, l. 3, *vow*. The ed. 1595 reads *w*.

EPITHALMION.

P. 587, l. 2, *me* (1595). Some editions read *the*.

P. 587, l. 13, *girlands*. The ed. 1595 reads *girnd*.

P. 588, l. 67, *dore* (so ed. 1595), but read *deere* as ggested by Professor Child.

P. 588, l. 92, *dreames*. All the old editions read *eame*.

P. 589, l. 190, *mazefull*. The ed. 1595 has *mazell*, but *amazefull* is suggested by Professor Child.

P. 589, l. 208, *receyve*. Ed. 1595 has *recyve*.

P. 590, l. 290, *nights sad dread* (1611), *nights ead* (1595).

P. 590, l. 341, *Pouke*. The ed. 1595 reads *Ponke*.

P. 591, l. 359, *your bed* (1595). Some modern pies read *the bed*.

P. 591, l. 379, *wool*. The ed. 1595 has *woll*.

P. 591, l. 385, *thy will* (1611), *they will* (1595).

HYMNES.

AN HYMNE OF LOVE.

P. 593, l. 69, *make* (1596), *made* (1611).

P. 593, l. 83, *hated fyre*. Ed. 1596 has *hate fyre*.

P. 594, l. 122, *with*. Warton proposed to read *rom*.

P. 594, l. 150, *Since* (1596). Some mod. copies ead *Sith*.

P. 594, l. 161, *doest* (1596). Some mod. copies ead *doth*.

P. 595, l. 227, *hath eyde* (1596). Some copies ead *had eyde*.

AN HYMNE OF BEAUTIE.

P. 596, l. 6, *doest* (1596). Some mod. editions ead *doth*.

P. 596, l. 47, *clotheth it* (1596). Collier reads *loses it*.

P. 596, l. 83, *oft-times*. Ed. 1596 has *oftimes*.

P. 597, l. 147, *Perform'd*. The ed. 1596 reads *eform'd*.

P. 597, l. 158, *will* ? *evill*.

P. 597, l. 171, *affections* (1596), ? *affection*.

P. 598, l. 195, *no love* (1596), *not love* (Collier).

P. 598, l. 222, *to his fancies* (1596), ? *of his fancies*.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE LOVE.

P. 599, l. 53, *in powre* (1596), *of powre* (Collier).

P. 600, l. 72, *still to them* (1596). Collier reads *unto them*.

P. 600, l. 158, *launching* (1596). Some modern editions read *launcing*.

P. 601, l. 179, *of us* (1596), *for us* (Collier).

P. 601, l. 188, *us so* (1596), *was so* (Collier).

P. 601, 195, *Even he himselfe*. Ed. 1596 has *Even himselfe*. In 1611 it is *Even hee himself*.

P. 601, l. 238, *of great* (1596), *by great* (Collier).

P. 602, l. 266, *to thee* (1596), *for thee* (1611).

HYMNE OF HEAVENLIE BEAUTIE.

P. 603, l. 121, *Suns bright beames* (1596), *Sunbright beames* (1611).

P. 604, l. 165, *And dampish aire*. Ed. 1596 reads *The dark and dampish aire*.

P. 604, l. 170, *more bright* (in 1611), is omitted by 1596.

P. 605, l. 270, *to paine* (1596), *a paine* (1611).

P. 605, l. 294, *on matter* (1611), *no matter* (1596).

PROTHALAMION.

P. 605, l. 5, *whom* (1596). Some copies read *whose*.

P. 606, l. 117, *Yet* (1611), *Yeat* (1596).

SONNETS WRITTEN BY SPENSER.

I. This is taken from '*Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused:* &c. London. 4to.: *Imprinted by John Wolfe*, 1592.'

II. This is prefixed to '*Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility*, &c. *Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William Jones, Gent.*, 4to. 1595.'

III. Prefixed to the '*Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: Containing his famous actes*, &c. *Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for W. Ponsonby*, 1596,' fol. There is a copy of this work in the Bodleian Library. AA. 37. Art. Seld.

IV. Prefixed to '*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gasper Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Lewkenor, Esquire.* London. *Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes*, &c., 1599,' 4to.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.*

P. 610, col. 2, l. 17, *entred* (22), *enured* (19).

P. 610, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *Breaghe* (22), *Iriach* (19).

P. 611, col. 1, l. 39, *sure* (22), *faire* (19).

P. 611, col. 2, l. 10, *forestald* (22), *foreslaked* (19 and 73).

P. 611, col. 2, ll. 32, 33, *Tanistih* (22), *Tanist* (19).

P. 612, col. 1, l. 30, *innovation* (19), *invasion* (73).

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* 22=Additional MS. 22022. 19=Harl. MS. 1932. 73=Harl. MS. 7388. W.=Ware's Text.

P. 612, col. 2, l. 19, *wayved* (73), *wayed, waied* (19 and 22).

P. 612, col. 2, l. 41, *of a King* (22), 'Of a Kinge, which tytle was gyven by the Yrish rather for a more greater honour of their countrey then for any gratification or addition of power to the kynge, who was before Lord of Yreland; which tytle did not import the absolute soveraigne command of a lord seignour over his subjects as over his vassalles; for all other absolute power of principalitie he had in himself before deryved from manie former kinges,' &c.

P. 613, col. 1, l. 15, *keepe* (22), *plucke* (19).

P. 613, col. 2, l. 9 from bottom, *warrelike* (19), *wicked* (22).

P. 614, col. 2, l. 15, *enured* (73), *entred* (22 and 19).

P. 615, col. 1, ll. 11, 12, *Culvers, Mointerolis, Oroirke.* MS. 22 omits *Culvers and Mointerolis*; 19 reads *Culvers, Moneroo* (73 *Moneroe*), and *Ourkes* (*Orourcks* 73).

P. 615, col. 1, ll. 14, 15, *Glaunmaleerih, Shillelah, Briskelagh, Polmonte.* MS. 19 has *Glaumalor* (73 *Glamalour*), *Shillelagh* and *Brisklagh. Polmonte* is inserted from Ware's text.

P. 615, col. 1, l. 11 from bottom, *the Earle of Ulster.* Ware's text has *the Earle of*, which is omitted in the Brit. Mus. MSS. For *Ulster*, 19 reads *Lacie.*

P. 615, col. 2, l. 2, *builded . . . Tomond* (22), *repaired . . . Thomond* (19).

P. 615, col. 2, l. 17 from bottom, *Clarifort* (19), *Clareforte* (73), *Clariford* (Ware). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Mourne and Buttevant* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 615, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, *remember* (22), *reade* (19).

P. 616, col. 1, l. 14 from bottom, *hurt* (22), *scathe* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 1, *Donluce* (Ware), *Donlace* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 3, *Belfast* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 12, *en Ranagh.* Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col 2, l. 14, *Belfast . . . Newton.* Omitted by 22; inserted from 19.

P. 616, col. 2, l. 23, *in the Ardes.* Omitted by 22; inserted from Ware: 19 reads *at the Ardes,* 73 *in Ardes.*

P. 616, col. 2, l. 29, *Bremmegham* (22), *Breminyham* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, l. 35, *to breathe or* (22), *to slaie nor* (19).

P. 616, col. 2, ll. 47–56, *and left . . . warres,* in 22, 19, and 73, but omitted by Ware.

P. 617, col. 1, l. 18 from bottom, *Gerald* (22), *Garrett* (19 and 73).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 6, *bluster* (22), *blatter* (19, and Ware).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 20 from bottom, *Leis* (22), *Leix* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *Oreyleys* (73), *Orelies* (19).

P. 617, col. 2, ll. 12–9 from bottom, *All this . . . kindle* (22), *All these which ye have named and manie moe besides often tymes have I right well knowen to kyndle* (19).

P. 618, col. 2, ll. 18–22, *to keepe . . . provision* (19). Omitted by 22, and Ware.

P. 619, col. 2, l. 17 from the bottom, *leave* (2 *dryve* (19).

P. 619, col. 2, l. 10 from bottom, *garrans* (19 *gerrans* (22), *garrandes* (73).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 3, *which purposely therfore appoynted* (22), *which is purposelie appointed ther unto* (19).

P. 620, col. 2, l. 18 from bottom, *attaynted . . void* (22). Ware and MSS. 19 and 73 omit *ha beene made voyd*; and for *attaynted*, Ware and read *conteyned.*

P. 620, col. 2, l. 16 from bottom, *wronge* (19 *wrought* (22).

P. 621, col. 2, l. 15 from bottom, *Palentine* (22 *Palatyne* (19), *Pallantyne* (73).

P. 623, col. 2, ll. 4, 3 from bottom, *Cuddechi Cosshirh* ((22), *Cuddie, Cossherie* (19), *Shragh an Sorehim* (73 *Stragh and Brehim*) are omitted in 22

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 3, 4, *saying commonly* (22 *for their common sayinge is* (19).

P. 624, col. 1. l. 29, *Kin-cogish* (22), *Kincon glishe* (19), *Kingongish* (73)

P. 624, col. 1, ll. 4, 3 from bottom, *inclusive . . him* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 624, col. 2, l. 21 from bottom, *Cogish* (22 *Congish* (73).

P. 624, col. 2, l. 22 from bottom, *followers* (19 *fellowes* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, l. 26, *I suppose to be Scythian which at,* &c. In Ware's text we have the followin passages (omitted in all the Brit. Mus. MSS.), which however, is directed to be crossed out as being the agreeable to the best MS. copy; which passage is als omitted in the MS. of this 'View' belonging to th Marquis of Stafford (Todd):—

Eudox. How commeth it then to passe, that th Irish doe derive themselves from *Gathelus* th Spaniard?

Iren. They doe, indeed, but (I conceive) withou any good ground. For if there were any suc notable transmission of a colony hether out Spaine, or any such famous conquest of this king dome by Gathelus, a Spaniard, as they would fain believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicle of Spaine (had Spaine then beene in so high regar as they now have it) would not have omitted memorable a thing as the subduing of so noble realme to the Spaniard, no more than they doe no neglect to memorize their conquest of the Indians specially in those times, in which the same wa supposed, being nearer unto the flourishing age learning and writers under the Romans. But th Irish doe heerein no otherwise then our vain Englishmen doe in the Tale of Brutus, whom the devise to have first conquered and inhabited th land, it being as impossible to prove, that there wa ever any such Brutus of Albion or England as it that there was any such Gathelus of Spaine. Bu surely the Scythians (of whom I earst spoke at, &c

P. 625, col. 1, l. 37, *Scuttenland* (19), *Scutten land* (22).

P. 625, col. 1, ll. 39–45, *I wonder . . . and th same* (in 19 and 73). Omitted by 22.

P. 626, col. 1, ll. 21–22, *of all which . . . Buck hanan* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 626, col. 1, l. 43, *leave* (so all copies) ? *learn*

P. 626, col. 1, l. 54, *antiquitye* (22), *auncientn* (19 and 73).

P. 626, col. 2, l. 39, *Cales* (22), *Cadiz* (19); l. 43, *aldunum* (W.), *Galdum* (22), *Galdumen* (19).

P. 626, col. 2, l. 49, *Celties* (22), *Celtæ* (19), *Celts* W.).

P. 627, col. 1, l. 38, *fiftye* (22), *fyfteene* (19).

P. 627, col. 1, l. 44, *Slevius* (22), *Slanius* (W.), *lanius* (19).

P. 627, col. 1, ll. 51–52, *As the Latine proverbe is* omitted by 22; in 19 and 73). W. reads *as the ater proverbe is.*

P. 627, col. 2, ll. 11–14, *for being . . . would* (22). mitted by W.

P. 628, col. 1, l. 12, *Isabell* (22), *Elizabeth* (W., 9 and 73).

P. 628, col. 1, l. 23, *auncientrye* (22, 73 and W.), *uncestrie* (19).

P. 628, col. 2, ll. 17–21, *of the which . . . of the aules* (19 and 73). Omitted by 22

P. 628, col. 2, l. 37, *Gaull* (22), *Gaules* (19), *ald* (73 and W.).

P. 629, col. 1, l. 16, *Cummurreeih* (12), *Cummerk* (19), *Camericke* (73).

P. 629, col. 2, l. 5, *winning* (22), *employing* (W. nd 73), *empeopling* (19).

P. 630, col. 1, l. 30, *bolyes* (W. and 19), *bogges* 22 and 73).

P. 630, col. 1, l. 53, *bolyes* (22), *boolying* (W.), *ollinge* (19 and 73).

P. 631, col. 1, l. 28. *Gaules* (22 and W.), *Africans* 19 and 73).

P. 631, col. 1, l. 56, *besemeth* (22), *deserve* (19).

P. 631, col. 2, l. 6, *encloseth* (22), *ensconceth* (19).

P. 631, col. 2, l. 44, *Beantoolhe* (22), *Monashutt* 19 and 73), *Monashul* (W.).

P. 632, col. 1, ll. 42, 43, *as have . . . that people.* V. reads *as have been devised for that people*; 22, *aken for theyr reformation*; 19, *as have been devised or that people*; 73, *as have been devised for the reormation of the people.*

P. 632, col. 1, ll. 26–28, *I say . . . to be named* 22). Omitted by W.

P. 632, col. 2, ll. 13, 14, *Launlaider* (W.), *Lanargabo* (19), *Layarrigabowe* (22).

P. 632, col. 2, l. 36, *blunt* (22), *blynde* (19 and V.).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 1, *approovaunce* (22), *apparance* 19).

P. 633, col. 1, ll. 2, 3, *Scota . . . judgement* (22), *cota be like an Egiptian word or carrie anie smacke f anie learninge or judgement* (19).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 9, *owles or cats eyes* (19), *an wle or catt-is eyes* (22).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 15, *Irish* (W.), *English* (22).

P. 633, col. 1, l. 17, *Farreehs.* W. has *Ferragh*; 2 *Farreels*; 19 *Ferrah*; 73 *Ferraghe.*

P. 633, col. 2, l. 50, *clashing* (19), *lashing* (22).

P. 634, col. 1, l. 1, *joining* (19), *comming* (22).

P. 634, col. 1, l. 35, *oath* (19), *wealth* (22).

P. 634, col. 2, l. 31, *Lycanthropia* (W.), *Hicanropia* (22).

P. 635, col. 1, l. 44, *shavinge* (19), *shewing* (22).

P. 636, col. 2, ll. 47, 48, *an other huge . . . upon em* (22), *and through other huge calamities which ame upon them* (19).

P. 637, col. 2, ll. 25, 26, *Hernan, Shenan, Mauan* (22), *Heenan. Shenan, Mangan* (W).

P. 637, col. 2, ll. 34–49, *of which sorte . . . quite Irish* (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by Ware, who states that this passage is in the Lambeth MS., and in the MS. belonging to the Marquis of Stafford.

P. 639, col. 2, l. 24, *head* (W.), *hand* (22, 19 and 73).

P. 640, col. 2, ll. 4–12, *Me thinkes . . . dislike of* (19 and W.). Omitted by 22.

P. 640, col. 2, l. 48, *Tirtæus* (W. and 19), *Tyrreus* (22).

P. 642, col. 1, l. 12, *Kearrooghs* (22), *Garrowes* (19).

P. 642, col. 2, ll. 45–50, *by reading . . . of folke* (19), *by reading those which you call Folkemotes the which builte by two severall nations, the one by the Saxons, as the worde signifyeth in Saxone meeting of folke* (22).

P. 643, col. 1, ll. 30–34, *as ye . . . of stones* (19). Omitted by 22.

P. 645, col. 2, l. 29, to P. 646, col. 1, l. 41, *This is truly . . . way togither* (22, 19 and 73). Omitted by W.

P. 646, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *charge therof . . . but the inconvenience* (19), *charge therof, nor any defect of zeale for reformation herof, but the inconvenience* (22).

P. 649, col. 1, ll. 50–53, *And this is . . . for accursed* (omitted by W.).

P. 649, col. 1, l. 52, *times not called amisse* (19), *times called banisse* (22).

P. 656, col. 1, l. 6, *Jacques Geffray* (22), *Sequôr Jeffrey* (19), *Signior Jeffrey* (W.)

P. 658, col. 1, l. 37, *Magueeirhe* (22), *Macguire* (73), *Macknyre* (19).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 11, *Tyrrelaghe O-Neale* (22), *Turlagh Levagh* (19), *Turlough Oneale* (73).

P. 658, col. 2, l. 41, *advise* (22), *devyce* (19).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 28, *Cummerreeighe* (22), *Comericke* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, ll. 52, 53, *Brin in the Brittons . . . darke* (22), *Brin in the Britons language signifieth woodie, and Toll hillie* (19 and 73).

P. 659, col. 2, l. 58, *Deurmuid-ne-Galh* (22), *Dermonigle* (19).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 36, *Glan-Maleeirh* (22), *Glan Malor* (19 and W.).

P. 660, col. 1, l. 37, *Ballinecorrih* (22), *Ballinecarre* (19).

P. 660, col. 2, l. 53, *placing* (19 and 73), *plotting* (22).

P. 661, col. 1, l. 48, *good spialls* (22), *good especialls* (19).

P. 661, col. 1, l. 51, *bayte* (22), *bayjoning* (19).

P. 663, col. 1, l. 11, *unto them . . . where they* (22), *unto them that they shal be brought and removed with such creete as they have into Leinster, where they,* &c. (19).

P. 664, col. 1, ll. 52, 53, *which amounteth . . . acres* (22). Omitted by W.

P. 672, col. 2, l. 47, *kinde of being bounde* (19), *kinde of living being bound* (22).

P. 675, col. 1, ll. 37, 38, *Alloonagh . . . dogge* (22), *Sascona, that is English* (19).

P. 676, col. 1, l. 54, *sparke.* All the MSS. agree in this reading. Ware has *speare*, but *sparke* may be a provincial form of the O. Eng. *sparthe*, a battle axe.

APPENDIX II.

LETTERS FROM SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL
HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND, MAISTER G. H.

Fellow of Trinitie Hall in Cambridge.*

Good Master G. I perceive by your most curteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed. In recompence wherof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoever occasion shal be offred me: yea, I will not stay, till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may. And that you may perceive how much your Counsel in al things prevaileth with me, and how altogither I am ruled and over-ruled thereby: I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement: being notwithstanding resolved stil, to abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings: leaste by over-much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted. Then also, meseemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne, which of some yl-willers might be upbraided not to be so worthie, as you knowe she is; or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage: or the like. The selfe former Title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse. If these, and the like doubtes, maye be of importaunce in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you without the least selfe love of your own purpose, councell me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so muche to your judgement, that I am evermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof. And indeede for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits and senses togither (which are alwaies at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of Estimation and Preferment. For whiles the iron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of Noble varie as their Estates. *Verùm ne quid durius.*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G. and forthwith write me those two or thre special points and caveats for the nonce, *De quibu in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque Li teris tuis.* Your desire to heare of my late bein with hir Majestie muste dye in it selfe. As for th twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* and Maste *Dyer*, they have me, I thanke them, in some use o familiarity: of whom and to whome, what speach passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leave t your selfe to conceive, having alwayes so well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale towarde you. And nowe they have proclaimed in thei ἀρειωπάγῳ a generall surceasing and silence o balde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to: i steade whereof they have, by authoritie of thei whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawes and rule of Quantities of Englishe sillables for English Verse having had thereof already great practise, an drawen mee to their faction. Newe Bookes I hear of none, but only of one, that writing a certain Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating i to Maister *Sidney*, was for his labor scorned: if a leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature t scorne. Suche follie is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whom wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre entituling *My Slomber* and the othe Pamphlets unto his honor. I meant them rathe to Maister *Dyer*. But I am of late more in lov wyth my Englishe Versifying than with Rymin whyche I should have done long since, if I woul then have followed your councell. *Sed te solu jam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere: nun Aulam video egregios alere Poëtas Anglicos.*

Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be commende unto your Worshippe: of whome what accompt he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceive, b hys paynefull and dutifull Verses of your selfe.

Thus much was written at Westminster yester night: but comming this morning, beeing the sixteenth of October, to Mystresse *Kerkes*, to have delivered to the Carrier, I receyved your lette sente me the laste weeke: whereby I perceive yo otherwhiles continue your old exercise of Versifying in Englishe; whych glorie I had now though shoulde have bene onely ours heere at London an the Court.

Truste me, your Verses I like passingly well, an envye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rathe maligne, and grudge at your selfe, that woulde no once imparte so muche to me. But once or twic you make a breache in Maister *Drants* Rules: *quo tamen condonabimus tanto Poëtæ, tuæque ipsius ma ime in his rebus autoritati.* You shall see when w meete in London (whiche, when it shall be, certify us) howe fast I have followed after you in th

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* Reprinted from 'Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens writing: both touching the foresaid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars.—More lately delivered unto the Printer.—Imprinted at London by H. Bynnemann, dwelling in Thames streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini, 1580. Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.'

ourse: beware leaste in time I overtake you.
*eruntamen te solum sequar, (ut sæpenumero sum
rofessus,) nunquam sanè assequar dum vivam.*
And nowe requite I you with the like, not with
he verye beste, but with the verye shortest, namely,
ith a few Iambickes: I dare warrant they be pre-
isely perfect for the feete (as you can easily judge),
nd varie not one inch from the Rule. I will im-
arte yours to Maister *Sidney* and Maister *Dyer* at
y nexte going to the Courte. I praye you, keepe
ine close to your selfe, or your verie entire friendes,
laister *Preston*, Maister *Still*, and the reste.

Iambicum Trimetrum.

nhappie Verse, the witnesse of my unhappie state,
Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying Thought, and fly forth unto my Love whersoever she be:

hether lying reastlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heavenlie Virginals.

f in Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste:
If at Boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate:
If at hir Virginals, tell hir, I can heare no mirth.

sked why? say: Waking Love suffereth no sleepe:
Say, that raging Love dothe appall the weake stomacke:
Say, that lamenting Love marreth the Musicall.

ell hir, that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe:
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes:
Tell hir, that hir sweete Tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

owe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindely reste:
Nowe doe I dayly starve, wanting my lively foode:
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

nd if I waste, who will bewaile my heavy chaunce?
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye: *this was Immerito?*

I thought once agayne here to have made an
nde, with a heartie *Vale* of the best fashion: but
e an ylfavoured myschaunce! My last farewell,
hereof I made great accompt, and muche mar-
elled you shoulde make no mention thereof, I am
owe tolde (in the Divels name) was thorough one
ans negligence quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe
ndoubtedly have beene sent, whether I hadde
ome, or no. Seeing it can now be no otherwise, I
ray you take all togither, wyth all their faultes:
nd nowe I hope, you will vouchsafe mee an
nsweare of the largest size, or else I tell you true,
ou shall bee verye deepe in my debte: notwyth-
tandyng thys other sweete, but shorte letter, and
ne, but fewe Verses. But I woulde rather I
ight see youre owne good selfe, and receive a
eciprocall farewell from your owne sweete mouth.

Ad ornatissimum virum, multis jam diu NOMINIBUS CLARISSIMUM G. H. IMMERITO *sui, mox in Gallias navigaturi, εὐτυχεῖν.*

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus Amicum;
Sicque novus veterem jubet ipse Poëta Poëtam,
Salvere, ac cœlo, post secula multa secundo
Jam reducem, cœlo mage, quàm nunc ipse, secundo
Utier. Ecce Deus, (modò sit Deus ille, renixum
Qui vocet in scelus, et juratos perdat amores)
Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modò signa Marinus,
Et sua veligero lenis parat Æquora Ligno:
Mox sulcanda, suas etiam pater Æolus Iras
Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis——
Cuncta viis sic apta meis: ego solus ineptus.
Nam mihi nescio quo mens saucia vulnere, dudum
Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Navita proram
Invalidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illuc.
Consiliis Ratio melioribus usa, decusque
Immortale levi diffissa Cupidinis Arcu.
Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso.
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,
(Id tibi Dii nomen precor haud impune remittant)
Hos nodos exsolve, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generosus Honores
Exstimulat, majusque docet spirare Poëtam.
Quàm levis est Amor, et tamen haud levis est Amor omnis.
Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
Præque sacrosancta splendoris Imagine tanti,
Cætera, quæ vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, urbana peculia, Nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, Amores,
Conculcare soles, ut humum, et ludibria sensus.
Digna meo certè Harveio sententia, digna
Oratore amplo, et generoso pectore, quam non
Stoica formidet veterum Sapientia vinclis
Sancire æternis: sapor haud tamen omnibus idem.
Dicitur effœti proles facunda Laërtæ,
Quamlibet ignoti jactata per æquora Cœli
Inque procelloso longùm exul gurgite ponto,
Præ tamen amplexu lachrymosæ Conjugis, Ortus
Cœlestes Divûmque thoros sprevisse beatos.
Tantùm Amor, et Mulier, vel Amore potentior. Illum
Tu tamen illudis: tua Magnificentia tanta est:
Præque subumbrata Splendoris Imagine tanti
Præque illo Meritis famosis nomine parto
Cætera, quæ Vecors, uti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, Amores,
Quæque placent ori, quæque auribus, omnia temnis.
Næ tu grande sapis, Sapor at sapientia non est:
Omnis et in parvis benè qui scit desipuisse,
Sæpe superciliis palmam sapientibus aufert.
Ludit Aristippum modò tetrica Turba Sophorum,
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno
Ludit Aristippus dictamina vana Sophorum,
Quos levis emensi male torquet Culicis umbra:
Et quisquis placuisse Studet Heroibus altis,
Desipuisse studet, sic gratia crescit ineptis.
Denique laurigeris quisquis sua tempora vittis,

Insignire volet, Populoque placere faventi,
Desipere insanus discit, turpemque pudendæ
Stultitiæ laudem quærit. Pater Ennius unus
Dictus in innumeris sapiens: laudatur at ipsa
Carmina vesano fudisse liquentia vino:
Nec tu pace tua, nostri Cato Maxime sæcli,
Nomen honorati sacrum mereare Poëtæ,
Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni stultire velis, sic S[t]ultorum omnia plena,
Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite, nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,
Nec sapuisse nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum.
Hinc te merserit unda, illinc combusserit Ignis;
Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes,
Nec serò Dominam, venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
Si sapis, ablatum, (Curiis ea, Fabriciisque
Linque viris miseris miseranda Sophismata: quondam
Grande sui decus ii, nostri sed dedecus ævi:)
Nec sectare nimis. Res utraque crimine plena.
Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe, vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum.
Vis facit una pios: Justos facit altera: et altra
Egregiè cordata, ac fortia pectora: verùm
Omne tulit punctum, *qui miscuit utile dulci*.
Dii mihi, dulce diu dederant: verum utile nunquam:
Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dedissent.
Dii mihi (quippe Diis æquivalia maxima parvis)
Ni nimis invideant mortalibus esse beatis,
Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile: tanta
Sed Fortuna tua est: pariter quæque utile, quæque
Dulce dat ad placitum: sævo nos sydere nati
Quæsitum imus eam per inhospita Caucasa longè,
Perque Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaque turpem.
Quòd si quæsitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus, ultrà
Fluctibus in mediis socii quæremus Ulyssis.
Passibus inde Deam fessis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile qui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
Namque sinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infœlice virentes
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus Annos,
Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.
Ibimus ergo statim: (quis eunti fausta precetur?)
Et pede Clibosas fesso calcavimus Alpes.
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno,
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petulcum!
Musa sub Oebalii desueta cacumine montis,
Flebit inexhausto tam longa silentia planctu,
Lugebitque sacrum lacrymis Helicona tacentem.
Harveiusque bonus (charus licet omnibus idem,
Idque suo merito, prope suavior omnibus unus,)
Angelus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicis
Innumeris, geniúmque choro stipatus amæno)
Immerito tamen unum absentem sæpe requiret,
Optabitque Utinam meus hîc Edmundus adesset,
Qui nova scripsisset, nec Amores conticuisset
Ipse suos, et sæpe animo verbisque benignis
Fausta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat, &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas. Vale, Vale plurimùm, Mi amabilissime Harveie, meo cordi, meorum omnium longè charissime.

I was minded also to have sent you some Englis verses: or Rymes, for a farewell: but by my trotl I have no spare time in the world, to thinke o such Toyes, that you know will demaund a free head, than mine is presently. I beseeche you b all your Curtesies and Graces let me be answere ere I goe: which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lord I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained mos what of him: and there am to employ my time, m body, my minde, to his Honours service. Thu with many superhartie Commendations and Re commendations to your selfe, and all my friende with you, I ende my last Farewell, not thinkin any more to write unto you, before I goe: an withall committing to your faithfull Credence th eternall Memorie of our everlasting friendship, th inviolable Memorie of our unspotted friendshipp the sacred Memorie of our vowed friendship: whic I beseech you Continue with usuall writings, as yo may, and of all things let me heare some New from you. As gentle M. *Sidney*, I thanke his goo Worship, hath required of me, and so promised t doe againe. *Qui monet, ut facias, quod jam facis* you knowe the rest. You may alwayes send the most safely to me by *Mistresse Kerke*, and by non other. So once againe, and yet once more, Far well most hartily, mine owne good *Master H.* an love me, as I love you, and thinke upon poore *Im merito*, as he thinketh uppon you.

Leycester House, this 5 [? 16] of October, 1579.

Per mare, per terras,
Vivus, mortuusque
Tuus Immerito.

TO MY LONG APPROOVED AND SINGULA GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G. H.*

Good Master H. I doubt not but you have som great important matter in hande, which al th while restraineth your Penne, and wonted read nesse in provoking me unto that, wherein your self nowe faulte. If there bee any such thing in hatch ing, I pray you hartily, lette us knowe, before al th worlde see it. But if happly you dwell altogith in Justinians Courte, and give your selfe to be d voured of secreate Studies, as of all likelyhood yo doe: yet at least imparte some your olde, or new Latine or Englishe, Eloquent and Gallant Poesi to us, from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe in manner nothing hidden. Little newes is he stirred: but that olde greate matter still dependin His Honoure never better. I thinke the *Earthqua* was also there wyth you (which I would glad learne) as it was here with us: overthrowing dive old buildings and peeces of Churches. Sure very

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* Reprinted from 'Three proper and wittie fam liar Letters: lately passed betwene two Universit men: touching the Earthquake in Aprill last, an our English reformed Versifying.—With the Pr face of a wellwiller to them both.—Imprinted a London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thame streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Do mini, 1580.—Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Maje tatis.'

traunge to be hearde of in these Countries, and
et I heare some saye (I knowe not howe truely)
hat they have knowne the like before in their
ayes. *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philosophis?*
like your late Englishe Hexameters so exceedingly
vell, that I also enure my Penne sometime in that
inde: whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you
ften defende in worde, neither so harde, nor so
arshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe
o our Moother tongue. For the onely, or chiefest
ardnesse, whych seemeth, is in the Accente:
vhyche sometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawneth
favouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and
ometime exceeding the measure of the Number,
s in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being used
horte in speache, when it shall be read long in
erse, seemeth like a lame *Gosling that draweth one*
egge after hir: and *Heaven* being used shorte as one
illable, when it is in verse stretched out with a
Diastole, is like *a lame dogge that holdes up one*
egge. But it is to be wonne with Custome, and
ough words must be subdued with Use. For, why
Gods name, may not we, as else the Greekes,
ave the kingdome of oure owne Language, and
neasure our Accentes by the sounde, reserving the
uantitie to the Verse? Loe, here I let you see
ny olde use of toying in Rymes turned into your
rtificial straightnesse of Verse by this *Tetrasticon*.
beseech you tell me your fansie without parcialitie.

See yee the blindfoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer,
  Of Lovers Miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coovered his Face?
  Trust me, least he my Loove happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to those two, which I
ranslated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we
ay togither in Westminster?

That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
  As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

I would hartily wish, you would either send me
he Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you observe
n Quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip
idney gave me, being the very same which M.
Drant devised, but enlarged with M. Sidneys own
udgement, and augmented with my Observations,
hat we might both accorde and agree in one:
easte we overthrowe one an other, and be over-
hrown of the rest. Trust me, you will hardly be-
eeve what greate good liking and estimation Mais-
er *Dyer* had of your *Satyricall Verses*, and I, since
he viewe thereof, having before of my selfe had
peciall liking of *Englishe Versifying*, am even
owe aboute to give you some token, what, and
owe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you
rueth, I minde shortely at convenient leysure, to
ette forth a Booke in this kinde, whiche I entitle
Epithalamion Thamesis; whyche Booke, I dare un-
lertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge,
nd rare for the Invention and manner of handling.
For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames:
shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Rivers throughout Englande, whyche came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and right passage, &c. A worke, beleeve me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master *Holinshed* hath muche furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching oute their firste heades and sources: and also in tracing and dogging oute all their Course, til they fall into the Sea.

O Tite, siquid, ego,
Ecquid erit pretij?

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste Letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition: and your frendly Letters, and long expected Judgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarilye use, and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis* 1580. *Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimùm: jamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide quæso, ne id tibi Capitale sit: Mihi certè quidemerit, neque tibi hercle impunè, ut opinor, Iterum vale, & quàm voles sæpè.*

Yours alwayes to commaunde,
IMMERITO.

Postscripte.

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of a Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K. and the pictures so singularly set forth and purtrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beste, nor reprehende the worst. I know you woulde lyke them passing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, must more advisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroade: howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better. *Veruntamen te sequor solùm: nunquam verò assequar.*

EXTRACT FROM HARVEY'S REPLY.*

But Master *Collin Cloute* is not every body, and albeit his olde Companions, *Master Cuddy* and *Master Hobbinoll* be as little beholding to their *Mistresse Poetrie*, as ever you writ: yet he peradventure by the meanes of hir special favour, and some personall priviledge, may happely live by *Dying Pellicanes*, and purchase great landes, and lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* have, and will affourde him. *Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well: and the rather, bicause they savour of that singular extraordinarie veine and invention, which I ever fancied moste, and in a maner admired onelye in *Lucian*, *Petrarche*, *Aretine*, *Pasquill*, and all the most delicate, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians: (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verye ciphars in this kinde :) whose chiefest endevour, and drifte was, to have nothing vulgare, but in some respecte or other, and especially in *lively hyperbolicall amplifications*, rare, queint, and odde in every pointe, and as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste, above the reache, and compasse of a common schollers capacitie. In whiche respecte notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner, as the Divinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Divine, preferre *Saint Johns Revelation* before al the veriest *Metaphysicall Visions*, and jollyest conceited *Dreames* or *Extasies*, that ever were devised by one or other, howe admirable, or super excellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truely I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notablest, and moste wonderful Propheticall, or Poeticall Vision, that ever I read, or hearde, me seemeth the proportion is so unequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblaunce of Comparison: no more in a maner (especially for Poets) then doth betweene the incomprehensible Wisdome of God, and the sensible Wit of man.

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* Reprinted from '*Three Proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c.'

But what needeth this digression between you and me? I dare saye you wyll holde yourselfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre *Dreames* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Visions* be in Italy: which I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But, see, how I have the Arte *Memorative* at commaundement. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*: howbeit by good chaunce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case, then I founde hi And must you of necessitie have my judgement hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judg ment, if your *Nine Comedies*, whereunto in imit tion of *Herodotus*, you give the names of the *Ni* *Muses* (and in one mans fansie not unworthily come not neerer *Ariostoes Comœdies*, eyther for th finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rarenesse Poetical Invention, then that *Elvish Queene* dot to his *Orlando Furioso*, which notwithstanding, yo wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overg as you flatly professed yourself in one of your la Letters.

Besides that you know, it hath bene the usu practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in a nations, and specially in *Italie*, rather to shewe, an advaunce themselves that way, then any other as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing head *Bibiena*, *Machiavel*, and *Aretine* did, (to let *Bem* and *Ariosto* passe) with the great admiration, an wonderment of the whole country: being in deed reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt Witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, eithe with *Aristophanes* and *Menander* in Greek, or wit *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other, i any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly wit you in your owne matters. If so be the *Faer* *Queene* be fairer in your eie than the *Nine Muse* and *Hobgoblin* runne away with the Garland fro *Apollo*: Marke what I saye, and yet I will not sa that I thought, but there an End for this once, an fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putt you in a better minde.

GLOSSARY.

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A, in 'A Gods name,' 442, 474
Abace, *abase*, to lower. to hang down, 82, 257, 397
Aband, to abandon, 138
Abashment, fear, 202, 203
Abeare, to behave, conduct, 356, 406
Abet, *abett*, to aid, support, maintain, 364, 383; asserting falsely, 242
Abid, *abode*, remained, 178
Abie, *aby*, *abye*, to pay the penalty of, to atone for, suffer for, 101, 122, 179, 212, 235, 258, 595; abide by, 368
Abject, to throw or cast down, 219, 338
Abode, remained, 227; a delay, stay, 155, 202
Abolish, to wipe out, 101
Aboord, *abord*, from the bank, astray, at a loss, 515. *Aborde*, harbour, 418
Abouts, about, 58
Abrade, to rouse, wake up, 218
Abray (pret. *abrayde*), to start up suddenly, to awake, 162, 257, 261; to quake with sudden fear, 261
Abusion, abuse, deceit, fraud, 141, 230, 359
Accloy, *accloye*, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder, 113, 449, 568
Accoasting, skimming along near the ground, 369
Accompt, *accoumpt*, account, 444, 515
Accorage, to encourage, 90, 203
Accord, to grant, to agree, to reconcile, 255, 278, 448; an agreement, 99, 125
According, agreeably to, according to, 65, 75, 99, 141; accordingly, 139
Accoste, to go side by side, to adjoin, border, 352
Accourting, entertaining (courteously), 88
Accoustrement, garb, 519
Accoy, *accoie*, to subdue, daunt, tame, 448
Accoy, to coy, caress, 274
Accoyl, to assemble, gather together, 128
Accrew, to increase, 259, 317
Achates (*Acates*), purchased provisions, cates, 128
Acquight, *acquit*, *acquite*, to deliver, release, 49, 145; acquitted, free, 314
Adamants, chrystals, 288
Adaw, to adaunt, tame, moderate, 195, 260, 341, 449
Adayes, daily, 452
Addeeme, to adjudge, 307
Addoom, to adjudge, 435
Address, to prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm, 176, 192, 215. *Addrest*, ready, 243
Adjoyne, to approach, join, 198
Admiraunce, admiration, 347
Admire, to wonder at, 256, 266, 399
Adore, to adorn, 290
Adorne, ornament, 226
Adowne, down, 49
Adrad, *adred*, *adredde*, afraid, terrified, 162, 244, 272, 507
Adrad, to be frightened, 299
Advaunce, to extol, 34; impel, 81
Adventure, chance, 237; opportunity, 243; to attempt, 314
Adview, to view, 308
Advize, *advise*, to consider, perceive, take thought of, bethink, 79, 129, 294, 419
Advizement, consideration, 103, 126
Adward, an award, 280; to award, 294
Æmuling, emulating, rivalling, 550 (æmuled, 550)
Afeard, afraid, 217, 235
Affear, to frighten, 93, 96
Affect, affection, 365; sorrow, 566; imitation, 594
Affection, passion, 100, 139, 168, 386
Affide, *affyde*, betrothed, 273, 306; intrusted, 322
Afflicted, low, humble, 11
Afford, to consent, 108
Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to encounter, to assault, 82, 163
Affray, to terrify, fray, 184; terror, 340, 345
Affrende, to make friends, 246
Affret, encounter, 207, 242
Affront, to confront, encounter, oppose, 50, 176, 244
Affy, to betroth, espouse, 372, 376; entrust, 322
Affyaunce, betrothal, 99
Afore, in front, before, 97, 170
Aggrace, favour, kindness, goodwill, 125; to make gracious, 151
Aggrate, to please, delight, charm, treat politely, 105, 128, 193, 204, 238, 349, 410
Aglet, point, tag, 94, 366
Agree, to settle, to cause to agree, 97
Agreeably, alike, in a manner to agree, 391
Agrise, *agrize*, *agryse*, *agryze*, to cause to shudder, to terrify, to make disgusted, 111, 165, 346, 430
Agryz'd, having a terrible look, disfigured, 269
Aguise, *aguize*, to deck, adorn, fashion, accoutre, 82, 83, 165, 306, 519; to disguise, 107
Alablaster, alabaster, 167
Albe, *albee*, although, 37, 455
Aleggeaunce, alleviation, 186
Alew, howling, 323
Algate, *algates*, altogether, wholly, by all means, in all ways, at all events, 161, 201, 259, nevertheless, 480
All, although, 155; 'all as'=as if, 448

Allegge, to lessen, allay, 452
Almes, a free allowance, alms, 230
Alone (only), without compulsion, 255
Alow, downwards, 397
Alow, praise, 5
Als, also, 80, 84, 123, 232
Amaine, violently, by force, 235, 256, 364
Amate, to daunt, subdue, to stupefy, terrify, 16, 87, 178, 197, 220 ; to keep company with, 128
Amaze, amazement, 194, 237
Ambassage, embassy, 517
Amearst, amerced, punished, 583
Amenage, to manage, handle, 97
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour, 160, 121, 242, 520
Amis, *amice*, a priestly vestment, 29
Amount, to mount up, ascend, 60
Amove, to move, remove, 31, 56, 219
Andvile, anvil, 72
Annoy, annoyance, grief, hurt, 40, 91, 129
Antickes, *antiques*, ancient, or fantastic figures, 94, 112, 223
Apace, fast, copiously, 286
Appall, to falter, 260 ; to weaken, 160
Appay, *apay* (præt. and p. p. *appay'd*, *appaid*), to please, satisfy, pay, 129, 148, 354, 470, 543
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Appease, to cease from, 25
Appele, to accuse, 341 ; to offer, 168
Appellation, appeal, 427
Apply, to attend to, 65 ; to bend one's steps to, 106
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove, 432
Approvaunce, approval, 153
Arborett, little grove, 107
Aread, *areed* (p. p. *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain, 55, 57, 93, 164, 220, 238, 258, 309, 380 ; appoint, 355 ; detect, 254
Arear, *areare*, *arere*, *arreare*, to the rear, backward, aback, 143, 196, 214, 377, 509
Aret, *arret*, to allot, entrust, adjudge, 120, 140, 254
Arew, in a row, in order, 357.
Arguments, signs, indications, 391
Arights, rightly, 343
Arke, box, chest, 248
Arras, tapestry of Arras, 28
Arraught (pret. of *arreach*), seized forcibly, 135
As, as if, 51, 70, 126, 197
Askaunce, sideways, 112, 160
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease, 26
Aslope, on the slope, aside, 180
Assay, to try, attempt, assail, attack, 20, 28, 97, 183, 277 ; an attempt, trial, 83, 92, 93 ; value, 19, 177
Assayde, affected, 470
Asseige, to besiege, 141
Assignment, design, 140
Assize, measure, 538
Assoil, *assoyl*, to absolve, determine, set free, let loose, renew, 65, 104, 160, 203, 243, 397, 533 ; to pay, 548 ; remove, 255, 260
Assott, to befool, to beguile, bewilder, 132, 202, 452
Assure, to promise, assert confidently, 132
Asswage, to grow mild, 23
Assyn, to mark or point out, 46
Astart, to start up suddenly, 166
Astert, befall, come upon suddenly, 482
Astond, *astound*, *astonied*, astonished, stunned, 269, 468

Astonish, to stun, 272
Astonying, confounding, 305
Attach, to seize, take prisoner (*attack*, 203), 14 275, 318
Attaine, *attayne*, to find, reach, fall in with, 265
Attaint, to stain, obscure, 47
Attempt, to tempt, 354
Attendement, intent, 388
Attent, attention, 211, 406
Attone (*atone*), at one, together, reconciled, 83, 12 264, 277. *Attone*, *attons*, at once, together, 84, 18 206
Attrapt, dressed, 251
Atween, *atweene*, between, 185, 351, 390
Atwixt, between, at intervals, 224
Aumayl, to enamel, 94
Availe, *avale*, to fall, sink, lower, descend, bo down, 126, 399, 447, 448
Avaunt, depart, 388
Avauntage, advantage, 103
Avaunting, advancing (boastfully), 92
Avenge, revenge, 258
Avengement, revenge, 30, 184
Aventred, thrust forward (at a venture), 158, 242
Aventring, pushing forward, 258
Avize, *avyze*, to perceive, consider, regard, view take note of, reflect, bethink, 37, 109, 157, 16 169, 174, 238, 275, 419 ; advise, 273
Avizefull, observant, 260
Avoid, to depart, go out, 161
Avoure, 'to make avoure'=to justify, maintain, 37
Awarned, made, was made aware, 216
Awayte, to wait for, 157 ; watch, 280
Awhape, to terrify, frighten, 263, 351, 513
Aygulets (*aglets*), tags, points of gold, 94
Aym, direction, 107

Babe, doll, 460
Bace, low, 36, 168
Bace, the game of prisoner's base, 476 ; 'bad *bace* =challenged, 218
Baffuld, disgraced (as a recreant knight),391, 394
Baile, to deliver, 275 ; custody, 428
Bains, banns (of marriage), 77
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble, 13, 46, 9 114 ; *bales*, ruins, 407 ; *baleful*, full of bale, de structive, deadly, 169, 241 ; *balefulnesse*, rui 154
Balke, to disappoint, to deal at cross purposes, 16 281 ; a ridge between two furrows, 413
Balliards, billiards, 520
Ban, *banne*, to curse (*band*, cursed), 197, 275, 30 349, 368, 601
Band, forbid, banish, 167 ; assemble, 31
Bandog, mastiff, 474
Bane, death, destruction, 142
Banket, banquet, 190, 264
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swallow tail), 393
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse-armour, 87
Barbican, a watch-tower, 128
Bard, ornamented with *bars* (ornaments of girdle), 94
Base, low, 18 ; the lower part, 339
Basenesse, a low humble condition, 371
Basen-wide, widely extended, 519
Bases, armour for the legs, 318
Bash, to be abashed, 100

Bastard, base, lowborn, 41, 96
Basted, sewed slightly, 316
Bate, did bite, 102 ; fed, 473
Bate, to bait, attack, 422
Batt, stick, 506, 514
Battailous, ready for battle, in order for battle, 33, 173
Batteilant, embattled, fortified, 537
Battill (properly *to fatten*), to be of good flavour, 400
Batton, stick, club, 395
Bauldricke, belt, 94, 297, 607
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Bay, a standstill, a position in which one is kept at bay, 362
Baye, to bathe, 44
Bayes (*baies*), laurels, 234, 386
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Beath'd, plunged, 263
Beauperes, fair companions, 159
Beckes, beaks, 140
Become, to come to, go to, to suit, to happen, 62, 67, 88, 121, 209
Bed, bad, 59
Bedight, dressed, equipped, decked, adorned, 81, 111, 192, 251, 382 ; 'ill-bedight,' disfigured, 112
Beduck, to dive, dip, 110
Befell, was fitting, proper, 127
Beginne, beginning, 171
Begord, stained with gore, 285
Behave, to employ, use, 95
Beheast, *behest*, command, 90, 178
Behight, call, name, address, pronounce, promise, command, 67, 91, 198, 238, 244, 286, 313, 455 ; ordained, 534 ; adjudged, entrusted, 65, 120, 253, 383
Behoofe, profit, 266
Behote, to promise, 251 ; call, 484 ; *behott*, promised, 72
Belaccoyle, kind salutation or greeting, 260
Belamoure, *belamy*, a lover, 108, 117
Belay, to beset, encompass, 575 ; adorn, 366
Beldame, fair lady, 167
Belgard, fair (or kind) looks, 94, 211, 598
Bellibone, a beautiful and good woman, 455
Belyde, counterfeited, 212
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Bend, band, 94, 114, 316
Beneficiall, a benefice, 517
Bent, long stalks of (*bent*) grass, 377
Beraft, bereft, 236
Bere, to bear, 292 ; bier, 148
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Beseme, *beseeme*, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit, fit, become, appear, 128, 129, 159, 161, 276, 320, 470
Besitting, befitting, 237
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Bestaine, to stain, 265
Bestow, to place, 128
Bestrad, bestrided, 301
Bet, did beat, 89
Betake (pret. *betooke*), to take (into), to deliver, bestow, betake one's self, 34, 59, 191, 417
Beteeme, to deliver, give, 121
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Bethrall, to take captive, 52
Betide, *betyde*, to befall, to happen to, 83, 110, 183 ; *betid*, *betyded*, *betight*, befall, befallen, 307, 482, 552
Bett, better, 477
Bever, the front part of a helmet (covering the mouth), 102
Bevy, company (of ladies), 128
Bewaile, to choose, select, 38
Bewray, to reveal, betray, accuse, 31, 36, 168, 244 ; signify, 642
Bickerment, bickering, strife, 311
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Bide, to bid, offer, 202
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Bils, battle-axes, 353
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Blanckt, confounded, put out of countenance, 170
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Blatter, to bluster (in note), 704
Blaze, to blazon forth, proclaim, 68
Blemishment, a blemish, 239
Blend (pret. and p. part. *blent*), to mix, confuse, confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure, 42, 99, 113, 206, 359, 525. *Blent*, blinded, obscured, blotted, 97, 227, 310
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Blesse, bliss, 281
Blin, to cease, 184
Blincked, dimmed, 206
Blind, dark, 285
Blist, wounded, struck, 397
Blist, blessed, 267
Bloncket, liveries, grey coats, 458
Blont, blunt, unpolished, 474
Bloosme, blossom, bloom, 268, 446
Blot, *blotten*, to defame, blemish, 230, 235
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Boad, 'bootles boad'=lived uselessly, profitlessly, 516
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Bode, abode, 354, 416
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Bollet, bullet, 45
Bolt, arrow, 452
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Boone, prayer, petition, 241, 341
Boord, *bord*, to accost, to address, talk with, 87, 99, 125, 170 ; conversation, 212 ; go side by side, 289

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Borowe, *borrowe*, pledge, surety, 459, 460, 520
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Bought, fold, 13, 69, 507
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Bounse, to beat, 220
Bountie, *bounty*, goodness, 92, 206. *Bounteous*, generous, good, 160, 164, 219. *Bountyhed*, generosity, 145, 160, 173
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Bourne, boundary, 107
Bout, about, 170
Bouzing-can, a drinking-can, 29
Bownd, to lead (by a direct course), 67
Bowre, chamber, inner room, 161 ; to lodge, shelter, 360, 407
Bowrs, muscles (of the shoulder), 53
Boy, a term of reproach, 105
Boystrous, rough, rude (as applied to a club), 50
Brace, to embrace, encompass, 474
Brag, proudly, 449. *Bragly*, proudly, 452. *Bragging*, proud, 449
Brame, sharp passion (cf. O.E. *breme*, severe, sharp), 168
Bransles, dances, brawls, 212
Brast, burst, 36, 49, 198, 242
Brave, fair, beautiful, 94, 153
Braverie, finery, 521
Bravely, gallantly, splendidly, 107
Brawned, muscular, brawny, 53
Bray (*braie*), to cry out suddenly, cry aloud, utter aloud, 350 ; gasp out, 84
Braynepan, skull, 389
Breaded, braided, embroidered, 88, 168
Breare, *brere*, briar, 64, 160, 213
Breech, breeches, 338
Breede, work, produce, 159
Breem, *breme*, boisterous, rough, sharp, 433, 448, 485
Brenne, to burn, 246
Brent, burnt, 55, 71, 160
Brickle, brittle, 283, 494
Brigandine, a kind of light vessel, 533
Brim, margin of the horizon, 341
Brize, *bryze*, gadfly, 363, 537
Brocage, pimping, 441, 520
Broch, to commence, broach, 162
Brode, abroad, 247
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Brondiron, sword, 250
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Brood, a brooding-place (? an error for *bood*=O.E. *bood* or *abood*, an abode, resting place ; cf. *bode*, p. 354), 112
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Brust, burst, 160, 202, 251
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Bug, apparition, bugbear, goblin, 93, 147
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Bugle, bead, 448
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By-and-by, one by one, singly, 432, 523
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Bynempt, named, appointed, 86, 468 ; bequeath 480

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Caitive, *caytive*, subject, captive, 45, 55 ; vile, ba menial, rascal, 80, 95, 123, 195
Call, caul, cowl, cap, 54
Camis, *camus*, a light loose robe of some light m terial (as silk, &c.), chemise, 94, 316
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Can, knows, 452, 453
Cancred, *cankerd*, corrupt, 80, 206
Canon bitt, a smooth round bit (for horses), 47
Capitayn, captain, 141
Caprifole, woodbine, 192
Captivaunce, captivity, 198
Captived, taken captive, enslaved, 98, 160
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Card, chart, 112
Care, sorrow, grief, injury, 268, 349. *Careful*, s rowful, 39, 111, 544. *Careless*, free from ca 22, 544 ; uncared for, 251
Carke, care, sorrow, grief, 16, 481
Carl, *carle*, an old man, 206 ; churl, 60, 257
Carriage, burden, 375
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose, 71, 4 197 ; time, period, opportunity, 402, '*nere th utmost cast*'=almost dead, 378 ; a couple, 392
Castory, colour (red or pink), 128
Caudron, caldron, 169
Causen, to assign a cause or reason, explain, 208
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Character, image, 322
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iarget, chariot, 198
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iaunceful, hazardous, 513
iaunticleer, the cock, 17
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ierelie, cheerfully, 501
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ierry, to cherish, 409
ieverye, chief rent, 663
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Fond, found, 151; tried, 196
Fone, foes, 20, 172, 358
Food feud, 50, 80
Foolhappie, undesigned, 38
Foolhardise, foolhardiness, folly, 88, 528
For, notwithstanding, 177; for fear of; what for=what sort of? 454
Fordo, to destroy, 355. *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome, 37, 172, 250, 277
Foreby, *forby*, hard by, near, 42, 43, 183; with, 349; past, 157
Forecast, previously determined, 227
Foredamned, utterly damned, 217
Forelay, to lay before, or over, 94
Forelent, given up entirely, 242
Forelifting, lifting up in front, 69
Forepast, gone by, 232
Fore-red, foretold, 532
Foreshewed, previously instructed, 434
Foreside, the side to the fore, external covering, 310
Forespent, *forspent*, utterly wasted, 256
Forestall, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct, 126, 461, 611
Foretaught, previously taught, 45
Forewent, gone before, 467
Forged, false, 21
Forgery, fiction, deceit, 161; a counterfeit or assumed character, 310
Forgive, to give up, 404
Forhaile, to overtake, 475
Forhent, overtaken, 180
Forlent, gave up, 180
Forlore, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned, 45, 53, 94, 150, 173, 178, 187; *forlore* (pret.), deserted, 211; lost (to sense of propriety), 354
Formally, expressly, 153
Formerlie, beforehand, 365
Forpas, to pass over, 517
Forpassed, past by or through, 213, 310
Forpined, pined away, 217
Forray, to ravage, prey on, 416; a raid, 174
Forsake, to avoid, 70; renounce, 108
Forsay, forsake, 459
Forsayd, denied residence, banished, 467
Forslacke, *forsloe*, *forslow*, to delay, waste in sloth, 280, 355; neglect, omit, 425; impede, 465
Forstall, *forstallen*, to prevent, 475. See *Forestall*
Forswat, spent with heat, 455
Forswonck, tired with over work, 456
Forthink, to repent, be sorry for, 380; to give up, 292
Forthright, straightway, 115
Forthy, therefore, because, 130, 452
Fortilage, a little fortress, 149, 681
Fortune, to happen, 165, 183, 392
Fortunize, to make happy, 405
Fortuneless, unfortunate, 270
Forwandre, to stray away, 42, 220
Forwasted, utterly wasted, 68, 136
Forwearie (*forwearied*), utterly wearie, worn out, 15, 56, 72
Forwent, left, 183, 258; did forgo, 561
Forworne, much worne, 42
Foster, forester, 157
Fouldring, thundering, 88
Found, established, 136
Foundring, toppling, falling, 250
Foy, allegiance, faith, 135
Foyle, repulse, defeat, 93; to defeat, ruin, ove throw, 136, 351
Foyne, to thrust, push, 103, 124, 244, 317
Foyson, abundance, 564
Fraight, fraught, 473
Frame, to make, form, support, prepare, direct, 52, 56, 157, 158, 159; to put in shape for moti 385
Franchisement, deliverance, 351
Franck, free, forward, 90
Francklin, freeman, freeholder, 61
Franion, a loose woman, 90, 308
Fray, to frighten, terrify, alarm, 15, 17, 24, 75, 1 149, 170; affray, 234
Frenne, a stranger, 455
Fret, ornamental border, 288. *Fretted*, ornament with fret-work, 129, 174
Frett, to consume, 90
Friend, to befriend, 236, 285
Frigot, a little boat, 107
Friskes, gambols, 283
Frize, to freeze, 410
Fro, from, 114, 405
Frolicke, 'fained her to *frolicke*'=desired her to cheerful, 372
Fronts, foreheads. 19
Frorne, frozen, 450
Frory, frosty, frozen, 203, 204
Frounce, to fold, plait, 28
Froward=fromward, at a distance from, 409
Frowie, musty, 467
Fruict, fruit, 449
Fry, swarms (of young children), 74
Fry, to foam, 149
Fulmined, fulminated, 163
Fume, to pass away like smoke, 556
Funerall, death, 104
Furniment, furnishing, 245
Furniture, gear, equipment, 157
Fylde, felt, 420
Fyle, to polish, 164
Fyled, kept in files, registered, 394

Gage, pledge, 31, 72, 93
Gain, against (as in *gain*strive, 264), 98
Gainsay, denial, 164
Galage (galoche), a wooden shoe, 450
Galingale, sweet cyperus, 534
Gall, bile, 13
Gallimaufray, hotch-potch, 442
Gamesome, pleasant, 428
Gan (can) began, did, 18, 48, 110, 120
Gang, to go, 452, 474
Gard, safeguard, protection, 165
Garran, a kind of horse, 681
Garre, to cause, make, 104, 455
Gasping, gaping, 454
'Gastfull, fearful, dreary, 471
Gate, a goat, 460
Gate, way, procession, 147, 178
Gaudy green, a robe of a light green, 458
Gazement, gaze, 307
Gealosy, *gelosy*, jealousy, 78, 100
Geare, *gere*, *gear*, dress, equipment, 99, 305, 39 421; matter, affair, 372

Geare, to jeer, scoff, 108
Geason, rare, uncommon, 381, 512, 536
Gelly, clotted, 179
Gelt, gold, 448; bribed with gold, 186
Gelt. This word has been variously explained—by some as a gelding, by others as a *guilty* person. Professor Child explains it as a wild Irishman, *Celt*, 264
Gelt, castrated, 428
Gent, gentle, kind, accomplished, 55, 57, 83, 160
Gere. See *Geare*
German, brother, 33, 34, 124
Gerne, to grin, 356
Gesse, to deem, think, *guess*, 39, 230
Gest, deed of arms, 30, 124, 378; gesture, deportment, bearing, 128, 165, 201
Ghastly, terrible, 162, 166. *Ghastlinesse*, terribleness, 96
Ghess, to guess, deem, 39
Ghost, spirit, soul, 46
Giambeux, leggings, greaves, 109
Gin, engine (of torture), 36; plot, contrivance, snare, 93, 194
Gin, *ginne*, to begin, 13, 40, 70, 205
Gipsen, a gipsy, 513
Giust, tournaments, tilts, 11, 477, ; to joust, tilt, 230
Glade, valley, dale, 159
Glade, to gladden, 411
Glaive, *glave*, *glayve*, a sword, 265, 281, 353
Glee, pleasure? fee property, 58
Glenne, country, hamlet, 455
Glib, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes, 269, 630
Glims, glimpse, indistinct light, 401, 604
Glinne, glen, 615
Glitterand, glittering, 141, 468
Glister, to glitter, shine, 13, 160, 223
Glode, glided, 249
Glory, vainglory, boasting, 92
Glozing, deceitful, 201
Glutted, filled, 474
Gnarre, growl, snarl, 36
Gobbeline, goblin, 139
Gobbet, morsel, piece, 13, 69
Godded, deified, 557
Goe, gone, 467
Gondelay, gondola, 106
Goodlihed, *goodlihead*, goodness, 95, 369, 450; goodly appearance, 167
Gooldes, marigolds, 552
Gore, to pierce, wound, 162
Gore-blood, clotted blood, 84
Gorge, throat, 13, 69, 242
Gorget, armour for the throat, 242
Goshawke, a large kind of hawk, 315
Gossib, kinsman, 75
Gourmandize, greediness, 410
Governall, government, 150
Governaunce, government, 83,
Government, control, 254
Grace, favour, kindness, 118; to give favour to, 67
Graffed, grafted, 450
Graile, gravel, 44
Graine, dye (scarlet), 43
Grammercy, many thanks, 117
Grange, dwelling, place, 431
Graple, to tug, 250
Graplement, grasp, clutch, 142
Graste, graced, favoured, 419
Grate, to scorn, 86
Grayle, gravel, 339, 540
Grayle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper, 137
Greave, grove, 216, 370
Gree, degree, rank, 468 (st. 15)
Gree, favour, goodwill, 34, 92
Greete, to congratulate, praise, 307, 349; mournful, 470; to assign with praise (st. 14), 307; to weep, 454
Gren, to grin, snarl, 265, 420
Grenning, grinning, 39
Gride, pierce, 507
Griefull, grievous, 231, 400
Griesie, thick, sluggish, 108; gray, 58
Grieslie, *grisely*, horrible, 36, 145, 157
Grieved, hurt, 49
Grimnes, severity, savageness (Embl.), 451
Grin, to gnash the teeth, 314
Gripe, to grasp, 70, 350
Griple, gripe, grasp; grasping, greedy, 30, 301, 377
Gronefull, full of groans, 144
Groome, man, a young man, a servant, 297, 376
Grosse, heavy, 70; the whole, 474
Groundhold, ground-tackle (as cables, anchors), 377
Groveling, with face flat to the ground, 84, 159, 184
Groynd, growled, 420
Grudge, *grutch*, to murmur, growl, 19, 84, 90, 167
Gryde, cut, pierce through, 123, 162, 209
Gryesy, *grysie*, squalid, 141, 226; foggy, moist, 162
Gryfon, *gryphon*, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle, 33
Grypt, '*through grypt*' = *through-gyrd*, pierced through, 374
Guarish, to heal, 186, 244
Guerdon, reward, 66, 243
Guilen, to beguile, 206
Guiler, *guyler*, deceiver, 215
Guilt, guilded, 432
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom, 349, 366
Gulfe, throat, 474
Gulphing, flowing (like a gulf), 510
Gust, taste, 433
Gybe, gibe (Embl.), 452
Gyeld, guild, courthouse, 116
Gynst, beginnest, 477
Gyre, circle, course, 102, 158
Gyvd, fettered, 314

Habergeon, *haberjeon*, a small coat of mail, armour for the neck and breast, 109, 174
Habiliment, clothing, 74, 82
Habitaunce, habitation, 115
Hable, able, fit, 56, 70
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour, 123
Hagard, wild, untamed, 70
Haile, *hayl*, to drug, haul, 97, 98, 203
Hale, health, welfare, 560
Halfendeale, half part, 211
Halfen-eye=half ordinary sight, i.e. one eye, 212
Hallidome, 'by my *halidom*'=by my faith as a Christian, 517
'*Han* (pl.), have, 452, 478
Hand, 'out of *hand*'=at once, 182, 314; 'nigh *hand*'=near, 401
Handsell, price, reward, 413

Hansomly, neatly, 513
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot, 101, 380
Happily, haply, by chance, 79
Happy, successful, 156
Harborough, *harbrough*, shelter, 464
Hard, heard, 165
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness, 56, 82, 156, 133, 211
Hardnesse, rudeness, 274
Hardyhed, hardihood, 31, 440
Harnesse, weapons, 314
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help, 124
Harten, to encourage, incite, 529; *hartned*, encouraged, 278
Hartlesse, timid, 87
Haske, a wicker basket for fish, 480
Haubergh, *hauberk*, *hauberque*, *hawberk*, a coat of mail, 177, 223, 277
Haught, high, august, 41
Hault, haughty, 368
Haulst, embraced, 246
Haunten, to frequent, 467
Haveour, *haviour*, deportment, behaviour, 193, 224, 455
Hayle, to drag, 302, 362
Hazardize, danger, 147
Hazardry, hazard, risk, 103; gaming, 161
Headlesse-hood, *heedlessehood*, heedlessness, 449
Heame, home, 481
Heard, herd, 448; a keeper of cattle, 403. *Heard-groomes*, herdsmen, 448
Heare, hair, 21, 126. *Hearie*, hairy, 157
Heast, *hest*, command, behest, 45, 245, 318; name, 290; office (of one who had *taken vows*), 420
Heben, ebony, 117; of ebony wood, 11
Hedstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head, 309
Heedinesse, heedfulness, 326
Heedy, wary, 474
Heeling, heel, 514
Hefte, raised, 72; threw, 242
Hell, to cover, 282
Helme, helmet, 237
Hem, them, 459
Hend, to seize, grasp, 350
Henge, hinge, 70
Hent, took, seized, 111, 141
Her, their, 460
Herbars, herbs, 130
Herneshaw, heron, 392
Herry, *hery*, to praise, worship, honour, 146, 160, 448, 478
Hersall, rehearsall, 219
Herse, ceremonial, 168
Hether, hither, 401, 455
Hew, shape, form, 16
Hew, hacking, 401
Heydeguyes, dances, 464
Hide, hastened. See *Hye*
Hidder (if not an error for *hider*=hither) =he-deer; animals of the male kind, 474
Hie, to hasten, 286
Hight, called, named, 58, 158; entrusted, 28; directed, 348; pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose, 394; appointed, 264; purports, 474
Hight, 'on *hight*'—aloud, 388
Hild, held, 287
Hippodames, sea-horses, 130, 222
Hoary frost, hoarfrost, 446
Hole, whole, 186
Holpen (pp.) helped, 399
Hond, hand, 225
Hong, hung, 189, 190
Honycrock, pot of honey, 303
Hood, state, manner, 329
Hooved, hovered, abode, 556
Hopelesse, unexpected, 185
Hore, hoary, 23
Horrid, rough, 47
Hospitage, hospitality, 212
Hospitale, a place of rest, 126
Hoste, to entertain, lodge, 270, 402, 506
Hostlesse, inhospitable, 218
Hostry, lodging, 345
Hot, *hote*, was called, 71, 251, 475; mentioned, 467
Housling, sacramental, 77
Hove, rise, float, 21, 196; hover, 213
Howre, time, 95; '*good howre*'=good fortun 406
Howres, devotional exercises, 385
Hoye, vessel, ship, 138
Hububs, shouts, din, 216
Hugger mugger, in secret, secretly, 514
Humblesse, humility, humbleness, 19, 25, 74
Hurlyburly, noise of battle, 309
Hurtle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack, 29, 31, 51 brandish, 116; crowd, 250
Hurtlesse, innocent, 41
Husband, farmer, 244
Hyacine, hyacinth, 150
Hye, to hasten, 91, 383; *on hye*, hastily, 606
Hylding, base, vile, 384
Hynde, a servant, 397

Idle, causeless, 193
Idole, image, 91, 254
Ill-faste, having an ill-look, 149. *Ill-hedded*, di turbed in the head, 230
Imbrast, embraced, 274
Immeasured, unmeasured, 147
Imp, child, scion, shoot, 11, 187, 286, 349
Imp, to engraft, insert, 603
Impacable, unappeasible, 277, 493
Imperceable, not able to be pierced, 69
Implore, entreaty, 106
Imply, to enfold, entangle, envelop, 30, 70, 191
Importable, intolerable, 122
Importune, violent, savage, 73, 123; full of troubl 173; to threaten, 157; to solicit, 342
Importunely, with importunity, 119
Impresse, to make an impression, 140
Improvided, unprovided, unlooked for, 77
In, *inne*, dwelling, lodging, 15, 148, 171, 547
In, '*in . . . lyte*'=fall upon, 163
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately, 39
Indew, to put on, 191, 212
Indifferent, impartial, 163, 341. *Indifferently*, im partially, 431, 492
Indignaunce, indignation, 219
Indigne, unworthy, 233
Indignify, to treat with indignity, 364
Inferd, offered, 399
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile, 377, 390
Influence, the power of the stars, 53
Informed, formed imperfectly, 188

Infuse, infusion, 599
Ingate, entrance, 280, 499
Ingowe, ingot, 112
Inholder, inhabitant, 431
Inly, inwardly, 161, 164, 220 ; entirely, 459
Inquest, quest, adventure, 163, 298
Inquire, to call, 133
Insolence, uncourteousness, 555
Insolent, rude, 180
Inspyre, to breathe, 94
Insu'th=ensu'th, follows, 91, 567
Intend, to stretch out, 72 ; to denote, name, 424 ; direct one's course, 101
Intendiment, intention, 77, 224 ; knowledge, 185, 499
Intent, purpose, 82
Interesse, interest, 426
Interlace, to intermingle, interweave, 308, 421
Intermedle, to intermix, 4
Intimate, to communicate, 372
Intreat, to prevail upon, 90
Intuse, contusion, 185
Invade, to come into, 191
Invent, to find out, 183, 302
Invest, to put on, 254
Irkes, wearies, 264
Irkesome, tired, weary, 17
Irrenowmed, inglorious, 82

Jacob's staffe, a pilgrim's staff, 42, 543
Jade, a horse, 157, 395 ; a scolding woman, 143
Jarre, quarrel, variance, 89
Jasp, jasper, 538
Javel, a worthless wretch, 515
Jeopardie, jeopardy, danger, 101
Jesses, strips of leather tied round the legs of hawks, with which they are held upon the fist, 379
Jollie, jolly, handsome, pretty, lively, 11, 160, 233
Jolliment, jollitee, jollity, joyfulness, prettiness, liveliness, 286, 367, 460
Jollyhead, jollity, 415
Jott, speck, small piece, 63
Journall, diurnal, 71
Jovial, bright, sunny, 150
Joy, to rejoice, be glad, enjoy, 159
Joyaunce, joyfulness, merriment, 226
Joysaunce, jouisaunce, joyousness, 458, 480
Juncates, junkets, 316

Kaies, keys, 281
Kearn, kearne. See *Kern*
Keepe, heed, care, charge, 16, 467, 484 ; to take care, protect, '*heedie keepe*'=watchful care, 339 ; *keepinge*, guard, 459, 481
Keight, caught, 166
Kemd, combed, 327
Ken, to know, try, 597. *Kend, kent*, knew, perceived, known, 74, 121, 195, 350, 552, 460. *Kenst*, didst know, 449, 452
Kern, an Irish foot-soldier, 640
Kerne, a farmer, 468
Kerve, to cut, 230
Kesar, emperor, 112
Kest, cast, 71
Kestrell-kynd, base nature, 92
Kind, nature, 167, 283 ; sex, 163 ; occupation, 96. *Kindly*, natural, 50, 161, 209
Kinred, kindred, 461
Kirtle, a coat fastened at the waist, 30
Knee, projection of rocks, 58
Knife, a sword, dagger, 103
Kon, know, 552. *Kond*, knew, 326
Kydst, knewest, 485
Kynded, begotten, 320

Lackey, to follow as a servant, 367
Lad, led, 154, 225
Lade, to load, 322
Laesie, lazy, 448
Laid, attacked, 277
Laire, plain, 273
Lamping, shining, 168, 573
Lanck loynes, slender waist, 189
Langurous, languid, 81
Lap, lappe, to fold, entangle, 94, 187
Larded, fattened, 449
Lare, pasture, 270
Large, bountiful, 50
Latched, seized, caught, 453
Launce, balance, 194
Launch, to pierce, 84, 261, 366
Laver, a basin, 151
Lay, field, lea, plain, 201, 214
Lay, cry, 83
Lay, to throw up, 145
Lay, law, 136
Layd, faint, 477
Laye, laity, 459
Laystall, a dunghill, a place for the deposit of filth, 38
Lazar, leper, 27
Lea, field, 449
Leach, a physician, 170, 179
Leachcraft, medical skill, 170
Leake, leaky, 398
Leany, lean, 468
Leap, a basket, 486
Leare, lore, counsel, 219, 245. *Leares*, lessons, 196
Leasing, lying, falsehood, 43, 130, 140
Least, lest, 350
Leave, to raise, 134
Ledden, dialect, speech, 287, 556
Lee, river, 302, 496
Leese, to loose, 474
Lefte, lifted, 95
Legierdemain, sleight of hand, 339, 519
Leke, leaky, 36
Leman, a lover, 45, 105, 165
Lend, to give, provide, 131
Lengd, longed, 461
Lenger, longer, 14
Lepped, did leap, 453
Lere, to learn, 484 ; lore, 461, 557
Lesinges, lies, 461
Lessoned, instructed, 193
Lest, to listen, 362
Let, to hinder, 45, 85, 183 ; '*let be*'=away with, 93 ; hindrance, 50, 143, 231
Level, to direct one's course, 148
Levin, lightning, 187, 467. *Levin brond*, thunderbolt, 426
Lewd, ignorant, wicked, foolish, 450. *Lewdly*, foolishly, 270, 448
Lewdnesse, wickedness, 181, 310
Libbard, leopard, 41, 94, 158, 166
Lich, like, 196
Lief, liefe, dear, beloved, 25, 56 ; willing, 207 ; '*liefe*

or sory' — willing or unwilling — *lief* or *loth*, 365, 424: (comp.) *liefer*, 58, 99, 158; (superl.) *liefest*, 219, '*liefest liefe*' — dearest loved one, 180
Liege, lord, master — one to whom faith has been pledged, 303. *Liegeman*, a vassal, one who owes homage to a liege lord, 99
Lifull, living, full of life, 417, 588
Lig, *liggen*, to lie, 381, 459, 460
Light, easy, ready, 161; to lighten, 185; befall, 359
Lightly, quickly, 701
Lignage, *lynage*, lineage, 10
Like, to please, 114
Like as, as if, 310
Likely, similar, 598
Likelynesse, likeness, 381
Lill, to put out the tongue, 36
Limbeck, retort, 482
Limehound, a bloodhound, limer, 302
Lin, to cease, 14, 96, 171, 262, 547
List, to desire, like, 125; (impers.) please, 164, 278. *Listful*, attentive, 299
Lite, *lyte*, alight, befall, 387, 395
Livelod, *livelood*, livelihood, 311, 372
Lively, lifelike, living, 125, 159, 299
Livelyhed, *livelyhead*, livelihood, 86; living original, 125; motion of a living being, 393
Liverey, delivery, 381
Loathly, loathsome, 232, 351
Loft, height, 16
Lome, clay, loam, 403
Lompish, dull, slow, 16, 181, 225
Long, to belong, 82, 174, 367
Loord, lout, 195, 446
Loos, fame, 419
Loose, to solve, 350
Lope, leapt, 458
Lopp, branch, 448
Lore, learning, teaching, fashion, 91, 246, 287; speech, 351
Lore, *lorn*, left, deserted, 27, 228; lost sight of, 347
Loring, learning, 381
Lorrel, *losell*, *lozell*, a loose idle fellow, 92, 378, 467
Lose, to loosen, 224
Losen, to set loose, 193. *Los'te* — loosed, dissolved, 176
Lot, fate, 305; share, 250
Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome, 180
Loup, loop, 126
Lout, *lowt*, to bow, to do obeisance, 65, 93, 214, 238
Lovely, loving, 25, 298, 246; lovingly, 240; *lovely*, of love, 201, 394
Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke, 411
Lug, a perch or rod of land, 182
Lumine, to illumine, 602
Luskishnesse, sluggishness, 361
Lust, pleasure, desire, 251, 290, 480; to desire, please, 118
Luster, a glittering, sheen, 358
Lustlesse, feeble, listless, 29, 181, 364
Lusty, pleasant, 449
Lustihede, *lustyhed*, *lusty head*, pleasure, 216, 459, 582; pleasure (of youth), 460
Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district, 513
Lynage, lineage, 12
Lyne, linen, 585
Lyte, to alight, light, befall, 387
Lythe, pliant, 449, 507

Mace, sceptre, 182
Macerate, to tear, 505
Madding, foolish, 455
Mage, magician, 170
Magnes-stone, the magnet, 145
Mail, *mayl*, *male*, armour, 237
Maine, *mayne*, force, 44, 50, 141; ocean, 10
Mainely, *maynly*, strongly, violently, 40, 158
Mainsheat, mainsail, 356
Maintenaunce, condition, 190
Maisterdome, *maistery*, mastery, superiority, 10
158, 284
Maistring, superior, controlling, 194, 274, 604
Make, to write poetry, 441
Make, companion, mate, 44, 218, 298
Malefice, evil deed, 528
Malengine, ill intent, deceit, guile, 101
Malice (pret. *malist*), regarded with malice, bor
ill-will to, 406, 584, 601
Maligne, to grudge, 170
Mall, club, mallet, 40, 257; to maul, 318
Maltalent, ill will, 181
Mand, blocked up with men, 417
Manie, *many*, company, multitude, 75, 203, 353
Manner, kind of, 279
Mantle, to rest with outspread wings, 360
Mard, spoilt, injured, dishonoured, 159, 214
Marge, margin, bank, 102, 274
Margent, margin, 178
Marle, ground, soil, 143
Marishes, marshes, 315
Martelled, hammered, 198
Martyr, to afflict, torment, 263
Martyrize, to devote as a martyr, 554
Maske, to conceal oneself by means of a mask (
at a masquerade), 48, 174
Masse, wealth, 206; material, 288
Massy, massive, 214
Mate, to stupefy, confound, *amate*, 55
Matchlesse, not to be matched, 202
Maugre, *maulgre*, in spite of, a curse on! 108, 17
220, 234; unwillingly, 209
Mavis, thrush, 588
Mayntenaunce, behaviour, 474
Maysterdome, superiority, 301
Mazed, amazed, confounded, 234, 261
Mazeful = *amazeful*, wonderful, 589
Mazer, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple
150; a bowl made of maple, and richly orn
mented, 470
Me, 'he cast *me* down' (l. 244), 260
Mealth, melteth, 57
Mean, middle, moderate, moderation, 118, 159, 410
means, 228; 'by *meanes*,' because, 309
Meanesse, humble birth, 372
Meanly, moderately, 513
Meare, pure, 148; boundary, 210
Mear'd, divided, shared, 529
Measure, moderation, 401
Medewart, meadow wort, 121
Measured, sung, 148
Measurelesse, boundless, 503
Meddle, *medle*, to mix, 86, 445
Meed, reward, 516
Meere, absolute, entire, 608
Meint, mingled, 482
Melampode, black hellebore, 467
Mell, to intermeddle, 14, 430

Melling, meddling, 358, 468
Memories, services for the dead, 517
Memorize, to commemorate, 502
Menage, to manage, guide (a horse), 47; to wield (arms), 128; management, 226
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Nycely, carefully, 225
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On, one, 489
Onely, chief, especial, 80
Ope, open, 246
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Order, to arrange, 128 ; rank (of army), 127
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Oricalche, a kind of brass, 532
Origane, bastard marjoram, 21
Other, left, 97, 358
Otherwhere, elsewhere, 150
Otherwhiles, sometimes, 212, 230
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Outhyred, let out for hire, 295
Outlaunced, outlaunched, 533
Out-learn, to learn from, 270
Outrage, violence, outburst, 90
Outstrained, outstretched, 507
Outweare, wear out, 239 ; pass, spend, 227
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Outwent, surpassed, 454
Outwin, to get out, 232
Outwind (=outwin), to get out, 307
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Overcame, overspread, 194
Overcaught, overtook, 266
Overcraw, to crow over, insult, 59, 449
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Paled, '*pinckt* upon gold, and *paled part per part* 366='adorned with golden points or eyelets and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry a shield is said to be *parted per pale* whe it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broa bar'
Paled, fenced off, 33
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Part, party, 249 ; depart, 24
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Parture, departure, 205
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with feeling, be grieved. *Passionate*, to express feelingly, 75
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Payne, to take pains, exert, 28
Payse, to poise, balance, 132
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Peasant knight, base knight, 374
Peaze, blow, 165
Peece, fabric, fortified place, as a castle, ship, &c., 66, 141, 149, 212, 302
Peeced, imperfect, 477
Peere-tree, pear tree, 453
Peinct, to paint, 449
Peise, *peize*, to poise, weigh, 304, 557
Pen, to confine, restrain, 302
Pendants, ornaments (of wood or stone) hanging down from a Gothic roof, 279
Penne, feather, 69
Penurie, want of food, 318
Percen, to pierce, 47
Perdu, *perdy*, *pardieu*, truly, 42, 65, 93, 205
Peregall, equal, 470
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Perke, pert, brisk, 448
Perlous, perilous, 157, 196, 228, 282
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Persant, piercing, 208
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Pert, open, plain, 474
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Pesaunt, a peasant, 96
Pheere=*fere*, companion, 564
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Pitteous, compassionate, tender-hearted, 136
Place, '*of place*,' of rank, 269
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Plaintiffe, plaintive, 315
Platane, plane tree, 12
Pleasaunce, *pleasauns*, pleasure, delight, 20, 450; objects affording pleasure, 150
Pled, pleaded, 342
Plesh, a shallow pool, plash, 123
Plight (p. p. *plight*), weave, plait, fold, 107, 208, 395; a plait, fold, 94, 340; condition, 208, 283
Ply, to move, 233
Poise, *poyse*, weight, force, 73, 356
Point, *poynt*, to appoint, 273, 292; a whit, '*to poynt*' =exactly, 164
Poke, a pouch, 263
Poll, to plunder, 300
Pollicie, statecraft, 135
Porcspisces, porpoises, 552
Port, *portance*, *portaunce*, demeanour, bearing, 92, 93, 116, 165, 204, 222
Portesse, breviary, 29
Possesse, to accomplish, 174
Potshares=*potshards*, fragments of broken vessels, 365
Pouke, a goblin called Puck or Robin Goodfellow, 590
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Pound, weight, balance, '*new in pound*'=anew in the balance, 303
Pourtrahed, drawn, 128
Pourtraict, *pourtraiture*, portrait, image, 40, 94, 155, 253 (vb.), 442
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Poynant, piercing, sharp, 45, 122, 156, 242
Poyse, weight, 303; force, 73
Practic, *practicke*, treacherous, deceitful, 77; skilful, 242, 364
Prancke, to trim, deck, adorn, adjust, 28, 90, 92; a malicious trick, 298
Praunce, to prance, 44
Pray, to be the prey of, 410; to make a prey of, 312
Preace, *prease*, to press, 76, 242, 424; a press, crowd, 22, 116, 250
Preeve, to prove, 525
Prefard, preferred, 238
Prefixt, fixed beforehand, 351
Prejudize, foresight, 130
Prepense, to consider, 219
Presage, to tell or point out, foresee, 66
Presence, reception-room, 28
President, precedent, 310
Prest ready, prepared, 122, 244
Pretend, to attempt, 141; to stretch out (or over), offer, 378, 414
Prevent, anticipate, 365, 398
Price, to pay the price of, atone for, 35, 58; value, 63
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Prime, *pryme*, spring time, 21, 153, 192; morning, 128
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Primrose, chief rose, 449
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Prise, adventure, 399
Prive, *privy*, secret, 474. *Privitee*, *privitie*, private life, 98; intimate relation, 252
Procure, to arrange, entreat, 155
Prodigious, ominous, 231
Professe, to present the appearance of, 387
Proine, *proyne*, to prune or trim the feathers, 565
Project, to throw forward, 365
Prolling, prowling, 474
Prolong, to postpone, 248
Prone, subjected, 165
Proper, own, peculiar, 137; *proper good*, own property, 299
Protense, a stretching out, 169
Prove, to experience, try, feel, 261, 268, 305
Provokement, a provoking, 247

Prow, brave; (superl.) *Prowest*, 31, 34, 171. *Prowes*, prowess, 56
Prune, 95. See *Proine*
Pryse, to pay for, 285. See *Price*
Puddle, a small stream, 500
Puissant, powerful, 286
Pumië, *pumy stones*, pumice stones, 186, 453
Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise), 93, 456
Purchas, *purchase*, property, booty, robbery, 24, 93, 413
Purfled, embroidered on the edge, 19, 94
Purport, disguise, 161
Purpos, *purpose*, conversation, discourse, 20, 75, 93, 163, 201, 230; '*to purpose*,' to the purpose, 101; to speak as '*purpose diversly*' = to speak of various things, 146
Pursuivant, a pursuer, 518
Purvay, to provide, 93, 355
Purveyaunce, provision, management, 75, 156, function, 159, 223
Puttocke, a kite, 317
Pyne, pain (of hunger), 318; torment, 65
Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers, 138

Quaile, to cast down, defeat, conquer, 98, 165, 203; perish, 481
Quaint, nice, fastidious, 194, 230
Qualify, to ease, soothe, 111
Quarle, *quarrel*, a square-headed arrow, 142, 143
Quarrie, *quarry*, prey, game, 144, 197, 315
Quart, quarter, 133
Quayd, *quailed*, quelled, subdued, 50
Queane, a worthless woman, 270
Queint, quaint, 478; '*queint elect*,' oddly chosen, 196
Queint, quenched, 103
Quell, to kill, to subdue, 116, 411; to perish, 434; to abate, 452; to disconcert, frighten, 307, 356
Queme, to please, 458
Quest, expedition, pursuit, 199, 262
Quich, *quinche*, to stir, move, 341, 670
Quick, alive, 84; 'some quicke' = something alive, 452
Quietage, quietness, 246
Quight, to set free, 50; to requite, 186
Quilted, padded, 102
Quip, a jeer, taunt, 519; to sneer at, taunt, 395
Quire, company, 401
Quirk, a quip, 618
Quit, *quite*, *quyte*, to set free, to requite, repay, 19, 556; to return (a salute), 14, 62; freed, removed, 33, 67, 231; '*quite clame*,' to release, 367
Quooke, quaked, 214

Rablement, a rabble, troop, 36, 75, 141, 525
Race, to raze, 154, 172; to cut, 317; *raced*, erased, 340
Rad, rode, 301
Rad, perceived, 206, 361. See *Read*
Raft, bereft, 14, 470
Ragged, rugged, 36
Raile, *rayle*, to flow, pour down, 43, 123, 181, 222, 237
Rain, *rayne*, to reign, 37; kingdom, 114, 180, 244
Rakehell, loose, worthless, 352
Ramp, tear, attack, 26, 35; leap, 421
Ranck, fiercely, 92; vigorous growing, 466
Randon, random, 202, 458
Ranckorous, sharp, 450
Ranke, fiercely, 256
Rape, rapine, 263
Rascal, *raskall*, low, base, worthless, 141, 222, 35
Rase (pret. *rast*), to erase, 153, 232
Rash, to tear violently, hack, 237, 307. *Rashl* hastily, suddenly, 162, 227, 237. *Rash*, quick, 1
Rate, to scold, 207
Rate, allowance, 269; order, state, 284
Rath, early, soon, 171, 467. *Rather*, early-born, 44
Rath, mound, 642
Raught, reached, extended, took, 41, 156, 249
Raunch, to wrench, 471
Ravin, *ravine*, plunder, prey, 32, 69, 263
Ravishment, ecstasy, 404
Ray, to defile, soil, 84, 203, 379, 540
Ray, array, 305, 351
Rayle, to flow, 237, 540. See *Raile*
Rayle, abuse, 234
Rayne, kingdom, 367
Rayons, rays, beams, 538
Read, *reede*, advice, 296, 369; motto, 280; prover 466; prophecy, 293
Read, *reed* (pret. *rad*, *red*), to know, declare, ex plain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, 1 14, 42, 52, 67, 107, 117, 164, 171; regard, 113, 37
Reædifye, to rebuild, 136
Reallie, to reform, 425
Reames, realms, 187
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Reason, proportion, 88
Reave (pret. *reft*, *raft*), to bereave, take awa (forcibly), 26, 120, 141, 201
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Rebutte, to cause to recoil, 19, 73
Rechlesse, reckless, 521
Reclayme, to call back, 355 (sb.), 213
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind, 293, 455
Recoure, *recower*, *recure*, to recover, 243, 251
Recourse, to recur, return, 4; '*had recourse*' = di recur, 300; return, 208, 260
Recoyle, to retire, retreat, 62
Recuile, *recule*, to recoil, 352, 363
Red, *redd*, declared, described, perceived, saw, 48 67, 107, 117, 190, 216, 232, 429, 589. See *Read*
Redisbourse, to repay, 244
Redoubted, doughty, 206
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant, 23, 41 279
Redress, to reunite, remake, 36; to rest. 256
Reed, to deem, 112. *Reede*, *read*, to advise, 13, 86
Reek, to smoke, 474
Reele, to roll, 198
Refection, refreshment, 294
Reft, bereft, taken violently away, 152, 179, 236 See *Reave*
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Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or at tention, 115; value, 413
Regiment, government, command, 131, 172, 551
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Release, to break loose from, 86; to give up, 237
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Relide, to ally, join, 277

Relive, to recover, revive, live again, 60, 178, 200, 414, 481
Remeasure, to retrace, 195
Remedilesse, without hope of rescue, 36
Remercy, to thank, 141
Remorse, pity, 198
Rencounter, to encounter, meet in battle, 31
Renfierced (*renfierst*), made more fierce or=*renforst* =reinforced, 124
Renforst, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort, 98, 136
Renne, to run, 455, 470
Renverse, to reverse, overturn, 31, 310
Repent, repentance, 226 ; to grieve, 205
Repining, a failing (of courage), 19
Replevie, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time, 294
Report, to carry off, 83, 132
Reprief, reproof, shame, 57, 169, 176
Reprive, to deprive of, take away, 85
Reprive, reprieve, 294
Reprize, to retake, 144, 248
Requere, to require, demand, 41
Request, demand, 90
Requit, requited, returned, 246
Reseize, to reinstate, to be repossessed of, 136
Resemble, to compare, 213
Resemblaunce, look, regard, 195
Resiant, resident, 288
Respect, care, caution, 356
Respondence, correspondence, reply (in music), 152
Respyre, to breathe again, 98
Restlesse, resistless, 346
Restore, restitution, 184
Resty, restive, 336
Retourn, to turn (the eyes) back, 93
Retraite, picture, portrait, 94, 125
Retrate, a retreat, 94, 244, 284
Retyre, retirement, 405
Revel, a feast, 159
Revengement, revenge, 234
Reverse, to return, to cause to return, 168, 175
Revest, to reclothe, 82
Revilement, a reviling, abuse, 98
Revoke, to recall, withdraw, 220
Revolt, to roll back, 220
Rew, *rue*, to pity, to be sorry for, to lament over, repent, 37, 172, 185
Rew, row, 189 ; '*in rew*,' in order, 499
Ribauld, *rybauld*, a loose impure person, ribald, 81
Richesse, riches, 115
Ridling, skill, skill in explaining riddles, 223
Rife, *ryfe*, abundant, abundantly, much, frequent, 166, 185, 242, 249. *Rifelye*, abundantly, 485
Rift, split, broken, 114 ; gap, fissure, fragment, 20, 145, 243
Rigor, force, 184. *Rigorous*, violent, 226
Rine, rind, 449
Ring, to encircle, 361
Riotise, *riotize*, riot, extravagance, 159, 226
Rivage, bank, 259
Rive, to split, tear, 156, 305
Rize, to come to, 131
Rocke, distaff. 240
Rode, raid, incursion, 400
Rode, roadstead, anchorage for ships, 78
Rong, rang, 162
Rontes, young bullocks, 448
Roode, a cross, crucifix, 385
Rosiere, a rose tree, 127
Rosmarine, a sea-monster that was supposed to feed on the dew on the tops of the sea rocks, 147 ; rosemary, 534
Rote, a lyre, harp, 132, 275
Roules, rolls, records, 394
Roundle, a roundelay, a kind of song, 471
Rout, crowd, troop, 127, 305
Rove, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called a rover), 11, 161, 320, 471
Rowel, the ring of a bit—any small moveable ring, 47
Rowme, place, space, 59, 183
Rownded, whispered, 214
Rowndell, a round bubble (of foam), 178
Rowze, *rouze*, to shake up, 69, 95
Royne, to mutter, 341
Rubin, *Rubine*, the ruby, 94, 150
Ruddock, redbreast, 588
Rue, to grieve, 20, 343
Ruffed, ruffled, 165, 501. *Ruffin*, disordered, 30. *Ruffing*, ruffling, 213
Ruinate, to ruin, 146, 346 ; ruined, 522
Ruing, pitying, 343
Rulesse, lawless, 509
Ruth, pity, 17, 182. *Ruthfull*, piteous, 465
Rutty, rooty, 605
Ryfe, frequent, common, 466
Ryve, to pierce, 185

Sacrament, oath of purgation taken by an accused party, 299
Sacred, accursed, 53, 149, 354
Sad, firm, heavy, grave, 23, 61, 84, 89, 122
Saine, *sayne*, to say (pl. say), 435, 460, 481
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Sale, a wicker net (made of sallows or willows), 484
Salew, to salute, 260
Saliaunce, onslaught, 83
Salied, leapt, sallied, 392
Sallows, willows, 256
Salvage, savage, wild, 23, 133, 173, 215, 251, 341
Salue, to salute, 121
Salve, to heal, save, remedy, 133, 250, 320
Salving, salvation, restoration, 82
Sam, together, 66, 460
Samite, silk stuff, 225
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Sanguine, blood-colour, 201
Sardonian, sardonic, 339
Saufgard, guard, defence, 102. *Savegard*, to protect, 205
Saulge, sage, 534
Saw, word, saying, proverb, sentence, 558
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks), 30, 224
Say, assay, proof, 417
Scald, scabby, 54
Scand, climbed, 424
Scarabee, a beetle, 537
Scarmoges, skirmishes, 109
Scath, hurt, harm, damage, ruin, 77, 159, 212, 485, 577
Scatter, to let drop, 86
Scatterling, a vagrant, 138, 624

Scerne, to discern, 385
Schuchin, *scutchin*, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield, 177, 233, 242, 353
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede, 147
Scope, aim, 482; dimension, 210; 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at, 372
Scorse, to exchange, 131, 207
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Scould, scowled, 90
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Scruze, to squeeze, crush, 144, 151, 185
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Sease, to fasten on, seize, 72
See, seat, 282
Seelde, seldom, rare, 69, 570
Seely, simple, innocent, 39, 92, 192, 466
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Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance, 269
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Seised, taken possession of, 76
Seisin, possession, 381
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Shonne, to shun, 161
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Shriech, shriek, 379
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Sickernesse, security, safety, 223
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Singults, sighs, 219, 500
Sinke, hoard, deposit, 14
Sited, placed, situated, 191
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Sithes, times, 447, 191
Sits, is becoming, 14, 459
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Skippet, a little boat, 146
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Slake, to slack, 169, 332
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Smirke, neat, trim, 449
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Snebbe, to reprove, snub, 449
Snib, to reprove, 516
Snub, knob (of a club), 50
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Sold, pay, remuneration, 126
Solein, sad, 460

olemnize, a solemn rite, 60
omedele, somewhat, 484
ong, sang, 106
onned, *sunned*, exposed to the sun, 447
onneshine, sunshiny, 446
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ooth, true, truth, 460 ; truly, 170, 174, 277
oothe, augury, 485
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oothsay, prediction, omen, 205
ops in wine, a kind of flower like a carnation, 458
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oyle, prey, 243
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prent, sprinkled, 150, 237, 534
pright, spirit, 310
pring, a springal, youth, 535
pringal, a youth, stripling, 343
pring-headed, having heads that spring afresh, 147
prong, sprang, 162, 175
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tal'd, stolen, taken, 524
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Steme, to exhale, 109
Stemme, to rush against, 237
Stent, to cease, stop, 98
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Stie, to ascend, 278
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Strene, strain, race, 341, 387
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Strich, the screech-owl, 149
Strif-ful, *stryfull*, contentious, 88, 164, 243, 255
Stroken, struck, 367
Strond, strand, 196
Strong, strung, 504
Strow, to spread out, display, 467
Stub, stock of a tree, 58

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Sty, to ascend, mount, 70, 117
Subject, lying beneath, 70, 194
Submisse, submissive, 284
Subtile, fine-spun, 153
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Succeed, to approach, 377
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Suffisaunce, abundance, 534
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Surbet, bruised, wearied, 89
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Tempring, controlling, governing, 109
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Tender, to tend, attend to, 193, 372
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Thee, to prosper, thrive, 83
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uze, to tease, worry, 143
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-worne, worn out, 338
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yle, net, 560
ace, to walk, track, tract, 196, 271, 374
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ansmew, to transmute, transform, 47, 95, 159
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aveiled, toiled, 120, 527
avell, toil, 393
ayled, interwoven, adorned, 316
eachour, *treachetour*, a traitor, 31, 81, 99, 136, 397, 524
eague, truce, 90
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een, of trees, 46
enchand, *trenchant*, cutting, 70, 317
entals, services of 30 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead, 517
ie, to experience, 492; prove, *a daw trie* = prove a jackdaw or fool, 521
ild, flowed, 153
im, neat, well-formed, 159; pleasing, 160
inall, threefold, 78
iplicity, quality of being threefold, 78
oad, *trode*, path, footstep, 211, 466, 474
oncheon, a headless spear, 123, 242
oth, truth, 81
oublous, restless, 92
ow, to believe, 303
uncked, truncated, having the head cut off, 102
usse, to pack up, 216; carry off, 70, 264; a bundle, 460
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ye, tried, purified, 302
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wight, to twit, 323
cyfold, twofold, 35
ynde, kindled, 265, 508
yne, grief, pain, 56. See *Tine*, *Teen*
yne, to come to grief, to perish, 289
yranne, a tyrant, 478
yrannesse, a female tyrant, 37
yranning, acting like a tyrant, 262
yre, to dress, attire, 282
yreling? weary, 157, 395

gly, horrible, 59
mbriere, the visor of a helmet, 160, 251
nacquainted, unusual, strange, 63
Unbid, without a prayer, 60
Unblest, unwounded, 301
Unbrace, to unfasten, 97
Uncivile, wild, uncivilised, 112
Uncouth, unusual, strange, 13, 163, 215, 267
Uncrudded, uncurdled, 589
Undefide, unchallenged, 122
Underfong, to surprise, circumvent, 300, 465
Underhand, secretly, 289
Underlay, to diminish, 505
Undersay, to affirm in contradiction to anyone, 474
Undersong, burden (of a song), 471
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration), 24
Undertake, to perceive, hear, 309
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal, 195
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Uneath, *unneath*, *unneathes*, *uneth*, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily, 58, 68, 106, 183, 211, 473
Unespyde, unseen, 159
Unfilde, unpolished, 196
Ungentle, uncourteous, 162
Ungentlenesse, base conduct, 182
Unguilty, not conscious of guilt, 165
Unhable, incapable, 29
Unhappie paine, unsuccessful labours (because there was no heir to reap the benefit of their pains), 380
Unhappy, unfortunate, 111
Unhastie, slow, 23
Unheale, *unhele*, to expose, uncover, 152, 253
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Unkindly, unnatural, 132, 446
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Unmard, uninjured, 407
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Upryst, uprisen, 452
Upstare, to stand up erect, 149, 217
Up-start, start up, 97, 121
Upstay, to support, 226
Uptyde, tied up, 86
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Usaunce, usage, 112
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Vainesse, vanity, 538
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Variable, various, 182
Vauncing, advancing, 249
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Venger, avenger, 24
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Vented, lifted up the visor, 160
Venteth, snuffeth, 449
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Ventrous, *venturous*, bold, adventurous, 149, 239
Vere, to veer, 356
Vermeil, *vermeill*, *vermell*, *vermily*, vermilion, 134, 160, 201, 277
Vertuous, possessing virtue or power, 154
Vestiment, vestment, 227
Vetchy, consisting of the straw of the *vetch* (tare), 475
Vild, vile, 38, 349
Vildly, vilely, 14, 27
Villein, base-born, low, 142
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Visnomie, visage, 311, 535
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Voide, to avoid, turn aside, to remove, 258, 395
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Wag, to move (the limbs), 299
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Waift, a waif, an article found and not claimed an owner, 294
Waite, to watch, 220, (sb.) 460
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Wan, gained, 88; took, 110
Wan, pale, faint, 110
Wand, branch of a tree, 339
Wanton, wild, 190
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Ward, to guard, 340, 466
Ware, wary, cautious, 43, 208
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Wariment, caution, 243
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War-monger, a mercenary warrior, 214
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Warre, worse, 271
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Wast, to desolate, lay waste, 234; wasted, 446
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Wayd, went on their way, 237; weighed, de mined, 230
Wayfull, lamentable, 179, 449
Wayment, to lament, 81, 501; lamentation, 178,
Wayne, chariot, 29
Weanell, a weanling, lamb or kid, 475
Weare, to pass, spend (the time), 15
Wearish, mischievous, evil-disposed, 256
Weasand-pipe, windpipe, 242
Weather, to expose to the weather, 315
Weaved, waved, floated, 311
Weed, clothes, dress, 11, 45, 94, 120
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Wefte, was wafted, 108; avoided, 179; a wai thing cast adrift, 215
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